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"THE DOCTOR'S TRUST"  
THE STORY OF A GREAT NATION

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE



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## Mother's Day in Merrie May

**A**SK any friend, North, South, East or West, "When shall I visit you?" The reply is almost sure to be, "Come in the May-time, when the orchard is in blossom and flowers bloom." In the "Merrie Month" even the city cousin, passing along the paved canyon, has visions of plumed branches of purple and white lilac, nodding in gay resplendence, or dreams of rich, young summer, in her maidenhood, and longs to keep her ever in virgin beauty.

*Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
O'er every lawn and tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lea.*

In May-time there is harmony with love and life. The heart, attuned to the melody of Nature, softens with tender thought and fancy, and the lovelight gleams. The horses and cattle share in the rejuvenescence of old Mother Earth and put on their new coats; the birds sing with lusty gaiety, rendering in flute-like notes a magnificent overture to Nature's great symphony of the seasons, that tells the story of birth, death and resurrection.

In the older countries the courageous trees that have put forth early leaves furnish green boughs to decorate the doorposts of each house on May Day, when the Queen of May is crowned with her flowery garland. What more fitting month could have been chosen for the crowning of the Queen of Home; thousands of hearts all over the country rejoice that the tenth of May has been set apart as Mother's Day.

On Mother's day, turning from a desk laden with missives from the ends of the earth, and the memoranda of a thousand business cares, in thought the man becomes a boy again; once more, bare-footed, clad in Kentucky jeans, sunburned, full of lusty life, deep in the boylure of prairie, river and forest—he exults over little things and is strangely depressed by trifling mishaps; he is full of vague ambitions and keen apprehensions of failure, as is the wont of youth when it first feels that there is something beyond happy, careless childhood.

Again he dwells in a humble, little home in a small village, where there is scant display and less luxury, but lots of love and companionship and—what all children crave—a limitless, untiring sympathy. There are thronging memories of father's genial, hopeful ways; the brothers and sisters come to mind, but—and father thinks so too—the queen of that little home-kingdom sits highest in honor and affection, in every memory of infancy, or manhood—mother the real queen of May and every month.

Are the children ailing? She has a host of simple remedies, that are all surpassed in healing power by her soft, low voice; the hand that sweeps over the fevered brow is a sovereign remedy in itself. In the sad, discouraged mood that comes from exaggerated childish shame or disappointment, mother is always hopeful; inspiring courage and imparting to the little people her own cheerful philosophy of life and her own unfaltering faith in the all-Father.

Ah, if the man could be a boy again and sit with mother in the twilight, how she would understand him and his aspirations! No words would be required in that twilight hour; with music and books they would again commune with the great souls of the past, by the dingy gleam of the old parlor lamp, a more effulgent radiance than the garish electric glow.

Alas! It may never be; the old home is gone; never more will mother's gentle hand, on this side of the River of Time, "brush from my forehead the furrows of care," by those myriad subtle caresses that forever bind the child to the mother-heart.

Among all ages, races and creeds—men, women and children; white, yellow, red or black; free and unfree; Christian and pagan; civilized and savage; moral and vicious—every human heart responds in some degree when the chords of memory vibrating, call up thoughts of the purest, strongest of human emotions—a mother's love. Men and nations may differ as to the fitness of many holidays now observed, but all will reverently wear a white flower on the second Sunday of May in honor of the sanctity of maternity, and in loving recognition or in memory of "the best mother in the world—your own."

On May 10, thousands will wear the white carnation, make visits, offer gifts, write neglected letters, do other little acts of kindness in remembrance of "Our Mothers." Will each subscriber of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE co-operate in sending to the editor accounts of the methods and incidents of Mother's Day celebration in his own locality. Help to gather the blossoms of human tenderness then in full bloom, and weave them into a garland of unfading memories emphasizing the great and growing unity of the human race expressed in mothers' love.

J. M. C.



## WHO MARCHES NEXT MEMORIAL DAY?

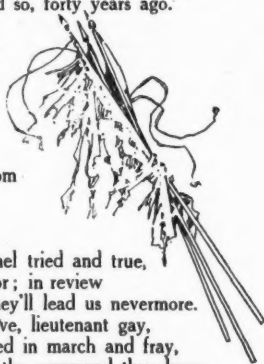
Who marches next Memorial Day?  
Speak up, brave comrades: let men say  
"The Post turns out in force this year—  
Grant's veterans, Sherman's infantry,  
Sheridan's tireless cavalry,  
Farragut's sea-dogs without peer;  
Tireless and fearless in the past,  
Bear yourselves proudly to the last,  
Though years fly fast and death draws near.

Who'll bear the dear old Flag—the bright  
Tri-colored banner, red and white  
As sunset's glory, spotless snow,  
On whose broad field of heavenly blue  
The golden stars of statehood true  
Like bivouac fires divinely glow?  
'Tis but a wisp of silk: the staff  
Light as a boy's slight wand. You laugh—  
They seemed so, forty years ago.

Who'll lead us through the crowded streets  
While cornet's blare and bass drum beats  
Help us to keep unwonted time  
To martial strains that give new life  
To memories of those years of strife  
And trial in yon Southern clime,  
Wherein we poured out Youth's sweet bloom  
And Manhood's strength, like the perfume  
That censors waste in fanes sublime?



Not the old colonel tried and true,  
Nor his stout major; in review  
Or march they'll lead us nevermore.  
Some captain brave, lieutenant gay,  
Or sergeant proved in march and fray,  
Succeeds to the command they bore:  
When, waking from the spell of peace,  
In memories proud we felt surcease  
Of pain and donned the blue once more.



In memories of brave deeds and men;  
Of losses blending joy and pain;  
Of gallant lives given to death  
Loyally, cheerily as rain  
Falls on the white-hot lava plain  
To perish in its seething breath.  
In charity, to those grief-worn  
Watching in vain for their return  
Of whom "Unknown" the record saith.



Whom shall we greet Memorial Day?  
Old friends, and old foes too, for they  
Fought as befits men of our race,  
Against all odds and sturdily;  
No braver men on earth there be  
Than those who met us face to face,  
Until at Appomattox Ford  
Grant scorned to take Lee's stainless sword.  
God send them all His gifts and grace.

Whom shall we miss Memorial Day?  
Well is it that long years allay  
The burdens of the laboring heart  
In joy or sorrow, for the list  
Is long of loved ones we have missed  
From camp and banquet, field and mart:  
In ancient foray, field or fray,  
And peaceful deathbeds passed away,  
They from our hearts were torn apart.

God give them peace Memorial Day,  
Whereas His Blessed Islands lay  
In golden light or purple haze,  
Where deathless flowers and healing balm  
For tired eyes, and holy calm  
Await the brave whose fadeless bays  
Crowning immortal brows reward  
Heroes whose lives were given to guard  
The Right, through the eternal days.

What shall we say Memorial Day?  
That we tread fearlessly the way  
From Manhood's prime to Age's frost;  
As in the grand, grim past we trod  
The wine-press of the Wrath of God  
Regardless of the pain or cost;  
That still we prize o'er wealth and power  
Our fatherland, and Freedom's dower,  
For which such precious lives were lost.

CHARLES WINGLOW HALL



*Julia Ward Howe.*

(See page 218)

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## *Affairs at Washington*

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

**A**SSUREDLY it is a Taft administration. There is no doubt at Washington that there has been a change at the White House, so far as the personal equation is concerned. The rigorous Rooseveltian policies are still recalled, but a genial gleam of sunlight somewhat softens the shadow of the "big stick." There were a few lonesome, unsettled days at the White House, until the new order of things was fairly established. Now two colored butlers stand on duty beside the glass doors, supplanting the stalwart brass-buttoned policemen, who stood guard when Mrs. Roosevelt presided at the White House. The army and navy officers, holding civilian positions, have received instructions to wear uniform, whether in the office or the field, and similar minor changes are apparent in and around Executive Avenue.

There has been some official shifting, and while few were actually decapitated, there were many changes, and new faces appearing here and there indicate that there is "a new hand at the wheel." The pressure of work for the first month was incessant, and recalled the early days of the McKinley administration, when the office rush began.

President Taft does not dispose of visitors as rapidly as his predecessor. There is a deliberation about his greetings that suggests the cautious lawyer, who likes to talk over matters with his clients, and subject everything to judicial scrutiny.

\* \* \*

Visitors are numerous; some people have crossed the threshold of the executive office

who have not been inside its doors for seven years. The President works regardless as ever of the progress of the hands on the face of the clock, and insists on maintaining his old-time legal habits and having all official business given precedence; those who come to "pay respects" must wait until the day's work is done. It is again in vogue for visitors to come under the guidance of a senator or congressman. Many of these little parties may be observed waiting for two or three hours in the ante-room chatting, yawning and observing, until official business has been dispatched. These personally-conducted parties then pass through the doorkeeper's room, taking just a peep into the room where highly distinguished personages await amid the array of hats and coats lying on chairs and sofas in this official anteroom. The sliding doors between the cabinet room and the president's office are open at these receptions, and visitors pass entirely around the cabinet table in single file to greet the President, who stands at the head of the cabinet table as if just arising from some important conference. The host is as much at ease on these occasions as though receiving in his home parlor a few neighbors who have "dropped in" for a chat.

\* \* \*

A distinguished foreigner, who was present at one of these receptions, characterized it as a most suggestive glimpse of American life, with its varied types of Americans from every section of the country. One young bride, after the usual greeting, shyly said: "We are on our honeymoon."

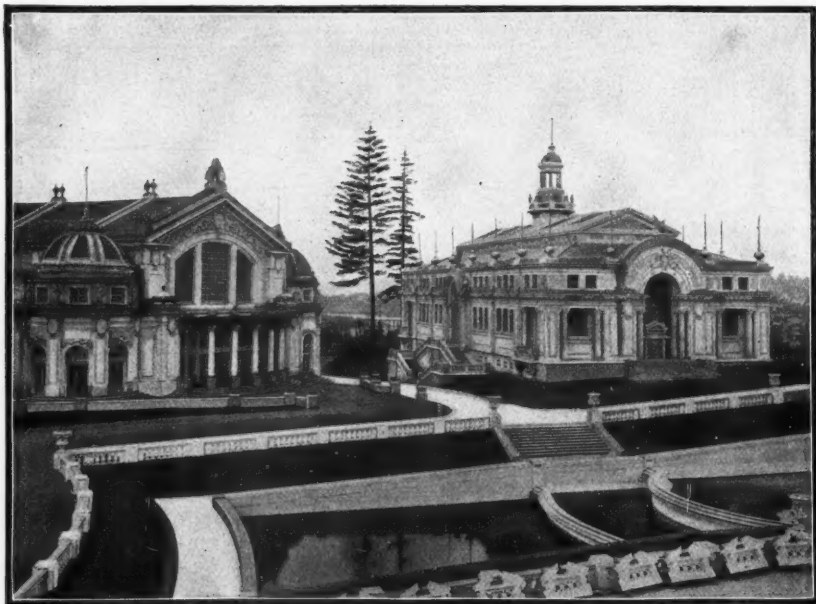


To the amusement of the friends who accompanied her, the President replied:

"I hope you will have a great many happy 'moons.'"

It is marvelous how the President can maintain acquaintance with so many thousand people and day after day recall the faces of people from towns and cities thousands of miles apart. Nearly every caller seems to bring to mind some incident which the Chief Executive can remember, and fixes in

that he has a place in her prayers; or whether it is a young girl in her teens, with long braid dangling down her back, a yearning for souvenirs in her heart, and a wide-eyed undisguised interest in the Chief Executive; or whether it is some coterie of office-seekers who come, like the Greeks, "bearing gifts," every phase of American life is met with equal ease by President Taft as he comes into close touch with his admirers in these reception days, giving each a hearty handshake



AT THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION, SEATTLE

Looking across the end of the Cascades toward the Foreign Exhibit Palace on the right

his memory some word from the presidential lips to be repeated to the family at home, and then handed down to the third and fourth generations. With all his geniality, there is often a dash of sarcasm in the Taft utterances, which adds much piquancy to them.

One senator was in charge of an elderly lady, who on meeting the President remarked:

"I knew the Senator very well when he practiced law in our town."

"He probably knew more real law then than now," was the President's jovial response.

Whether the visitor is a lady of past eighty years, who comes to assure the President

and a greeting in that mellifluous voice that rings in a major key.

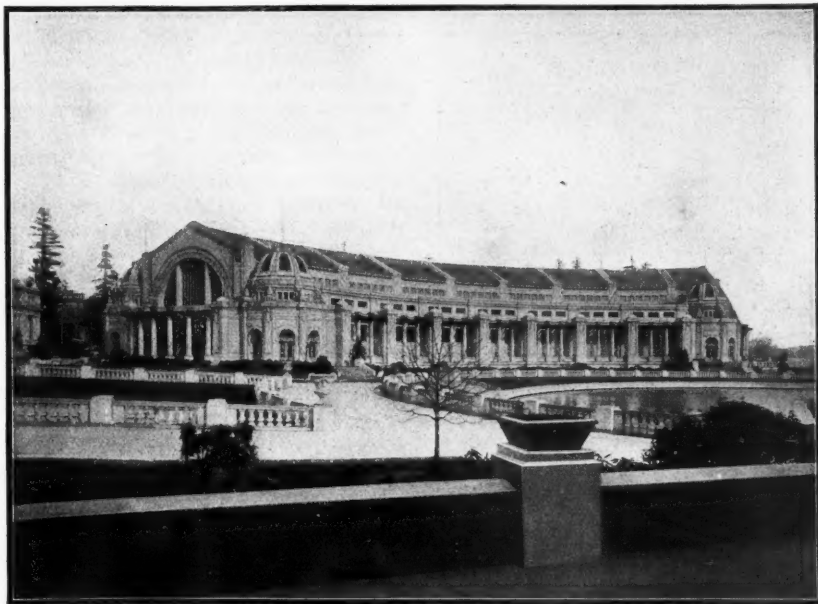
One day the women visitors at the White House had a treat in a "peep" into the executive dining-room. They had opportunity to observe presidential methods of arranging the luncheon table; instead of the old-fashioned cloth there were many little doilies at the round table—the ladies will know just how important this fashion has become in domestic economy. The Steinway piano that adorns the East Room was discovered to be much more than a mere ornament when Mrs. Taft was heard playing upon it. The new mis-

tress of the White House is a fine pianist and an ardent lover of music, and mistress of the science of home-making, whether it chanced to be in Cincinnati, or in the Philippines, or en route, or in the White House, where she visited President Hayes and family as a girl.

\* \* \*

THERE were lively scenes during the opening days of the special session of the Sixty-first Congress. The introduction of the

manage a deliberative body of 389 members on a bill having 712 separate schedules, and with people all over the country clamoring for prompt action and decision. There are over fifty members of Congress who respond to the name of William and a "Bill" club has been organized with a new presidential distinction in store for President Taft. There is now also talk of a "Joe" club with the Speaker as the business head. The tariff and census bills are the two important



UPPER SECTION OF GARDENS AT THE PALACE OF AGRICULTURE, SEATTLE EXPOSITION

Payne tariff bill presented a peculiar phase of legislation for consideration. The sharp lines of party sectionalism and partisanship were somewhat obliterated. Every congressman is alive to the interests of his district, despite the decree of party platform.

The attempt to defeat Uncle Joe Cannon as speaker was a failure; a strong, picturesque character in Washington life, he has always had the loyal and unflinching support of those who really know him. Uncle Joe represents the old-time political fellowship that has its virtues. His ideas on modern organization and legislation are very generally appreciated. It means something to

measures on the calendar for the session.

As Uncle Joe passes from the Speaker's Room to the Cabinet officers, or pays a call on the President, he has the inevitable cigar with him, and now and then he slips off into the corridor for a whiff, when the rules prohibit smoking in the rooms. When I saw him last, he was calling on the secretary of the treasury, to pay his respects; they both hail from Illinois, but had never met before. As he looked about for "a light," Uncle Joe said to the new secretary:

"Mr. MacVeagh, you must make a requisition for matches. No desk looks sociable nowadays without a little brimstone on it."

A SPLENDID compliment was paid to Mr. Ormsby McHarg when the Senate of the United States confirmed his appointment as assistant secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor the day that it was made by President Taft. Mr. McHarg is no stranger to official life, and will be quite at home in the work assigned to him in Washington.

Mr. McHarg long ago adopted Alexander Hamilton as his political patron saint. He



ORMSBY MCHARG

Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor

says that he is in doubt as to which of two things he is the prouder—his Scotch ancestry, which includes Claverhouse, or his political belief, founded upon the principles enunciated by Hamilton.

A native of North Dakota, he has the rugged experience of pioneer and frontier life. Years ago, as a boy watching the furrows of the breaking plough, he dreamed dreams of a great legal career. Of sturdy Scotch descent, it was not necessary to pre-

dict the realization of those aspirations. In the rough and tumble of legal life in North Dakota politics form an important part, and Mr. McHarg was already versed in such lore when he came to Washington to extend his legal studies. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan and School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy of George Washington University at the Capital, and was for four years an instructor in the post graduate branches of law in the last-named institution, paying particular attention to the legal and economic features of railroads and other quasi-public corporations. He conducted some of the most intricate cases in the land fraud prosecutions connected with the Southwest and Northwest.

The practice of law in Seattle widened his experience, and he returned to Washington well fitted to take up the contest cases for Mr. Hitchcock, prior to the nomination of President Taft at Chicago. Mr. McHarg was especially complimented by the opposition on the thorough way in which the contest cases were prepared. An active and enthusiastic member of the Taft forces during the campaign, he won many laurels, and was noted as a fine type of the politician of the new school, dealing with facts and figures rather than with fads and fancies.

Mr. McHarg had just arranged to enter into the practice of law in New York when the call came for him to take up the office of assistant secretary of commerce and labor. Though farthest from his purpose to continue in federal work, he has always been ready to listen to the counsels of his friends, and it has been felt that the Taft administration would be incomplete without having Ormsby McHarg in some way identified with it.

The administration of this important office, under his charge, will more than justify the expectations of those who have placed their confidence in this brilliant lawyer. A stalwart man, with iron-gray hair, wearing glasses, and having that positive and precise mode of speech which suggests that he has a fast hold of the cord that will lead those who depend upon him through the labyrinthine mazes of legal lore and official precedent, Mr. McHarg is recognized in Washington and throughout the country as one of the "coming men" of our time and as a fine type of the progressive American lawyer.

ALWAYS gallant and attentive to the ladies, Uncle Joe Cannon believes that the President of the United States should be inaugurated on the day when the Queen of May is crowned. If he has his way, there will be no more standing on snow banks two feet high to see the parade pass; the troops will have no more opportunity to snowball on inauguration day, nor will the doctors ever again reap a rich harvest of "Inauguration" sore throats, pneumonia and sundry other diseases arising from wet feet, liberal applications of slush, blizzard and biting wind.

Four years hence, tons of paper, printed with inaugural news, will be mailed from Washington on the day succeeding the inaugural ceremonies; thousands of souvenir postal cards—unless the fashion has changed—will be sent out; the writing rooms at the hotels will be thronged on and after the eventful day, and everyone will think of home folks just as at former inaugurations; the spirit of jollification will be abroad in the Capital as of yore, and some symbol will be as popular as "Teddy Bear" and "Bill 'Possum"; there may even be another jaunty little goat on the line of parade, to call up smiles on the face of yet another president as he thinks of recent Masonic "raising" ceremonies, but the dictum of the whole nation, in regard to having March 4th continued as the date of presidential inaugurations, is "never again."

It is now considered certain that Congress will change the inaugural date. Uncle Joe persistently declared it should be the first of May, though others favored the third Wednesday in April. The Speaker recalled weather conditions at the inauguration of 1872, when over 500 people caught severe colds; he spoke touchingly of the soaking, chilling rain that damped the Harrison enthusiasts, and of the icy-cold gale that froze the very marrow of the witnesses of Cleveland's second inauguration.

Though four thousand persons survived the inclemency of the "Taft Fourth," and retained sufficient energy to go to the White House and grasp the hand of the President, allowance must be made for all those at home who were imbibing bowls of hot gruel, taking hot foot-baths, plastering themselves with mustard poultices or applying sundry other remedies for severe colds. In fine

inauguration weather probably twice four thousand distinguished public men, from all parts of the United States would stand in line to greet the President at the White House, and, if possible, touch his hand.

Should the throng increase in this ratio, Washingtonians say that stringent measures will be needed to prevent the entire furniture of the White House from being carried off as souvenirs by the indefatigable sightseers. It is stated that in the early days of March even the great Steinway piano was threatened, and that the furniture in the East Room had to be covered to guard the gilding and cushions from being snipped to pieces and carried off as mementoes of a great occasion.

Learned Washingtonians are trying to decide what this yearning for souvenirs, which Americans have in a marked degree, means; it has not yet been determined whether it indicates a shortness of memory that needs some visible object to recall scenes and incidents, or whether it betokens extreme faithfulness, which leads the possessor to prize even the poorest object, if it has been associated with a favorite celebrity.

\* \* \*

IT is certainly going to be an automobile administration. Instead of an imposing presidential coach and four, President Taft has a four-wheeled modern auto always at hand, and it is said that Mrs. Taft is to have a machine for her own use. The ordinary "honk, honk" will not be heard from the presidential motor cars; it is understood that they are to have a distinctive note of their own, more in keeping with the presidential dignity.

\* \* \*

SOUBRIQUETS and their origin are often interesting. There is often a confusion of Smiths and Browns and divers other common names, which leads to the bestowal of distinguishing appellations for the same reason that individual names were first given.

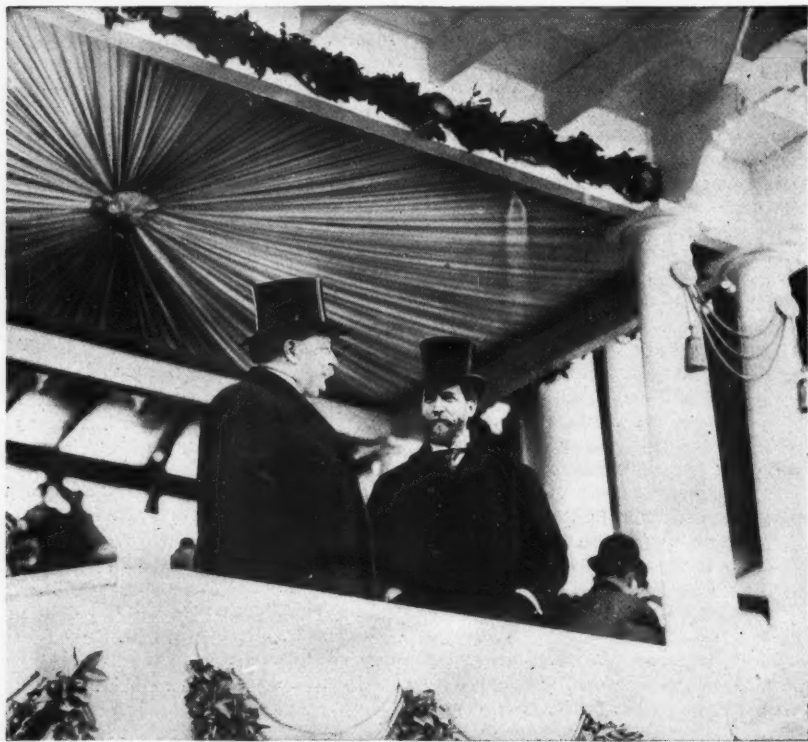
No less a person than "Sunset" Cox of New York christened Secretary Wilson "Tama Jim." This was done in order to distinguish Mr. Wilson of Tama County from another man of the same name hailing from the same state, who served as United States Senator.

When James Wilson, the present secretary

of agriculture, gave up his seat in Congress in order to allow a bill to pass, restoring the title of general to U. S. Grant, who was dying at Mount McGregor, he won for himself the everlasting gratitude of the nation. This was in 1885, and in the Forty-eighth Congress, when the House was Democratic; "Tama Jim" then held his seat provisionally, it being

its passage unnecessary, that "Tama Jim" gained the Speaker's recognition, and asked:

"Can it be possible that a contested election case is to be the boulder on which consideration of so palpable an act of justice may split? If this is the case, as it unquestionably appears to be, the obstacle is easily removed. Mr. Speaker, I hereby resign my



*Copyright, Clinedinst, Washington*

PRESIDENT TAFT AND GOVERNOR HUGHES OF NEW YORK ON THE REVIEWING STAND  
REVIEWING THE SEVENTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK ON MARCH 5TH

The regiment arrived many hours late, owing to the storm

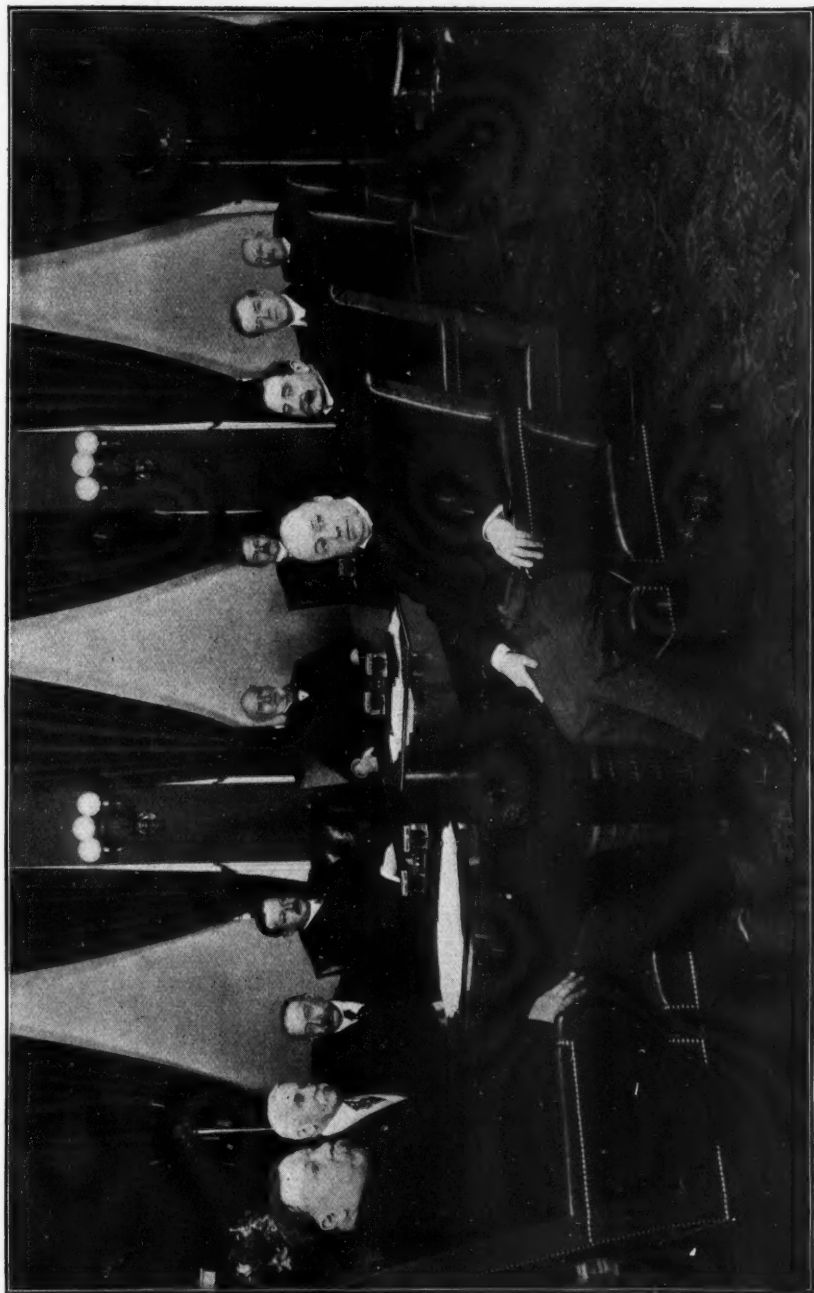
contested by Benjamin Frederick, a Democrat. A contested election has the right of way in Congress, and when the Wilson-Frederick contest was seized upon to prevent the passage of the Grant bill, the opposing party resorted to filibustering in order to save the situation.

It was at this crisis, when any delay in the passage of the bill would mean that the death of the hero would supervene and render

seat in this House to my contestant, Mr. Frederick."

The anti-Grant men were stupefied, for such an act of self-sacrifice was entirely unexpected, but the generous thought of Mr. Wilson made it possible for the nation to confer on one of its greatest generals, even on his death-bed, the last honor and distinction that he desired, and that it was in their power to bestow on him.





*Copyright, Harris & Ewing*

**THE NEW CABINET**

Reading from left: President Taft, Mac Veagh, Wickersham, Meyer, Wilson, Nagel, Knox, Dickinson, Hitchcock and Ballinger

THE first official act of President Taft was to send the nominations of his cabinet to the Senate for confirmation, while the first official act of his cabinet, it was facetiously remarked, was nailing new name plates on their chairs, for Theodore Roosevelt and the members of the retiring cabinet each paid the government for his chair and took it home to keep as the souvenir of a strenuous administration.

The Taft cabinet is marked by the executive ability of its members. This seems to have been the prime consideration in President Taft's selection, which is in consonance with modern management of large business affairs; in this age of organization it has been proved that executive ability is more needful even than knowledge of technique in mastering propositions of national and international magnitude.

\* \* \*

AT the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the American Forestry Association, held at the New Willard, the opening address by Secretary Wilson covered the subject in a comprehensive way, his conclusion being that only by having each state handle this matter for itself could intelligent and effective action be secured.

Papers on forest fires and other kindred subjects awaken new interest. "The Result of Deforestation," by Dr. Bailey Willis, of the United States Geological Survey; an interesting address by Mr. Ramsdell on forests and inland waterways, and a discussion by prominent men from all parts of the country on the establishment of schools dealing with information on forestry were the chief features of a very interesting convention. These meetings at Washington during the winter do much to further the progress of concerted action.

A large number of lumbermen were present from all parts of the country at the Forestry Congress, and were interested in the academic discussion of the great problem. It was suggested that it would be well for the lumbermen to take up the question of conservation and solve it by replanting the denuded forest lands, they being the persons vitally interested in these tracts of land. Connected with forest conservation is the preservation of the wild animal life and game birds of these wooded tracts.

Lumbermen insist that one thing which

has retarded the reforestation movement is heavy taxation, which in a few years eats up the value of unproductive land. Exemption from taxation for a term of years of all deforested land which is replanted would, undoubtedly, stimulate the reforestation movement among lumbermen, and save the government the enormous salary list for the work done by a regiment of clerks, which the individual interest of each owner would look after much more effectively. It looks as though it might be worth while to exempt the tree crop from taxation, placing it on the same basis as other crops, and stimulating initiative as government supervision could never do.

On the fourth of March Secretary Wilson completed a valuable service of twelve years in the cabinet. If he continues to hold his seat until November 30, he will have made the longest record of any member of the cabinet. Albert Gallatin, secretary of the treasury appointed by Jefferson, served for nearly thirteen years, and would be Secretary Wilson's only rival in length of cabinet service. The Agricultural Department has advanced by leaps and bounds under the charge of Mr. Wilson. From a few roll-top desks and scattering, underpaid clerks and scientists, this department has become a prominent and forceful influence, and the work accomplished is attracting the attention of the whole world. The growth of this department has had something to do with the splendid development of the agrarian wealth of the country in the last decade. In the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the farmers will receive \$10,000,000 for a single crop of tobacco in one year—a fact which gives some idea of the importance of soil products in developing national wealth. In aiding farmers to improve their farm methods and giving them technical knowledge of how to make it pay better, the vocation of farming is regaining the attractiveness of early days.

\* \* \*

MONTH by month interest increases in the work of the Red Cross Society. One of the most popular society girls in Washington is devoting all her time to the work—in fact, it is the life work of Miss Mabel T. Boardman, sister of Mrs. W. Murray Crane. Miss Helen Gould holds a position in New York similar to that occupied by Miss Boardman in Washington.



MRS. WICKERSHAM.  
PHOTO BY HARRIS & EVING.



MRS. BALLINGER.  
PHOTO BY HARRIS & EVING.



MRS. MACVEAGH.



MRS. DICKINSON.  
PHOTO COPYRIGHT 1908 BY CLINGENSIER.



MRS. TAFT  
PHOTO COPYRIGHT 1908 BY HARRIS & EVING.



MRS. BAGEL.  
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MISS FLORA WILSON.  
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MRS. JONES.  
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MRS. VON L. MEIER.  
PHOTO COPYRIGHT 1908 BY HARRIS & EVING.

THE LADIES OF THE NEW CABINET

The reorganization of the Red Cross Society has been effected on a practical and business-like basis, and the way in which Miss Boardman handles the work is commanding much admiration. On her roll-top desk is a typewriter and at her elbow a telephone, and she keeps in touch with all the calls for help, no matter whether they come from the sufferers from some great disaster in Lake Superior, in San Francisco

During the Christmas rush over 25,000,000 Red Cross stamps were ordered; these brought in a tidy sum, which is to be used for tuberculosis work. Proceeds from the sale of stamps in various localities will be utilized in the places where the stamps were sold.

An active part in the inauguration ceremonies was assigned to the Red Cross. President Taft is president of the American



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#### THE WORLD CONSERVATION CONFERENCE TO BE HELD AT THE HAGUE NEXT FALL

This group was taken on south portico of the White House, February 19th

Standing—Hon. Henri S. Beland, Member of Parliament, Canada; R. E. Young of Canada, Land Expert, Secretary; Robert Bacon; Gifford Pinchot; Ex-Secretary Garfield; Senator Cullom, Chairman Senate Committee on Foreign Relations; Thomas R. Shipp, Secretary National Conservation Commission; Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State. Sitting—Hon. Clifford Sifton, Ex-Minister of Interior, Canada; Hon. Sidney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, Canada; Hon. Romulo Escobar, Minister of Agriculture, Mexico; Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt; Hon. Carlos Selerier, Minister of Mines, Mexico; Hon. Miguel A. DeQuevedo, President Mexican Forestry Commission; Ambassador Bryce.

or in Sicily. Supplies and nurses are rushed from one place to another as need arises, and the work involved in the disbursement of \$4,000,000 is handled as minutely and exactly as are the funds of any big corporation.

At the present time Miss Boardman is at work on an endowment of from half a million to a million dollars to put the society on a sound financial basis, not subject to fluctuations, as it would be by individual gifts from time to time. Mrs. Russell Sage has already given \$25,000 for the work.

Red Cross, and takes a lively and active interest in the organization. The District, the New York State, Pennsylvania and Maryland branches all provided nurses and relief corps men for duty on inauguration day at the Red Cross relief stations, at the inaugural ball and for the entire week at the Union Railroad station, this work being done in co-operation with the committee of the district on public comfort for the inauguration. Miss Boardman had charge of the details, with which she is thoroughly familiar,



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MISS MABEL BOARDMAN, HEAD OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON



having been connected with the society during the period in which it has handled the work arising from eighteen great international disasters.

The organization now contains 15,000 members, paying \$1 a year, while the Japanese membership includes 1,400,000, paying \$1.50 per year each. There are about 400 nurses on the rolls at the present time, and a movement is on foot to organize an affiliation with the federation of trained nurses, numbering 20,000, all thoroughly efficient, with a view



J. E. STONE

Who has charge of the door of the Executive office, succeeding Captain Loeffler

to having provision for any emergency. The nurses have shown their patriotic interest in the Red Cross work by charging only \$10 for work which ordinarily would be paid for at the rate of \$25 per week. If the interest in the movement grows as it has done in the past few months, not only the desired number of nurses will be enrolled, but the society will include at least 100,000 members

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**M**ANY faces that have been seen in former times in the War Department are in evidence among the new officials. Mr. J. E. Stone, formerly of the White House, is now in charge of the door of the executive office, succeeding the veteran Captain

Loeffler, who has officiated under eight presidents and has seen over fifty years of federal service. None of the new officials are more at home in their work than Mr. Fred W. Carpenter, secretary to the President, who "keeps the even tenor of his way" as quietly and calmly as though the President were merely planning an extra trip around the globe, instead of entering on a four-years' term of national responsibility.

So far as official routine is concerned, administrations come and go with scarcely a ripple on the surface. With no more appearance of anxiety than he might display in buying a ticket for the Twentieth Century Limited, Frank H. Hitchcock was installed as postmaster general, and now occupies the office adjoining that in which he served so well as first assistant postmaster general. He comes to the Taft cabinet thoroughly equipped for the position which he is to occupy.

In the Navy Department, George von L. Meyer has caught the threads of work with vigor and thoroughness. Having acquired an understanding of what the navy means in an international sense during his career as ambassador abroad, he is peculiarly fitted to carry on the naval work in a world-wide field.

Giving attention to the minutest detail, as though taking up a new and important case, Attorney General Wickersham entered his new office and looked over the documents; he was the first member of the Taft cabinet to take the oath of office. That firm-set jaw indicates determination and the ability to handle the great task that was set before him when he was chosen by President Taft for this portfolio.

The tall Texan, Mr. Charles Nagel, who hails from St. Louis, entered the Department of Commerce and Labor and at once proceeded to meet all the bureau chiefs and get acquainted. The department will doubtless feel the impulsion of his splendid executive ability, high ideals, and aggressive and uncompromising determination to render to the public good honest service.

His long term of public service has equipped Secretary Knox to handle his responsibilities as Premier of the new cabinet; he seemed thoroughly familiar with the workings of the State Department and appeared to know where Elihu Root and Robert

Bacon left off; he was soon immersed in work behind his big, flat-topped desk.

During his career as commissioner of the general land office, Secretary Ballinger became somewhat familiar with the arduous work of the Interior Department and appeared quite at home with his bureau chiefs; he also seemed to know just where the last notation made by his predecessor might be found, and what should be the next step in carrying on the work of this important department. A personal survey of conditions in Alaska will afford him data of vast importance.

No indication of a change of administration was visible in Secretary Wilson's office; everything was jogging along in the good, serene way that characterizes the Farmer-Secretary, who will soon have seen the longest service of any member of a presidential cabinet in the history of the nation.

The impulse to speak of President Taft as secretary of war was felt even on the day of his inauguration as President of the United States, and Secretary Dickinson will probably be often hailed as "Secretary Taft" in these early days; it is felt that he will ably meet the demands engendered by the reorganization of the department, which has placed it on a basis that requires pronounced executive ability as well as technical knowledge of the manoeuvres, munitions and armaments of warfare. His visit to the Panama Canal zone will put him in touch with the details of the digging of the Big Ditch.

The stately old Treasury Building, clean and fresh from its sand bath, is a worthy home for the important department which is now under the administration of Franklin MacVeagh, who was the last member of the new cabinet to be sworn in. A business man and lawyer, a fine executive officer, he promises to make a good record. As a representative of the great Middle West, a man thoroughly familiar with all the requirements of modern monetary conditions, it is believed that vexatious problems will be thoroughly mastered under his guiding hand.

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ON the last day of the Sixtieth Congress, numbers of people from every state and territory waited to see their own particular congressman. The little acts of courtesymeted

out to such visitors often foretell the fate of an aspirant for future congressional honors. On that day every doorkeeper seemed suddenly to become imbued with the spirit of his native place, and there was a happy blending of state and national patriotism, a sort of afterglow of the excitement and gaiety of inauguration day.

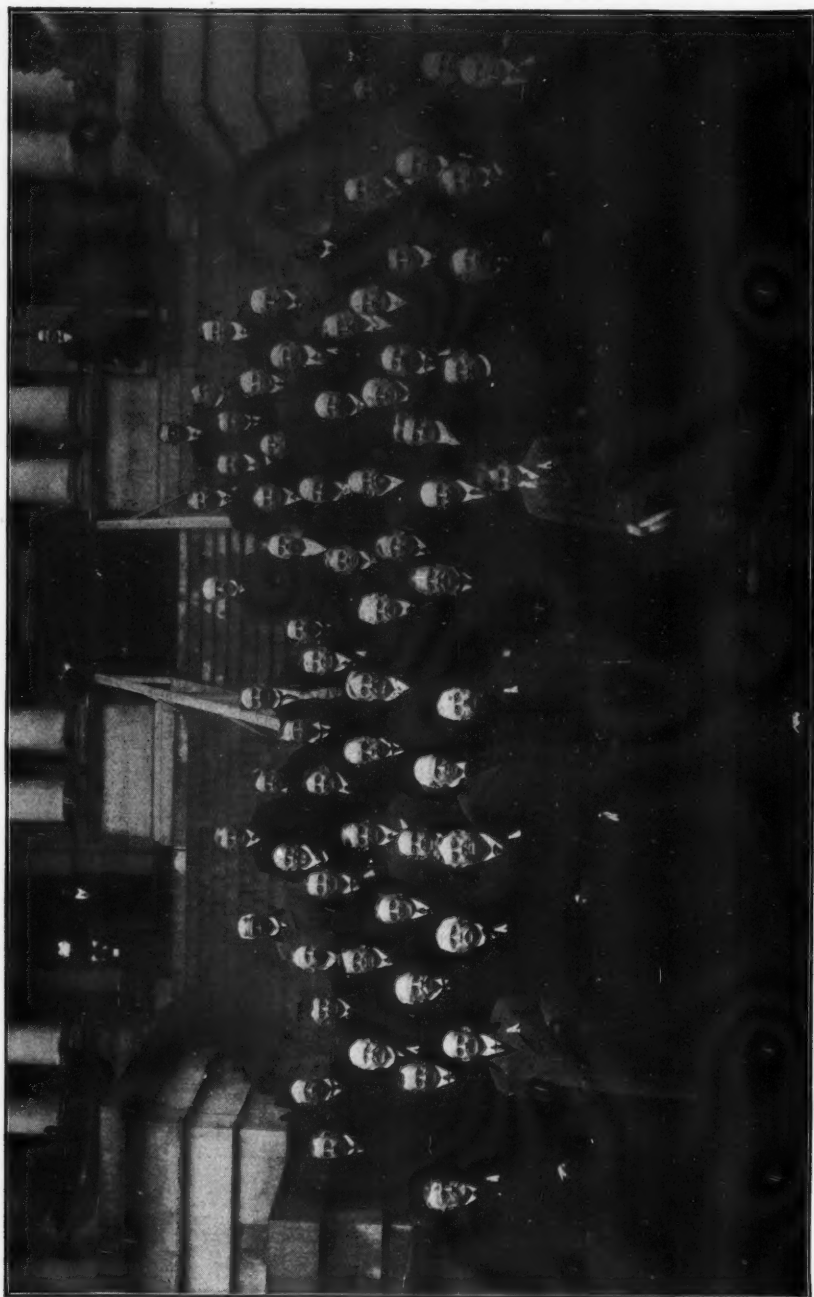
In the Speaker's room a beautiful silver service—containing every article in silverware that mortal man could need—was displayed in a handsome chest, a presentation to Honorable James E. Watson, the Repub-



SENATOR CHARLES J. HUGHES, JR.  
Denver, Colorado

lican "whip," who is retiring from congressional service. He was receiving the hearty congratulations of his friends when some wag placed upon the open chest a card reading, "Take one," and, needless to say, the passing visitors were not slow to accept the invitation.

On the Senate side a handsome silver service was presented to Honorable Charles W. Fairbanks, who has made an illustrious record as vice-president. Few men have filled this position with more dignity and influence, and it is admitted by all that the tall and stately representative of the Hoosier State has indeed earned what he desires—rest from public duties. Close friend and



*Photo by National Press Association*

YALE CLASS OF '78

confidant of President McKinley, and a man always ready for the most exacting official work, Mr. Fairbanks retires with the love, respect and admiration not only of his colleagues in the Senate, but of the country at large. He purchased the ink-well that he used when vice-president as a souvenir of his four years of arduous work. In a niche of the Senate chamber has been placed a life-

find his way about the Capitol, as he did on inauguration day when he opened the wrong door; a page came to the rescue and showed him where to find the vice-presidential room.

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**A**MONG the trio of Republican Congressmen elected from North Carolina last autumn, John Motley Morehead en-

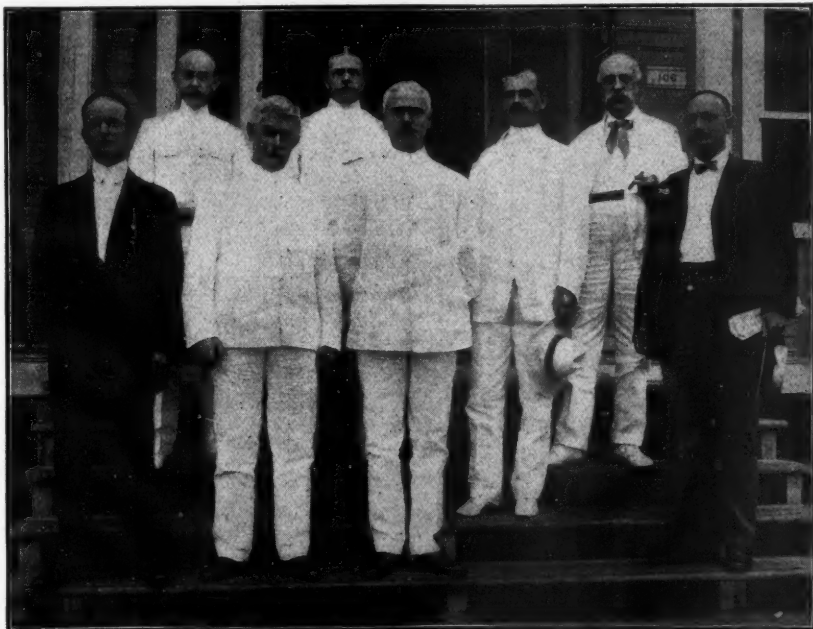


Photo by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THE MEN WHO ARE BUILDING THE PANAMA CANAL—THE PANAMA CANAL  
COMMISSION FOR 1909

From left to right: Jackson Smith, Commissary; J. B. Bishop, Secretary; Colonel Gorgas, Commissioner of Sanitation; Mr. Rousseau, Civil Engineer; Colonel Goethals, Chairman of Commission; Major Gaillard, in charge of dry excavations; Joseph Blackburn, Civil Administration; Major Sibert, Locks and Dams.

sized marble bust of ex-Vice-President Fairbanks modeled by Franklin Simmons, the distinguished American sculptor.

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THE twelve new senators who took the oath of office on Inauguration Day—not forgetting Elihu Root, who was greeted with thunders of applause from the galleries, as he marched down the aisle on the arm of Senator Depew—as well as Vice-President Sherman, are very busy in these early days getting accustomed to their new duties. By this time the vice-president no longer fails to

joys the rare distinction of having been entered in the political race against his expressed wishes, nominated while he was absent from the state and elected by a good majority in a Democratic district.

When he was first approached with the request to become a candidate for Congress, he very flatly declined the honor, insisting that his woolen milling business demanded his attention and energy, and that he could not spare the time for political candidacy and service. He was absent in New York when he was notified by tele-

graph of his nomination. His acceptance was brief and characteristic of the man. He wired: "Express to Convention my appreciation of honor conferred. Will undertake the race . . . . I believe a conservative and business administration will be demanded and the Republican party can await the result with confidence."

Educated in the public schools of Charlotte and the Bingham Military School, North

but such was the demand to see him that he was almost compelled to take the stump. His utterances were a surprise to many; short, terse business speeches, filled with intelligent argument and earnest thought, were in marked contrast to the common idea of political speeches, and the old campaigners agreed that Mr. Morehead's success is a significant instance of the breaking up of old parties and passing of ancient feuds.

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REPRESENTATIVE JOHN M. MOREHEAD  
Spray, North Carolina

Carolina, Representative Morehead graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1886; then took a business college course in Baltimore, Maryland, beginning his career as receiving teller of the Commercial National Bank, Charlotte, North Carolina; later he managed the big Phifer farm in Cabarrus County, North Carolina, inherited from his mother's father. He afterwards became vice-president of the Leaksville Woolen Mills at Spray, North Carolina.

Mr. Morehead is a business man and never sought public applause or public office,

YES, she received the souvenir postal card. When Mr. Taft was passing through South Carolina, on his way to Charleston to sail for Panama, a little girl handed him from the rear of the train a bouquet of violets. She had fastened a card to the stems on which was written her name—Josephine Bass.

"Is this your name?" asked the President-elect.

"Yeth," lisped the child.

"Your violets are very sweet, Josephine, and I would like to do something for you; tell me what you would like."

The little girl hung her head and put her finger in her mouth reflectively; then, with a bright smile, she said:

"I would like you to send me a souvenir postal when you get to the Canal."

The postal card was duly mailed, and it is doubtful if the little recipient had any more pleasure in the transaction than was felt by the President-elect when he directed the illustrated bit of pasteboard to "Miss Josephine Bass," his little admirer in South Carolina, and knew that her wish would be gratified.

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WHEN he returned from a trip to Panama, Representative William Richardson expressed his appreciation of the splendid work being done there, though he says he went to the isthmus with a well-defined conviction against the construction of the lock-canal. He said:

"I honored, loved and was very intimate with Senator Morgan, the 'grand old man' of Alabama, to whom the world gives credit for the Isthmian Canal"; and many of Mr. Richardson's ideas as to the canal, previous to his visit, can be traced to that source. Since visiting the Zone and looking at the work and workers there, Mr. Richardson has become an earnest advocate for pushing on the



work, and certainly pays a handsome tribute to the men who have undertaken this Herculean task.

"The canal will be finished in 1915"; this statement, made by Colonel Goethals, was again repeated to President Taft, when on his recent trip to the isthmus. He said he could not speak too highly of the discipline of the force, which is as perfect as that of any army. There are 30,000 men working on the canal and scarcely any sickness is prevalent there, "because all cause of disease has been carefully removed."

Mr. Richardson further said that three great and vital problems, a failure of either one of which would imperil the successful completion of the canal, had been solved and solved successfully in the great work in the Panama Zone. The first was that the Government after mature deliberation, supported by able and wise engineers, had adopted the lock and dam canal. This is absolutely settled and ought to be so accepted. Of course, if the sea level canal had been adopted, the chances are that a great complaint would have been heard that the lock and dam plan ought to have been preferred.

The second problem—sanitation—was solved by establishing a splendid and well-nigh perfect sanitary system in the canal zone. Disease and death, more than any other cause, impeded the work of the French and brought failure. Dr. Gorgas justly deserves the thanks of our country for his wonderful work along this line. The death-rate of Panama Zone now compares favorably with any of the great cities of the states.

The third problem successfully solved is the housing and feeding of the large army of employes on the zone. Without such organization and discipline, the work could not go on. "Colonel Goethals," says Mr. Richardson, "and his associates have instituted methods of government with the employes that bring out their greatest efficiency in work. The laborers are content with their treatment and their wages."

Mr. Richardson concluded his most interesting résumé of the work: "It occurs to me that it is now a matter of national pride and patriotism for us all to uphold and stand by the men in charge of the canal, and if we do, we will have a canal through which the largest sea-going vessels can and will pass in 1915. Of course we all hate to see the

work cost so much more than at first calculated, but American pluck and pride is behind the project and now it is bound to go through."

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WHILE Senator Platt stood reverently listening to the chaplain's invocation, he was handed the dispatch announcing the election of his successor. The senator from New York has been a strong figure in national history, and has proved himself a stoic and philosopher. Reading the telegram, he said quietly:

"I have had my day. Its turbulences and its trials have left their mark, to be sure, but now that I am old enough to quit, I realize that one younger than I should take my place. Mr. Root will make a great senator. He is well qualified; he has the strength, the learning, the experience in governmental affairs to represent adequately the great Empire State."

Senator Platt has had very fair health; he says that he eats and sleeps well, though for years past he has suffered from attacks of neuritis which have impeded his walking. He has been prominent in public life during a great era of national history, wherein the nation has advanced by leaps and bounds, and the expansion of material wealth and national supremacy has been phenomenal. In a quiet talk at the Arlington, the ex-senator was heard to say with an animated, happy expression: "Ah, it has been a life worth living."

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SPOKEN in a breath, here is a sentiment from J. P. Morgan: "Any man who is a bear on the future of this country will go broke." It is said that this statement was handed to Mr. Morgan by his father, who considered it a maxim which might be made the foundation of a successful career.

Perhaps it is Mr. Morgan's unflinching optimism, despite panics and reverses, that has made and kept him the wizard financier of "The Giant City." Like his father, he evidently believes that while it is a good thing to get one's own affairs in order, it is never, never a good thing to discount the future of his country. There may be dark and cloudy days, when uncertainty weeds out the overconfident, but great enterprises will go on, as the virile life of the nation arises stronger than ever from each strain.

**S**IGNAL courtesies were paid Honorable Henry M. Teller, the retiring senator from Colorado, by the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, previous to his departure for his home in Central City, the distinguished body of Masons holding a reception in honor of the veteran Senator at its headquarters at the temple in Washington. The halls and stairways of the building were handsomely decorated, and an orchestra furnished delightful music. The affair was not confined



SENATOR T. E. BURTON OF OHIO

to the Masonic fraternity, but hundreds of men and women, prominent in social circles, and many congressmen, attended the function. A floral tribute from the Colorado consistory testified to the esteem entertained for their Grand Inspector General by the Masons of high degree of his adopted state.

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**I**T is not generally known that the ways and means committee began work on the new tariff bill more than a year before the last election. Work was done in a scientific manner; information was collected from all departments as to the status of each article named. The amount of imports; the amount owing duty; the cost of production, and all other details were so carefully looked up that

the work moved more rapidly than ever before on a tariff measure. Immense volumes of information and data have been collected, and the book-recording hearings, consisting of nearly seven thousand pages, were sent to the executive office at the White House as a memorandum of the progress of the work.

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**E**ARLY in the session, there is always a brief period of informal gaiety in social life at Washington. At that time calls are made because people want to see each other and really become acquainted; the visits partake of the heartiness of old-fashioned hospitality without the stiffness of society functions. When once the formal season begins, there is a rigid adherence to precedent and form.

An innovation at the White House was a reception given to the diplomatic corps before Congress convened, and while in no wise a state occasion, it had something of executive dignity, though it had all the cordial hospitality for which the White House is noted. New members had an opportunity to become acquainted with the presidential mansion before those more formal occasions, when guests wear "company manners" and feel obliged to roll off a foreign phrase now and then. Festivity has always been a feature of Washington life, since the days of the brilliant Madison administration, when Dolly Madison understood just how to smooth out diplomatic ruffles by the magic of a good dinner—old South-side Madeira, a charming hostess and pleasant company.

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**V**ERY suggestive is the story of the New Jersey man who felt that he had at last invented a process for manufacturing eggs. He experimented until he discovered the component parts of a natural egg—the milk, fibrin, phosphorus and all the rest—and hastened to secure them. Then he announced to the druggist whom he patronized for his chemicals that all he needed now to insure success was cold weather, when eggs would sell for fifty and sixty cents a dozen. December saw the looked-for period arrive, and the inventor's new copper kettle was set over the flame of the kitchen gas range; the mixture was placed in it and the scientist proceeded to operate with a blow-pipe. The fibrin, the phosphorus and the rest of the chemicals stood it as long as they could and then ex-



ONE OF THE RECENT VIEWS OF CULEBRA CUT IN THE PANAMA CANAL

pressed their feelings in a mighty explosion—the neighbors sought their cellars, while the glass in windows and doors fell in splinters.

Discussing his failure with the druggist and other friends, among them Congressman Gardner of New Jersey, the puzzled alchemist said for the tenth time:

"Perhaps I forgot to include some essential in my formula."

"Yes," said Mr. Gardner, dryly, "you did forget something."

"And do you know what it was?" eagerly queried the experimenter.

"I certainly do," said the Congressman.

"Tell me, tell me what it is and fortune will be assured to us both."

"A hen, just a common, ordinary hen," replied the Congressman from Egg Harbor, unfeelingly.

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IN one of those moments after the day's work on the "house floor" was over, I heard a story in one of the committee rooms under the terrace—"the cave of the gods." The narrator told how Ben Franklin was the compiler of a prayer book which has recently been found. Published in 1773, it is bound in handsome morocco leather and has a richly tooled border. It is an abridgment of the form of prayers used in the church of England. Franklin worked on the book while in that country, confining his attention chiefly to the catechism and the prose version of the psalms. In a letter concerning the prayer book, he says:

"The catechism I abridged by keeping only two questions: 'What is your duty to your neighbor?' and 'What is your duty toward God?' The psalms I abridged by leaving out repetitions and imprecations, which seemed not to suit the good Christian doctrine of doing good to our enemies."

Franklin goes on to report that the book was "never much noticed"; notwithstanding the neglect of former generations, when the American revision of the prayer book was made, after the Revolution, it was observed by students that some of Franklin's abridgments were utilized.

Just then the janitor outside was heard wrestling with a four-foot desk, trying to get it through a three and three-quarter door; sounds very like imprecations were wafted to us through the open air. One congressman peeped out and said:

"You had better study the abridgments in the Ben Franklin prayer book!"

"Abridgments! I'd like to find more words and a short way of saying what I feel," said the mover man, nursing a pinched finger.

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WEARING a fur-lined overcoat, Governor Johnson entered the White House to pay his respects to President Roosevelt, and invite him to accept the presidential chair of the University of Minnesota; bystanders remarked that "the most likely candidate for the Democratic nomination for 1912 has just passed."

There was a genial greeting between the two men, and they soon fell into conversation, in the course of which Governor Johnson insisted that he never could exactly understand what President Roosevelt meant by the resounding syllables of "conservation of the resources of the nation." He said:

"I take it to mean that we will cease to waste, and it is for the engineers of the country to point out how this may be done, rather than for the congressmen."

The Governor also said that he would urge the establishing of a State bureau to supervise the work of conservation, such economy being primarily a matter of state rather than federal consideration.

The Governor has the manner of a country editor and is evidently in close touch and sympathy with the people. The son of a washerwoman, he has made marvelous use of his opportunities and has won the plaudits which the American people are always ready to bestow upon a self-made man.

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AS I sat in the sleeping car the other day, I was chatting with a man who had such an unusually good vocabulary that in every sentence he uttered he used some word that is rarely heard. His fluency and gift of varied language interested me, and bethought me he certainly had a rare line of samples in words. Making bold to inquire how he happened to use so many terms in conversation that I had never heard of before, and how it was he seemed to be so very up-to-date in that particular, he divulged his secret without any hesitation—asking if I was from Missouri.

"Every day I get hold of one new word, and then all day I make a point of introducing it into every possible sentence until it is

firmly fixed in my memory, and then it has become a substantial addition to my vocabulary."

He expatiated at some length—in elegant language of course—on the merits and simplicity of this method of acquiring new words. George, the porter, was lingering near, earnestly brushing the same seat about fifteen times over. Finally his feelings overcame him and he broke forth as follows:

"Well, sah, I be'n a long time porter on dis very Pullman, an' I tried all kinds o'



CONGRESSMAN GARDNER  
Of Massachusetts

words all my life to get dese Yankees to pay der quarta" for good service. I used to try 't'ank you' and 'much oblige', but it didn't work. Now I'm a-goin to look up somethin' new, sah. So I tried 'gracia, merci dam,' and de cuss done slap me, sah."

The master of the English tongue admitted he had sometimes found in traveling that people became suspicious at his unusual flow of language, and that in the far West he had several times been taken for a learned Boston gentleman and frequently for a "confidence man"; so it appeared that even this advantage had its drawback.

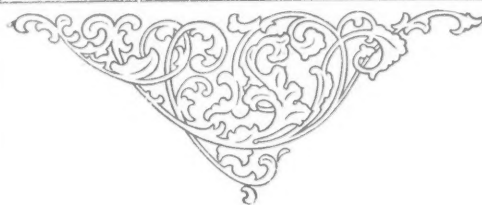






EMBASSIES and  
LEGATIONS

referred to in the  
"Bureau of American  
Republics," by Director  
John Barrett, in the  
"Story of a Great Nation"



# THE EMBASSIES LATIN-AMERICAN R



- 1—LEGATION OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC (1800 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, N. W.)
- 2—BOLIVIAN LEGATION (1633 SIXTEENTH STREET, N. W.)
- 3—BRAZILIAN EMBASSY (1758 K STREET, N. W.)
- 4—CHILEAN LEGATION (1529 NEW HAMPSHIRE AVENUE)
- 5—COLOMBIAN LEGATION (1728 N STREET, N. W.)
- 6—COSTA RICAN LEGATION (1329 EIGHTEENTH STREET, N. W.)
- 7—CUBAN LEGATION (THE WYOMING)
- 8—LEGATION OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC (THE BENEDICT)
- 9—ECUADOREAN LEGATION (1614 I STREET, N. W.)

# ASSIES AND LEGATIONS OF THE RICAN REPUBLICS IN WASHINGTON



TS AVENUE, N. W.)

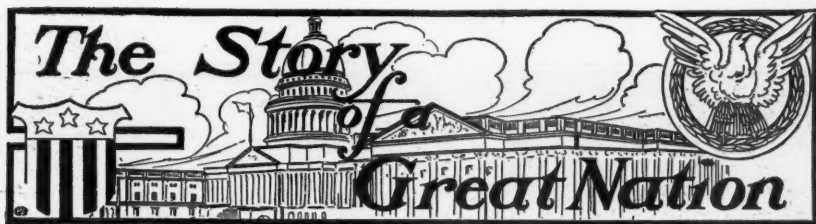
, N. W.)

EDICT)

- 10—GUATEMALAN LEGATION (THE HIGHLANDS)
- 11—HAITIAN LEGATION (1429 RHODE ISLAND AVENUE)
- 12—MEXICAN EMBASSY (1415 I STREET, N. W.)
- 13—NICARAGUAN LEGATION (2003 O STREET, N. W.)
- 14—PANAMA LEGATION (THE HIGHLANDS)
- 15—PERUVIAN LEGATION (THE BACHELOR)
- 16—SALVADOREAN LEGATION (THE PORTLAND)
- 17—URUGUAYAN LEGATION (1529 RHODE ISLAND AVENUE)







## THE NATION'S GREAT LIBRARY

By HERBERT PUTNAM

Librarian of Congress

THE activities of the federal government, of which these articles treat, are conventionally classified as legislative, executive and judicial; but within the executive there is a sub-classification necessary to distinguish those activities which are purely administrative or regulative from those which are scientific. The main field of the scientific bureaus of the government is the laboratory.

But not only the laboratory, for in so far as it depends upon the study of nature, it requires also the museum, and in so far as it depends upon the recorded observations, it depends greatly upon the library. The museum furnishes to it an accumulation of objects indicative of the products of nature. The library furnishes not only the *record* of man's study of nature and its processes, but also the record and expression of man himself. Both museum and library are necessary to government scientific work. A library, however, is in

addition necessary to all the other work of the government.

These needs are practically recognized by our government in the National Museum and the National Library. There is, indeed, no institution bearing by law precisely this title, but there is an institution which performs the function, although still carrying the title under which it was established—Library of Congress. When the library moved from the Capitol twelve years ago, it ceased to be a library merely legislative; it now undertakes all the functions undertaken by any of the national libraries abroad, together with many others that other national libraries do not find practicable. It is, for instance, a *library of record*; as such, seeking to secure and

preserve the fullest possible evidence of the literary activities of the United States. Its ability to do this is superior to that of any other library, from the fact that for over one-half a century it has received, without cost,



Photo by Bachrach

HERBERT PUTNAM



DR. A. R. SPOFFORD  
Late Chief Assistant Librarian, Library of Congress



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, WASHINGTON

copies, not merely of books, but of other articles (maps, prints, etc.) deposited to perfect copyright; and since 1870, it has been itself the office of copyright for this country. It is not indeed, as many people assume, thereby assured a copy of every book *currently published*, because the requirement extends only to books copyrighted within the United States, and many books currently issued are not entered for copyright here, even if published here, while, of course, there remains outside a great mass of publications currently issued in other countries.

The Library of Congress includes the Law Library for our highest judicial tribunal—the Supreme Court of the United States.

It recognizes still its duty to serve Congress in the freest, promptest and most ample way in connection with subjects under discussion there, as well as to serve individual members in their particular and individual investigations. It renders this service not merely by the answers to particular questions and the issue of particular books, but by compiling lists indicating the best authorities upon subjects under discussion in, or likely to be dealt with, by Congress.

To the executive departments of the government it renders a constant service, which has also had to become a varied one in proportion as the United States has become a

“world power” and the Federal administration has included the administration of distant and alien peoples and involved novel and complicated international relations.

Each scientific bureau of the government maintains a special collection of books necessary as laboratory tools for its scientific experts. These collections are so considerable that their aggregate (a million and one-half volumes) equals that of the printed books and pamphlets in the Library of Congress itself. But no such collection completely suffices for the investigations undertaken, and from every such laboratory there has to be incessant recourse to the great general collection which is in the Library of Congress. Upon the ampler funds of this library also the scientific bureaus must depend for the acquisition of monumental and fundamental works, whose cost puts them beyond the means of the bureaus themselves.

If, however, one were to attempt to visualize all that should be embraced within our term “national library,” one should include besides the Library of Congress—the great central library—this score and one-half bureau libraries; an entire system.

Since, however, I am to describe particularly the Library of Congress, I shall use the term “national library” in its narrower sense as applied particularly to it. Now, being na-

tional and not merely federal or governmental, the service of the library does not end with the service to the government. It extends to the community at large, but with stipulations and limitations, which are kept quite distinct.

It is not a library for the more general reader, except as, subject to the convenience of the investigator, such a reader is permitted to use its material upon the premises. Even less is it a library for the education or cultivation of the young. The service to the general reader and to the young through the issue of instructive or recreative books in the domain of general literature is left to libraries of a different sort—the academic libraries and the municipal reference and lending libraries. Only when it comes to the student somewhat more mature is the National Library concerned. Nor is it primarily to aid one pursuing studies merely for his own personal instruction or cultivation. It is a library of research; but research calculated to advance the boundaries of knowledge, and thus to benefit the community as a whole, not merely to satisfy the interest or pleasure of an individual.

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To the aid of research of the former class, however, it bends its resources vigorously and without cavil. It of course welcomes the investigator to the direct use of its collections, providing for him not merely conveniences unexcelled in any other library, but a freedom of access unparalleled in any other research library. The investigators who take advantage of its opportunities are numerous, including especially members of the faculties of various institutions of learning in this country and abroad, who utilize their vacation periods for a tour of investigation to Washington. But the library does not stop with these. Any book in its collections required for serious research may be borrowed by an investigator at a distance. There are certain stipulations: the book must not be one which it is the duty of the local library to supply; it must be a book which can at the moment be spared from Washington; the application must be made through the local library—the loan is in form made to that library, and the expense of transportation is borne by the borrower; but the essential thing is accomplished—the investigator gets his book, and perhaps it may be a book

without which his conclusions would be impossible, or his investigations absolutely blocked. Under this policy the library is sending volumes all over the United States, from Maine to California, from Minnesota to Texas.

The disposition to aid is one thing, the ability may be a far other one. Were the National Library today in its collections and equipment merely the Library of Congress of twenty years ago, the most amiable disposition might accomplish little; for then the collections, while quite considerable, were undigested and were the result in part merely of copyright, in part of sporadic purchases from meager funds, which never exceeded \$10,000 per year; in no case were they the result of systematic purchase. They formed also, not a library in the modern organic sense of that term, but rather an undigested mass—a mass whose contents were recorded in a slip catalogue, but this imperfect, and only under authors.

Today the collections comprise nearly two and one-half million items—one and one-half million printed books and pamphlets, and nearly one million other articles (manuscripts, maps, prints and music)—by all means the largest collection on the Western hemisphere and perhaps the third largest in the world. They are increasing at the rate of about 70,000 books and pamphlets and 50,000 other articles yearly. The resources for their increase include still copyright; international exchange (of official publications with foreign governments); miscellaneous accessions through various other government departments and bureaus and with other institutions, including the results of exchange by the Smithsonian Institution with other academies and institutions; and \$108,000 a year towards the actual purchase of material. With these resources it may not compete with private collectors whose purses know no bottom, nor with certain endowed institutions (like the Lenox and the Carter Brown) able to concentrate large funds within special areas; nor to catch up with institutions like the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale, whose collections represent the accumulations of centuries and include material that will never again come into the market—but it can and will develop here collections that will advance the opportunities for American investigators



MAIN READING ROOM IN LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

in every branch of science which has a literature, whether its literature be book, map, print, music, or in the case of American history (for I am using science in the larger sense) manuscript originals. Manuscripts already in institutions the Library cannot hope to acquire; but where it cannot get the document in its original form, it may get the

substance of it in a reproduction, and in the case of manuscripts abroad relating to American history, it is doing so in transcript, and where necessary, in facsimile. It is pursuing the same course with music, where the only existing score is not published or not procurable commercially, but exists only in manuscript, and under special restriction against



commercial exploitation. Permission to reproduce such is obtainable by the library as representing the United States government and a scientific purpose, where it would be refused to an individual, or possibly to an ordinary institution; and would certainly be refused for any commercial purpose.

In general it is thus the substance rather than the form which the Library of Congress is at present emphasizing in the development of its collections; and, in selecting for present emphasis one field or department of literature rather than another, it considers the resulting advantage to American scholarship in general. It avoids for instance, for the present, large expenditures in departments already well represented in other American libraries, and feels on the other hand justification in a considerable expenditure within a special field, from the fact that this field is one within which other American libraries have as yet done little. It regards itself in every way as complementing them rather than paralleling them, and it certainly does not propose to substitute itself for them.

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This present choice of specialties does not mean that it does not propose ultimately to become a library of general scope or that its own field is less than *all* literature. It means merely that in its present purchases it is considering the convenience of the present generation. In the case, therefore, of a department of literature in which there may be serious investigation of importance for which the resources of other American libraries are defective, it does not hesitate to make an effort in this field, even though it be one outside of the course of its routine development and far outside the needs of Congress, or the immediate needs of the government generally. An example of this policy was its acquisition of the great Judin collection (some 80,000 volumes) of Russian material—an acquisition which, although in major part a gift, ranked as a purchase.

Apart from a few such collections, the special strength of the library at present is in Americana, society publications, other serial publications, official documents, history, law, and political and social science; but the library includes four departments of a size and significance unparalleled in any other American library. These are manuscripts, maps, music and prints.

The manuscript collections (which include great masses of material,—the papers of the Continental Congress, and of Washington, Madison, Jefferson, etc., transferred from the State Department, together with various other collections, the result of gift as well as of purchase) are now indispensable to the student of American history in search of sources. The total number of pieces in the collections cannot be stated with precision, but may be guessed from the fact that a single small group includes some 25,000 pieces.

The map collection is one of the largest in the world, exceeding 100,000 maps in sheet form, together with an extraordinary collection of atlases.

The collection of music exceeds one-half million pieces of music in sheet form, together with thousands of volumes of bound scores as well as general literature. The development of this collection under expert advice during the past six years has made one of the famous collections of the world. It includes, for instance, over 1,000 scores of modern operas, and, by recent acquisition, over 12,000 opera texts. Its aim, like that of the other collections, is to aid serious research. It has sought, therefore, always the full orchestral scores of any orchestral composition rather than a piano or other merely popular arrangement.

The collection of prints, numbering over 200,000 items, although in bulk composed largely of the cheaper forms of reproduction, such as lithographs, photographs, etc., includes thousands of pieces representing the more exquisite processes of engraving and etching. Most of these latter have come by gift, and others represent loans.

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Now, the opportunity to make its collections serviceable may take various forms; the simplest form is of course the direct issue of a book, print or map to the reader coming to consult it. But in the case of a collection so nearly comprehensive in scope, there is another service of high importance that can be rendered without the issue of a book. This consists of bibliographies—that is to say, lists of existing material on a given subject—compiled from an examination of the collections. Such lists in varying degrees of fulness and accuracy are of course compiled by most libraries, but their fulness depends

upon the completeness (approximate completeness—an absolutely complete collection does not exist) of their collections; and their accuracy depends upon the scholarship and bibliographic knowledge of the men who undertake them, for the work requires experts. This library, with the collections, and including a bibliographical apparatus upon which no pain or expense is spared, has also the experts. And it is issuing lists which, while quite full, are even more serviceable in being "select"—that is to say, discriminating. These lists, distributed without charge to other libraries and institutions as well as to Congress, help to save them the expense of undertaking such work independently. They may be had by individuals at the nominal cost (five to fifteen cents each) of paper and press work.

Such lists anticipate inquiry and deal with it in a general way. The library is, however, hospitable to particular inquiry, and is glad, within its abilities, to deal with this in a particular way. Such inquiries come to it as to other libraries in the direct appeal of resident readers and investigators, but they come to it also as they are not apt to to other libraries, by letter, from all over the country and from other lands. This is natural from the fact of its prominence and the advertisement of its resources, which has been constant in connection with the splendor of its building, but also because it is the national library maintained at the general expense, with therefore an assumed duty to the entire country. From ten to fifteen thousand letters a year bring to it requests for information. In the main, of course, for bibliographic information; that is to say, information as to the authorities upon a given subject; but many also are addressed to it, in the first instance, because the writers are ignorant of the proper source of information or are shy of addressing it directly. Both classes of inquiry the library tries to answer, but it is only the former as to which, of course, it feels a particular duty as a library. And as to this it has necessarily to draw a line; it can indicate sources of information, but it cannot undertake to do the actual research. Even with these limitations, however, its possession of great collections and a corps (in a sense a "faculty") of experts enables it to render a service of moment, the dimension and significance of which are enlarging very rapidly.

It is thus in bibliographical matters becoming a sort of bureau of information; but back of all this service as a bureau of information, it is rendering a national service of a different sort—a service of interest to libraries. For it is a central cataloguing bureau. It has become so from a combination of opportunities which is unique: it is the largest collection on this hemisphere; it is increasing more rapidly than any other library; it gets immediately upon publication and without cost the current publications that are entered under the copyright law; it is buying largely; it has a large force of cataloguers whose work is accepted as authoritative even by libraries punctilious as to their own catalogue; it has a printing office of its own within the building efficient in reducing to print the products of its cataloguing work, and it has a duty to the entire country. A book received by it is catalogued for its own uses. To multiply copies of the catalogue cards produced is a merely mechanical matter. It does multiply them beyond its own needs: first, to supply certain libraries (about a score and a half besides the governmental libraries) with a complete exhibit of its own resources, in a depository set of the cards furnished without charge; and second, to supply at cost a copy or copies of any cards desired by other libraries or by individuals to save themselves the expense of the most costly part of the process involved—that is to say, the work of the expert cataloguer and the work of the compositor. For four cents, a library can buy five copies of such cards—enough, that is to say, to provide for the "author entry" and the "subject entries" in the case of the average book. The cost of producing such a card independently might be forty or fifty cents. The libraries now subscribing to cards exceed 1,000 in number, and the saving to them as against doing the work independently would probably exceed \$100,000 a year; this in the cards that they are now currently purchasing, but the dimension of the work is increasing steadily. It differs from any other such system of centralization that has been attempted on a large scale, in the fact that it involves no obligation to purchase the entire series of cards issued, but leaves free to the subscriber to select as he chooses. In this way, it interests the town or village library and the great municipal and research libraries.

Most accounts of the Library begin with

the building. In this statement I have purposely refrained from doing so, because, after all, the library proper, the organism itself, is the thing, and the building is merely the shell or habitation. Nevertheless, as this new building (completed in 1897) in itself not merely emphasized and promoted, but rendered possible the development of the library from a Library of Congress to a National Library—the building in this case signifies to a degree paralleled by few others. Particular description of it is no longer necessary, for it has been widely exploited. In relation however to its service, with which these statements deal, the points that may be recalled are that it is not merely a sumptuous building, striking as an architectural monument, but a spacious one—in fact, the largest library building in the world, covering nearly three and one-half acres of land and including over eight acres of floor space. Also, that in its arrangement it is a convenient building, well adapted to the uses to which it is being put; and that it has now equipment and apparatus especially competent to meet numerous and specialized needs. For its collections, the building will of course never be finally adequate; no library building is, and already a book stack is in process of erection in one of the interior court yards which will add 900,000 volumes to its shelving capacity, already nearly 2,000,000. But for readers (of whom it can accommodate 1,000 at a time) and for administration, its capacity will be ample for an indefinite time to come.

In comparing it, therefore, with the national libraries of other countries, while we have to admit that its collections offer and can offer far less of distinction, we can emphatically claim for them utility, and a provision for rendering them serviceable in divers ways far superior to that of any library abroad.

To one interested in administration its organization is very suggestive, for this is elaborate, including, besides the divisions concerned with general administration, the purchasing and receiving division (technically called the order division); classification and cataloguing division; the various reading rooms, including the periodical reading room and the reading room for the blind; and the various special divisions devoted to documents, law, manuscripts, maps, music, prints, and the Smithsonian Deposit (society publications). There is an

amply equipped printing office with five linotype machines, and a bindery,—these two both branches of the government printing office, having a personnel of over ninety employees—and there is the Copyright Office. The work of this latter has an important and varied interest; but as it is a work distinct from the ordinary service and function of the library as a library, it is not treated here. The routine of the office is administered under the Register of Copyrights, who is appointed by the Librarian, and the office is under the general supervision of the Librarian, but as a rule matters come up to the latter only on appeal. The connection with the office important to the library consists in the privilege of the library to draw on the deposits under the copyright law for material for its collections, a privilege resulting in important accessions not merely of books, but of maps, music, and prints.

The total number of employes in the library proper is now about 235, in the copyright office, 70; in the bindery and printing office, 90, and in the force (under the Superintendent of the Building and Grounds) which takes care of the building and grounds, 127; an aggregate of over 500 persons having some relation to the care or administration.

The total annual expenditure on account of the library now exceeds three-quarters of a million dollars, but this includes \$202,000 which is an allotment for printing and binding (that is—leave to have such work done at the government printing office or the library branch), from twenty-five to forty thousand for furniture and \$108,000 for the increase of the collections (both of these permanent improvements) and about \$100,000 for the copyright office and the card section, which is offset by fees covered into the treasury. A considerable portion of the remainder (apart from the cost of maintaining the building and grounds, which is necessarily considerable owing to their size and the nicety of the attention which they demand) is chargeable to the work of cataloguing accumulated material brought over from the Capitol, which constitutes an arrear; so that the total sum expended for what would be called administration proper (including maintenance of the reading rooms and the service to readers) would be but a mere fraction of the total.

# WORK OF THE WEATHER BUREAU

By WILLIS L. MOORE, LL.D., D.Sc.

Chief of United States Weather Bureau

## XX—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

THERE is, perhaps, no branch of the government service better known to the public than the Weather Bureau. This is doubtless due to the character of the work, which has always been both popular in its nature and practical in its application to everyday needs. An advantage also lies in the fact that the weather is too intimately connected with every phase of human activity not to be of perennial interest.

In its investigations the Bureau finds it necessary to compass the past, present and future. Its collected records furnish the history of past weather conditions for all portions of the country, and form the basis for definite climatic statements regarding any particular region. Its daily observations serve current agricultural and commercial needs, answer the query of the traveler, and satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the average citizen. Its forecasts and warnings speak with considerable assurance of tomorrow's weather, and often, but in more general terms, of the probable conditions for several days in advance; and the hope is not altogether unfounded that rational methods may yet be employed whereby the outlook will be extended several weeks ahead.

Provisions for the national support of this service were first made in 1870, at which

time Congress outlined the duties and assigned their performance to the Signal Service. Twenty years later the meteorological work was transferred to the Weather Bureau, where it has since remained. In the act of transfer the duties are thus summarized:

"The chief of the Weather Bureau shall have charge of forecasting the weather; the issue of storm warnings; the display of weather and flood signals for the benefit of agriculture, commerce and navigation; the gauging and reporting of rivers; the maintenance and operation of seacoast telegraph lines and the collection and transmission of marine intelligence for the benefit of commerce and navigation; the reporting of temperature and rainfall conditions for the cotton interests; the display of frost and cold wave signals; the distribution of meteorological information in the interest of agriculture and commerce, and the taking of such

meteorological observations as may be necessary to establish and record the climatic conditions of the United States, or as are essential for the proper execution of the foregoing duties."

In the years following, these duties have been enlarged rather than decreased. The carrying out of such a program requires ample funds and properly trained men. The

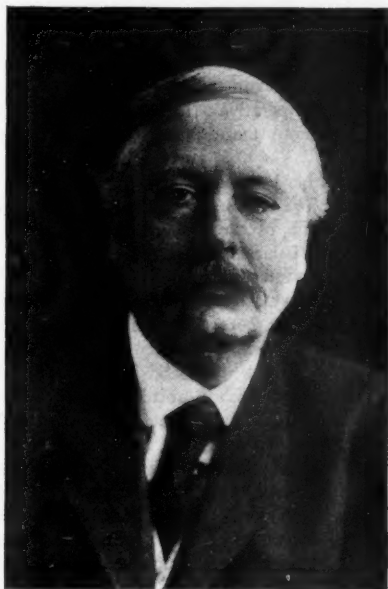


Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

WILLIS L. MOORE

present annual appropriation for expenses is somewhat more than a million and a half dollars, and a regular corps of more than fifteen hundred men is employed.

Appointments to the Bureau are made through competitive examination. The Bureau itself holds subsequent examinations, all advancement being made on a basis of relative merit. Among the grades are: observers, section directors, forecasters, chiefs of divisions and professors. There are also the chief of the Bureau and the assistant chief, and, at the central office at Washington, a large clerical force engaged in various duties. Outside of these are the cotton region observers, corn and wheat region observers, river observers, special rainfall observers and storm warning display men, receiving small salaries, and four thousand co-operative observers who make observations of temperature, rainfall, etc., and receive the publications of the Bureau in lieu of other compensation. These special and co-operative observers increase the total to more than six thousand.

Nearly two hundred regular weather bureau stations are maintained in the United States. They are to be found in all parts of the country, although their distribution is largely determined by the importance of the interests to be served; that is, practically every large city has one and they are necessarily more numerous along the seacoast and the Great Lakes than elsewhere.

These stations are fully equipped with meteorological instruments for obtaining continuous weather records. They also act as collectors and distributors of weather data of all kinds, serving local interests and the country at large through the issue of maps, bulletins, and other weather reports, and by furnishing weather information to the newspapers. Twice daily they telegraph detailed weather data to the central office at Washington and to other stations, for use in the preparation of the weather maps and bulletins and in forecasting.

In addition to these the central office at Washington receives telegraphic reports morning and evening from stations in Canada and Mexico. Daily cable reports are also received from points in Europe, Asia and elsewhere throughout the northern hemisphere, these, of course, being much fewer in number. During the hurricane season observations are

also telegraphed from stations along the South American coast and in the West Indies, so that no tropical storm can form in those regions without being detected.

These observations are charted on weather maps, and lines of pressure and temperature are drawn. As these lines are completed, those of pressure in particular are found to have marked off distinct areas, each of which has its characteristic weather features. Where the pressure is high, clear and cool weather is the usual accompaniment; where it is low, warm weather, cloudiness and rain are the rule; and if very low, high winds or gales usually prevail. These areas have certain more or less definite movements across the country, and each carries with it its own kind of weather. The forecaster now attempts to determine in what direction and how far these areas will move in a given time, and to what extent their existing features will be modified during that period. His forecasts are based on the assumptions thus made, and are successful to the degree in which he has accurately estimated the atmospheric forces at work.

Other weather bureau stations receive similar telegraphic reports, but generally less complete in number than at Washington. In the forecast service for the United States the country is divided into nine districts, with centers at Boston, New York, Washington, Louisville, New Orleans, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, and Portland (Oregon). Local forecasts are also made at many of the other regular weather bureau stations throughout the country.

The climatological work of the Bureau consists in the collection and publication of miscellaneous meteorological data in permanent form. The records thus procured are much used by travelers, health seekers, real estate firms, civil engineers, railroad companies, and many others. Each state has its climatological center, to which the small co-operative stations already mentioned send their observations. These records are then compiled, charted, and discussed, and the results published in weekly, monthly and annual reports. The reports for the entire United States are similarly treated at the central office, and issued in monthly, annual and special publications. Of the central office reports, the "Monthly Weather Review" and the "Annual Report of the Chief of the



Bureau" are the most important of the regular publications, while the "Climatology of the United States" is a fine example of the more valuable special compilations.

Considering the magnitude of the interests involved, the River and Flood Service ranks next to the forecast work. It is, in fact, a branch of forecast work, and that, too, of a kind admitting of more exactness than will, perhaps, ever be possible in temperature and rainfall predictions. A notable instance in proof of this occurred during a severe flood in the Mississippi River some years ago, when the highest stage at New Orleans was accurately forecast within a fraction of a foot, as well as within a few hours of its occurrence. This service now covers practically all of the navigable streams of the United States, and not only provides for daily reports of the river readings at important points, but undertakes to predict low water stages and flood stages as well.

The marine service of the Bureau is engaged in the work of obtaining meteorological reports from the great water surfaces of the globe. It furnishes suitable reporting forms to all vessels that it can reach, and these make regular entries during the voyage, noting the latitude, longitude and time with each observation. On reaching a port, the captain hands the record to the United States Consul or other proper representative of this country, who forwards it to the Bureau. These reports are compiled and charted as received. All of the meteorological data published in the pilot charts of the Hydrographic Office, United States Navy, are furnished by the Weather Bureau.

The cotton region and the corn and wheat region services have already been referred to. These are under the supervision of selected centers in the sections devoted to the production of these great staples. During the period of growth, daily reports of temperature and rainfall are obtained from stations well distributed throughout the corn, wheat and cotton raising states, and are published for the benefit of individuals, firms and commercial organizations interested in such information. In addition to this, the entire country is represented in the reports contained in the National Weekly Weather Bulletin, which is issued at Washington from April to October, the period of general crop growth in the United States. A snow and ice bulletin is

published during the winter months, showing on its chart the area covered by snow at the end of each week, and in its table giving the thickness of ice in lakes and streams.

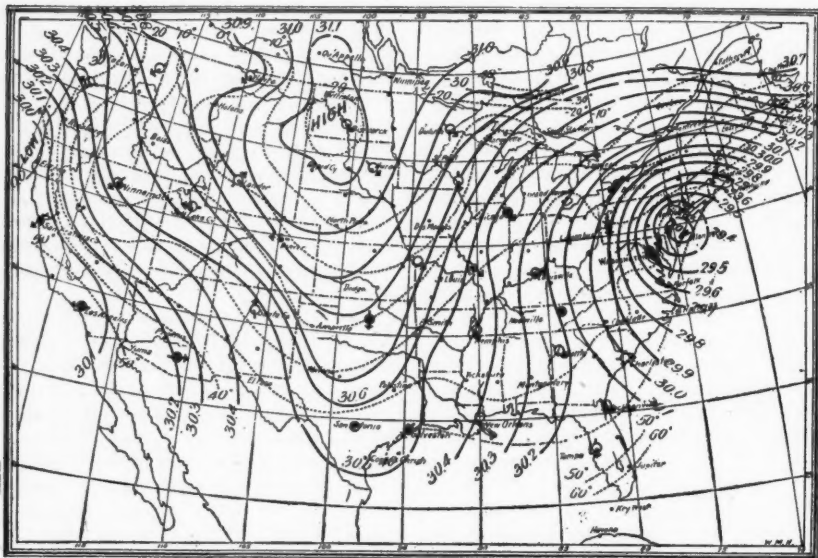
New work already begun in the Western states deserves special mention. The great irrigation projects in the semi-arid regions call for more rainfall and snowfall data than have heretofore been obtained. To meet this need, the Bureau has planned the establishment of a large number of stations in the high mountain regions—the true source of the water supply that is to fill the great artificial reservoirs—for the purpose of determining the actual rainfall and snowfall received in these remote and often almost inaccessible districts. The problem of evaporation in semi-arid portions of the West also awaits solution. The formation of the so-called Salton Sea in Southern California affords a most favorable opportunity for evaporation studies, and plans have already been made to carry out these investigations there. In both lines of work valuable results are looked for.

In the Instrument Division the Bureau has its own mechanical experts, whose ingenuity has thus far met all demands for meteorological apparatus. Thermometers, barometers, sunshine recorders, instruments for cloud observations, evaporation measures, apparatus in compact bulk for securing records in kite and balloon flights, and self-recording instruments for wind, rain and snow, have been constructed in new or special forms from time to time, as the nature of the particular investigations has required.

While, as already stated, the practical and popular work of the Bureau receives first consideration, the more abstruse problems of the atmosphere are not being neglected. The establishment of a special research observatory at Mount Weather, Virginia, by the Weather Bureau, has given marked impetus to higher phases of meteorological study in this country, and the researches now being conducted are already yielding valuable results. The investigation of conditions in the upper air by means of kites and balloons carrying meteorological instruments has disclosed many facts of importance in connection with the general atmospheric circulation that could not have been predicted from observations made at the same time at the surface of the earth, and the knowledge thus gained has, on

a number of occasions, been applied with success to the forecasting of weather conditions on the Atlantic Coast. Studies are also being made at the observatory of the terrestrial magnetism, the intensity and amount of solar radiation, and other subtle influences at work in the earth and sun, whose more or less intimate relation to weather phenomena has for a number of years been believed in, or at least suspected, by the leading meteorologists of the world.

The active life of the writer has been identified with the Weather Bureau, which he entered in a subordinate capacity thirty-two years ago. He has been the official head of the Bureau for the past fourteen years, and is a firm believer in the Bureau as a factor in the development of the country. The research observatory at Mount Weather, in particular, is a project dear to his heart, and he is devoting his best effort to making it an ideal institution of its character.



## AN EXPLANATION OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER MAPS

The data on the United States Weather Maps are from observations taken at the stations represented thereon at eight A. M., seventy-fifth meridian time. The maps are issued daily at 105 weather bureau stations. They are in printed form at twenty-five of the large stations and by duplicating process at eighty other stations. The map herewith shows four of the current elements of the weather, viz.: state of weather, direction of wind, barometric pressure and the temperature. The continuous or solid lines, called isobars, are drawn through points having the same barometric or atmospheric pressure, a line being drawn for each one-tenth of an inch in the height of the barometer, at sea-level. The dotted lines, called isotherms, are for temperature of the air, in the shade, and are drawn through points having the same temperature, a line being drawn for each ten degrees of temperature. The state of the weather is indicated by the symbols, i. e., open center, clear; half black, partly cloudy; black, cloudy; R, rain; S, snow. The direction of the wind is indicated by the arrow, which flies with the wind. The word "Low"

indicates the center of a general storm or disturbance, and is placed at the center of the areas of low barometric pressure, and the centers of the areas of high pressure are indicated by the word "High." The former are accompanied by unsettled and stormy weather, while the latter are attended by fair and clear weather. These "lows" and "highs" move across the country from west to east with considerable regularity. By noting the rate of movement and the accompanying weather conditions of the "lows" and the "highs," the weather and the temperature at a given point to the eastward can be forecast with a fair degree of accuracy. In connection with the maps, as issued by the Weather Bureau, are tabular data, giving details of maximum and minimum temperatures and twenty-four-hour temperature changes, current and maximum wind velocities in miles per hour, and the amounts, if any, of precipitation in the past twenty-four hours. There is also text matter briefly discussing the special meteorological features as shown by the isobars, isotherms and the symbols.—J. W. Smith, *New England Forecaster.*

# STORY OF THE PAPER-MAIL BAG

By A. L. LAWSHE

Third Assistant Postmaster General

## XXI—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

UNDER the Third Assistant Postmaster General are grouped those phases of the postal service which relate, with particular reference to the revenues, to the internal business of the post offices, such as the manufacture, issue and sale of stamps, stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, postal cards; the redemption of stamped stock from postmasters; the registry system; the money order system; the classification of the mails, including rates of postage and the franking privilege; the fiscal system, covering the deposit and control of the revenues; the payments by warrant of accounts settled by the Auditor, and the keeping of the accounts involved, relating to revenues, expenditures and appropriations.

Few people have an adequate conception of the volume of the postal business annually transacted, or of its marvelous increase, which is here given by decades:

YEAR	NUMBER OF OFFICES	REVENUES	EXPENDITURES
1790	75	\$ 37,935	\$ 32,140
1800	903	280,804	213,934
1810	2,300	551,684	495,969
1820	4,500	1,111,927	1,160,926
1830	8,450	1,850,583	1,932,708
1840	13,468	4,543,522	4,718,236
1850	18,417	5,499,984	5,212,953
1860	28,498	8,518,067	19,170,610
1870	28,492	19,772,221	23,998,837
1880	42,989	33,315,479	36,542,804
1890	62,401	60,882,098	66,259,548
1900	76,688	102,354,579	107,740,267

The postal receipts for 1908 were \$191,478, 663, with expenditures of \$208,351,886. The postal business more than doubled itself during the past ten years.

There has been a decrease in the number of post offices since 1900 on account of the increase in rural delivery, which, during less than fifteen years, has grown from a few experimental routes, involving an expenditure of less than \$10,000 in one year, to 39,143 routes, involving an expenditure last year of \$34,355,209.

The deficit of the last fiscal year of \$16,910,278.99 is the largest in the history of the Post Office Department. The increase in the revenues of the fiscal year 1907 over those of the fiscal year 1906 was \$15,652,222.62, or 9.32 per cent., while the fiscal year 1908 showed an increase in receipts over 1907 of only \$7,893,657.84, or 4.29 per cent. The increases authorized by the Congress in the rate of pay to rural carriers, post office clerks, railway mail clerks, etc., for the fiscal year 1908 over the fiscal year 1907 amounted to \$9,891,321.92. Without these increases in salaries the deficit would have been but \$326,925.60 more than the previous year. If the usual percentage of increase in receipts had been maintained, the revenue in 1908 would have exceeded that in 1907 by \$17,110,122.51. This sum, added to the total revenue of 1907, would have amounted to \$200,695,128.08, which represents the revenue the department would probably have secured but for the intervening financial depression. With these receipts there would have been a deficit of \$7,656,758.07, but without the increases in salaries named below, there would have been a surplus of receipts over expenditures of \$2,234,563.85.

The efficiency of the postal service is not to be gauged by the size of the deficiency, or rather by its smallness. The Post Office Department is the only branch of the government which *earns* any appreciable part of its expenditures. In this respect it is least indigent of all of the executive departments. Were the department credited at postage value with all of the service it renders free to other branches of the government, it would have a snug balance to its credit each year, even though it were charged with reasonable rental for postoffice quarters, including equipment, in government buildings under the control of the Treasury Department.

A recent writer in a prominent periodical, devoted to manufacturing and shipping in-

terests, states that "a dozen eggs can be shipped from Chicago to Baltimore, a thousand miles, for less than the United States charges for carrying a single letter," and that "a leading railroad, such as the Chesapeake and Ohio, must haul a ton of coal more than three miles to earn one cent," and that "these interesting facts throw a flood of light, when rightly considered, upon the transportation interests of the country. People who hold up the working of the Post Office Department as an illustration of government efficiency as against individual work," says this shipping journal, "should contrast the difference between carrying a dozen eggs a thousand miles for less than two cents, while a single letter carried any distance, whether it be one mile or a thousand, must pay two cents."

The illustration or contrast drawn by this periodical is neither fair nor logical.

Suppose the company transporting the eggs at two cents per dozen were required to deliver each particular egg to widely divergent points, for instance, to the extremes where domestic postage rates apply, like Fairbanks, Alaska; Manila, Philippine Islands; New Orleans, Louisiana; Augusta, Maine; San Francisco, California; Key West, Florida; Winnipeg, Manitoba, etc., what would be the rate on each egg, or each dozen of eggs?

Suppose the ton of coal were required to be delivered in separate lumps weighing but one ounce each, to widely divergent points within our postal territory, each lump being carried an average of 687 miles, as is the case with merchandise carried in the mails, what would be the price per ounce or ton?

Mail matter is not handled like coal or eggs. It is not the bulk weight and long haul of mail matter which are costly. It is the

delivery to addresses at widely divergent points of the small number of individually addressed pieces to one destination which costs. In the majority of instances each piece would soon be separated from the pieces which formed the original bulk, although other pieces from other sources might be assembled therewith and arrive at the same destination. This method of treatment—this assembling and reassembling, transferring, and re-transferring—involves a multiplicity of handling which is entirely absent with respect to the ton of coal or the dozen of eggs. The vast volume of free business the post office is required to do contributes very considerably to all elements of cost.

The report covering the special weighings of the mails for the six months from July 1 to December 31, 1907, furnishes statistics upon which to base calculations approximately accurate as to the revenue which would have accrued to the Post Office Department for the fiscal year 1908 if postage at the usual rates had been paid on all matter carried free.

In the table which follows, the volume of second-class matter, newspapers and periodicals, delivered free in the county of publication is considered at the statutory rate of one cent per pound, and the departmental penalty matter and congressional franked matter is rated as sealed or first-class matter, which it ordinarily is, at the average rate per pound derived from first-class matter of \$0.8753.



GENERAL ABRAHAM LAWSHE  
Third Assistant Postmaster General

CLASS OF MATTER	ESTIMATED WEIGHT	ESTIMATED POSTAGE
Second-class matter.....	\$53,156,094	\$ 531,560.94
Franked matter .....	4,555,634	3,987,546.44
Penalty matter, not including postal service..	18,644,010	16,362,131.95
Total .....	76,355,738	\$20,881,239.33

The Post Office Department, in addition to the foregoing, carried for itself and for the postal service 24,683,924 pounds of mail matter usually first class, having a postal value when so rated of \$21,662,808.68.

Based on the estimated cost of handling and transporting second-class mail matter of eight and two-thirds cents per pound, the Post Office Department during the year 1908 gave to the people, through the publishers of newspapers and periodicals entered as second-class matter, approximately \$57,000,000 in uncompensated service, this amount being the cost of handling and transporting 746,567,161 pounds of second-class matter over and above the direct revenue derived therefrom.

The chief revenues of the Post Office Department are derived from sales of stamps, stamped envelopes, postal cards, and so forth.

Uncle Sam's postage stamps are manufactured by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington; the stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers are made under departmental supervision, under contract, by a private corporation whose factory is located at Dayton, Ohio, while his postal cards are made under similar conditions at Rumford, Maine. From these points distribution is made to post offices throughout the country upon requisition of postmasters duly approved by the Department.

Postage-stamped paper issued during the year aggregated \$176,974,190.24, an increase of \$3,967,713.97 over 1907. The total number of pieces of stamped paper was 9,772,059,664, an increase of 440,140,609; books of stamps, 18,213,310, an increase of 526,510. That the issue of postage stamps will cross the ten-billion mark during the fiscal year 1909 is confidently anticipated.

The total profit on the stamp books issued in 1908 over the stamp value amounted to \$131,181.54.

The issue of stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers of all varieties during 1908 was 1,266,002,559. Of these 843,116,084, or 66.59 per cent., were what are known as "special-request" envelopes, bearing printed return cards, and 422,886,475 envelopes and wrappers, or 33.41 per cent., were unprinted.

The gross selling value of stamped envelopes and wrappers issued was \$25,416,344.54, and the postage value was \$23,743,563.68, leaving \$1,672,780.86 to defray cost of manufacture and distribution. The contract cost of manufacture was \$1,058,197.95, leaving \$614,582.91 to defray the cost of distribution. There were issued last year 809,426,750 one and two cent postal cards, having a postage value of \$8,276,727.

The constant increase in the postal money order transactions bespeaks the continued and growing favor in which the system is held by the public. During the fiscal year 1908 there were 64,864,570 domestic money orders issued, amount-

ing to \$498,699,637.49, or \$19,049,294.85 more than in the previous year. For the issue of these domestic money orders there were exacted fees amounting to \$3,949,001.88, an increase in this item of \$143,642.47 over 1907.

International money orders to the number of 3,711,640, amounting to \$88,972,388.31, were issued, representing an increase of \$4,891,677.25 in amount over 1907. There were received in fees for the issue of these orders \$754,884.69, or \$27,644.36 more than in 1907.

In conducting its large money order business with foreign countries, the United States

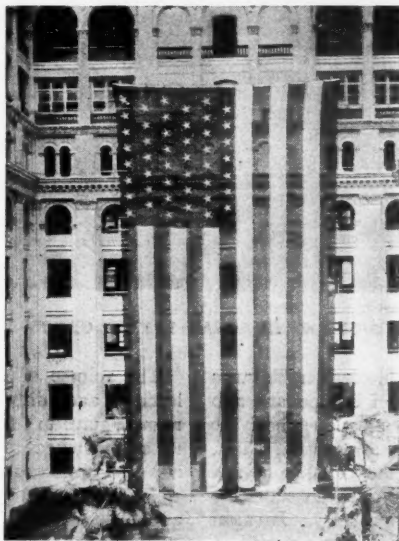


Photo by National Press Association

LARGEST FLAG IN THE UNITED STATES  
It hangs in the court of the post office at Washington





*Photo by National Press Association*

RETURNING DIVISION OF THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE AT WASHINGTON

is constantly the debtor in considerable sums to most of the countries of Europe, and also to Japan and Newfoundland, while the British colonies as well as Canada, Cuba, the Philippine Islands, the Canal Zone and the Central and South American states are generally debtors to this country. Payment of balances due on money-order account are in the main made by means of bills of exchange drawn on financial centers such as London, Paris, Berlin, New York, etc.

In liquidating its indebtedness to foreign countries the Department purchased exchange from banking houses in New York City, New York, during the year amounting to \$73,312,143.55. This exchange was usually bought at advantageous rates with the result that \$324,244.03 was gained thereby.

The amount of domestic money orders paid and repaid last year was \$494,971,500.

The amount of domestic and international money orders issued, paid and repaid amounted to over a thousand million dollars and the total losses to the Department in handling this vast volume of business was but \$18,088.

The volume of the postal business—collections and disbursements—amounted in round figures to \$420,000,000, and the total losses amounted to but \$37,056. Is there any other business enterprise in the country which can show as good a record for efficiency and fidelity?

During the fiscal year 1908 there were transmitted through the mails 40,151,797 pieces of registered mail matter, domestic and foreign, paid and free. The fees on the paid matter at eight cents per piece amounted to \$2,889,912. The money and money values sent in the registered mails by the Post Office and Treasury Departments alone amounted to \$2,340,975,045.

The results of the special weighings of the mail under authority of the Congress, for the period from July 1, 1907, to December 31, 1907, in all post offices and railway cars, tabulation of which was but recently completed, show the average hauls of mail matter to be: first-class matter 507 miles; second-class matter 610 miles; third-class matter 672 miles, and fourth-class matter 687 miles.

The average haul of daily newspapers is



291 miles; of weekly and other newspapers 558 miles; of magazines 1,049 miles, and of miscellaneous periodicals 1,128 miles.

Most of our weekly newspapers are situated in the smaller centers and circulate very largely within the county in which located. As the average haul of free county mailings was seven miles, the country weekly greatly reduces the average weekly newspaper haul.

Daily newspapers furnish a little over forty per cent. of the second-class mail. Weekly and other newspapers furnish a little over

THIRD-CLASS MAIL MATTER (OTHER PRINTED MATTER):	
Per cent. of weight.....	14.61
Per cent. of revenue.....	14.63
FOURTH-CLASS MAIL MATTER (MERCHANDISE):	
Per cent. of weight.....	4.79
Per cent. of revenue.....	4.44
CONGRESSIONAL FRANKED MATTER (MATTER SENT FREE OF POSTAGE BY SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES):	
Per cent. of weight.....	.37
No revenue.....	

Our postal service is neither slow, costly nor inefficient when the real work it does is taken into consideration. A private corporation, paying smaller salaries under more exact-

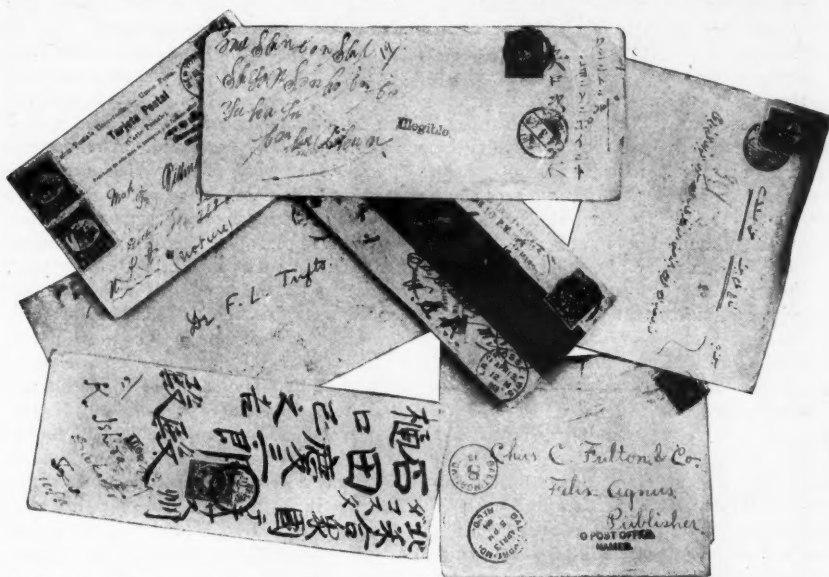


Photo by National Press Association

#### A FEW OF THE LETTERS THAT FIND THEIR WAY INTO THE DEAD 'LETTER' OFFICE

The one addressed to "Felix Agnus, Publisher," was intended for General Felix Agnus, of the Baltimore American. A story could be written about each of the letters in this picture

fifteen per cent. The periodicals, including the monthly magazines, scientific, educational, religious, trade and other journals, furnish the remaining forty-five per cent. of the whole.

The same compilation of statistics separates mail matter and the revenue derived therefrom into the following proportions, compared with the total weight of mail carried and the total revenue derived therefrom:

FIRST-CLASS (WRITTEN AND SEALED) MAIL MATTER:	
Per cent. of weight.....	12.81
Per cent. of revenue.....	75.74
SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER (NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS):	
Per cent. of weight.....	63.91
Per cent. of revenue.....	5.19

ing conditions, might do the work cheaper, but it would not do it so well. The private corporation would extend and expend its energies in directions which would bring certain profits.

Under private management postage rates would be revised to change the conditions revealed in the foregoing statement, but the revision would be in the interest of the corporation, not in the interest of the people.

Under government supervision our mail service goes everywhere in the wide world where there is a written language, regardless of whether there is a profit or a loss involved, and therein lies its efficiency and real value.

# THE AMERICAN CONSUL: HIS WORK

By WINSLOW HALL

## XXII—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

IN the following concrete views of American consular officers at work, it has been found impossible to confine them strictly to the matter submitted by each in answer to the requests of the NATIONAL. Most of the answers deal chiefly with the personal history of the incumbent, which is interesting, and of general statements of the duties of a consul, which have already been fully set forth in the previous article. Our correspondents will, therefore, not feel slighted if some very complete and carefully prepared statements are considerably condensed in publication.

The Azores, a group of islands lying to the northwest of the Straits of Gibraltar, have long been an important center of maritime rendezvous, and somewhat of naval and political importance. The group, which covers over 600 sea miles from northwest to southeast, includes five large islands—St. Michael's, Terceira, San Jorge, Fayal and Flores—and several smaller islets, which, previous to the time of the voyage of Columbus, were the Western limit of practical navigation. Beyond the sunset horizon, as seen from the peaks of the most westerly islet, were watery regions unknown or dimly limned in ancient fable and superstition. The Hesperides still existed in the dreams of classical enthusiasts, and a mirage of lands in the West was reported over the wine-cup by more than one awed and yet exultant fisherman or peasant.

Irving's wonderful tale of "The Adelantado of the Seven Cities" will suggest to many readers a pleasant variant of this ancient Portuguese tradition; but to most mariners dreadful, indeed, was the fate that awaited the bark, storm-driven and doomed into the Western ocean, gloomy with heavy fogs and even Stygian darkness; peopled by obscene harpies, monstrous water-dragons and legions of lost mariners and evil spirits of the sea, here swept by infernal storms, and there cursed with utter calm and decay. Into such a sea, many of the sailors of Columbus

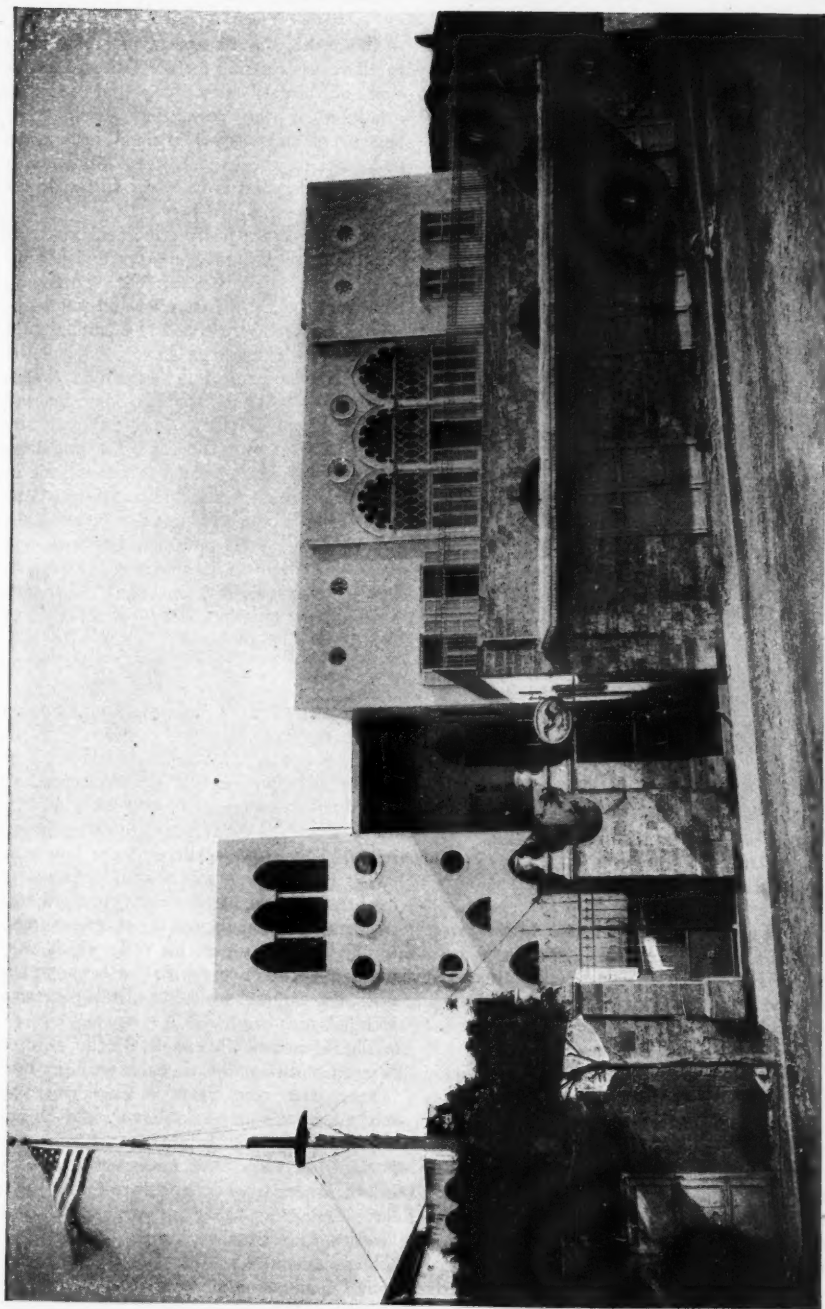
deemed that he sailed to his death when he left behind him the last peak of the Azores, melting away into the golden haze of the seas that they had sailed and loved.

And since their day the Azores have been the first land-fall for vessels sailing eastward from the America they discovered, and the last European port of call for ships bound westward to the New World. A rendezvous from the great whale fishery which once swept the surrounding waters and visited the islands for orders and supplies, and for naval squadrons and cruisers of every nation; and a health and pleasure resort, which, with every year, attracts an increasing number of tourists.

Mr. John Franklin Jewell, born in 1874, an Illinoisian bachelor in the prime of life, a graduate of Michigan University, class of 1896, admitted to the bar of Michigan and Illinois, member of the American Society of International Law, and appointed Consul at Martinique (French), West Indies, June 9, 1902, was appointed Consul at St. Michael's, Azores, June 22, 1906, having his own office at Ponta Delgada, and consular agents or Vice-Consuls at Terceira, San Jorge, Fayal and Flores.

"Here," he says, "perhaps arise as many diversified complications of the question of citizenship as in any other foreign country. There is no treaty between the United States and Portugal defining the status of former Portuguese subjects, who have become naturalized American citizens; yet many of these citizens return to the Azores and require the services of the American Consul to enable them to establish their nationality while there and when about to depart to the country of their adoption. There are about 3,000 persons at all times in this district claiming American citizenship, and their present status involves questions of fact and law often difficult to determine, as the facts vary in almost every case.

"Those holding Department of State



THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AT BEIRUT, SYRIA

passports must have them visé by the Consul, and it becomes necessary for him to issue 'emergency passports' to those who might suffer hardship or serious inconvenience if obliged to await the arrival of a passport from Washington. Of the eleven American consular districts which are allowed to issue 'emergency passports,' there are few which



*Photo by Harris & Ewing*

G. BIE RAVNDAL

American Consul General at Beirut, Syria

require a greater number than the Azores. Before visiting this district, a Department of State passport should be obtained, as it is the most effective document in establishing nationality and will often save embarrassment and great inconvenience. \* \* \*

"Ponta Delgada, the capital of St. Michael's, and seat of the consulate, is a coaling, repairing and provisioning station, as well as an important port of refuge, having an excellent artificial harbor. Much of the Mediterranean traffic and of the commerce that passes through the Suez Canal make this their last port of call when bound to the United States and other American ports.

"The Consul, besides reporting regularly to Washington the sanitary condition of the port and surrounding country, as a protection

to the health of our seaports, must also issue to all vessels clearing for the United States a 'bill of health,' describing the sanitary condition of the port, the vessel, crew, passengers and cargo. His aid in the enforcement of the United States immigration laws at this point is just now an important factor."

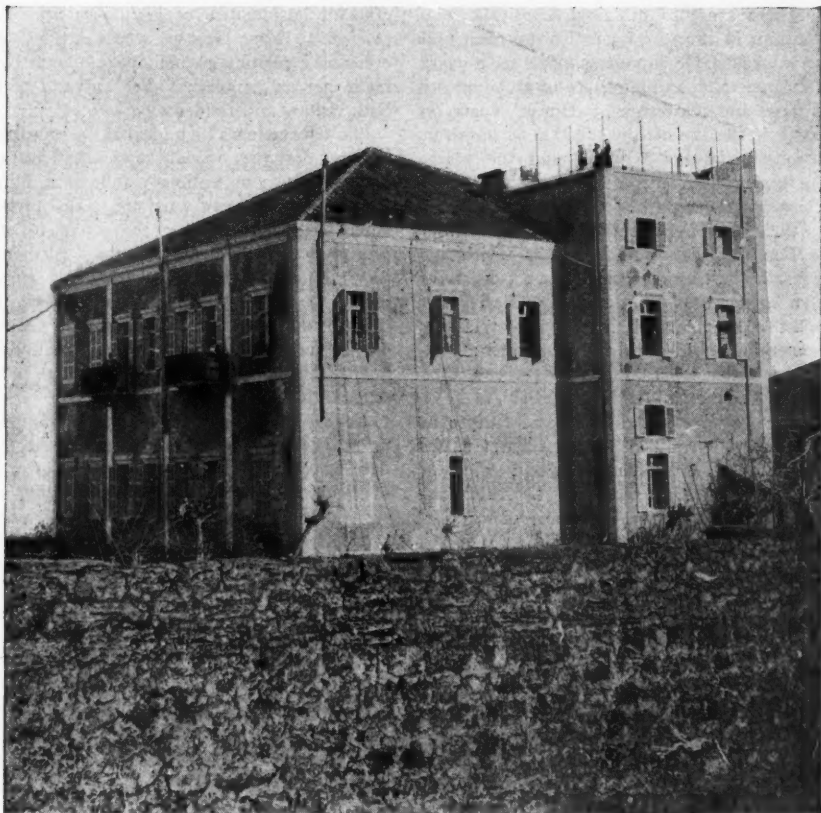
The Azores are justly celebrated for their mild climate, beautiful scenery and wealth of flower and bird life. The sportsman, fisherman, botanist, naturalist and photographer find here a great variety of amusement and study. The islands have been held by some to be a part of the mountain ranges of that lost "Atlantis" which Solon learned of the Egyptian priests was destroyed by volcano and earthquake and the engulfing sea in one night and day. There is little in the line of prehistoric remains to attract the antiquarian, but the traveler who seeks beautiful islets lying amid summer seas, will come into his own if he visits the Azores, where hundreds and thousands of Americans have already experienced the official courtesy and zeal of Consul Jewell.

\* \* \*

Singularly like the Azores in their situation as regards the adjoining continent are the Bermudas, or ancient "Sommers Islands," the "still-vexed Bermoothes" of Shakespeare's "Tempest." Lying about 600 miles east by north from Cape Hatteras, the little group is underlain with a white granular limestone which reappears in sands and highways of too brilliant white under the rays of an almost tropical summer sun, and in strong contrast to the reddish superficial soil, which contrasts most effectively with the trees, water, skies, flowers, and structures of this charming archipelago.

The Honorable Maxwell Greene, United States Consul for the past ten years in Bermuda, spent many years in Chile, where he might have remained until now, had he not on one of his visits home met the lady who is now his wife. She preferred to live in North America, where the ancestors of both had lived for many generations. The Greenes have numbered many distinguished soldiers and sailors, but his earlier ancestors were Quakers and saw the Revolution sweep away their carefully built up business.

Mr. Greene, in his official life in Bermuda,



A HOSPITAL AT BEIRUT, SYRIA

has had duties to perform of the most varying character. He has letters from all parts of America acknowledging with hearty thanks his kindness to distressed countrymen, above and beyond what his duties as Consul require. America, like other maritime nations, is generous to its shipwrecked sailors, but sometimes a wrecked ship has meant a captain's wife in distress and, in one instance, at least, some children as well, whose little all had gone down 200 miles from Bermuda. Rescued by a British "tramp," they landed at St. George's absolutely destitute. This case, and liberal contributions received in aid of it from his countrymen, inspired Mr. Greene to inaugurate a fund, which he now keeps ready for such emergencies, making such additions to it from time to time as the good-

will of American visitors enables him to do.

There are, however, American citizens who require "consular assistance" in quite another way, and Mr. Greene has been called in to settle disputes as to wages, explain misunderstandings at stores, and hire residences, all of which he does with the greatest goodwill. He has even received letters from British tradesmen who, apparently in ignorance that Bermuda is an integral part of the Dominions of King Edward VII, write to the "British Consul, Bermuda." These letters are often sent to Mr. Greene as the head of the consular department here, and he replies to them with great courtesy, not forgetting to correct their faulty geography at the same time, for Mr. Greene loves a little bit of pleasantry.



There are also exacting Americans who murmur in effect: "If our Consul can't find us a reasonable laundress, give us a good time generally, and introduce us at Admiralty House and Government House, what on earth is the use of him?" These, however, are few and far between, and the yearly increasing number of Americans that visit Bermuda entertain the pleasantest memories of their genial representative.

The Consular Building, over which the Stars and Stripes bravely floats, consists of two large rooms, built on the ample lines of most old Colonial buildings and retaining something of old-world dignity in their atmosphere, which loses nothing by the courteous manner of the United States Consul.

Here, again, is the Stars and Stripes as well as fine portraits of the President, General Washington, and Admiral Dewey; solid old-fashioned furniture, including a great book-case containing many volumes of colonial and maritime law. Mr. Greene's office overlooks the busy wharf where the boats that are Bermuda's main link with the outside world lie, to take in and discharge cargo and passengers. It is very accessible and cool, and of a grateful dimness in the hot days, such as comforts the Consul's visitors, stumbling up the wide steps, half-blinded by the glare outside.

Many and interesting are the stories of Mr. Greene's ten years' experiences, but the most interesting, he says, were the visits of Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) and Admiral Sampson of the United States Navy. The latter took place when Sir John Fisher, now First Lord of the Admiralty, was in Bermuda, and his enthusiastic admiration for the gallant American sailor conveyed itself to the English garrison and navy here at the time. Admiral Sampson received a land-salute of twenty-one guns from the fort—an unprecedented honor. He was feted all over the island; balls were given in his honor; an enormous reception was held at which over a thousand people were introduced to him; in fact, the gaiety was so unceasing and widely participated in, as to quite justify the English Admiral's concluding remark: "Now that Sampson's going, we shall all go—to bed."

Mr. Greene, as might be expected, takes an active part in the social events in Bermuda. He is more often host than guest, and the

graceful hospitalities of his house are dispensed by Mrs. Greene, whose interest in everything relating to her official home has made her as popular as her husband with both visitors and residents.

Mr. Greene has a high ideal of the standard required of the official representatives of his country, conscientiously follows it himself and is intensely patriotic. His pretty house is celebrated for the fervor of its Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday celebrations. And it is owing in a great degree to the good feeling existing between the United States representative and the people of Bermuda, that on these dates the English and American flags float side by side all over the islands.

Among the products of Bermuda shipped to the United States garden truck largely figures, and a specialty is made of the growth of the bulbs of the beautiful Easter lily, so largely in demand throughout the United States.

Consul General Charles Denby took over charge at Shanghai, China, in 1907, having previously spent much of his earlier life as a business man and diplomat at Peking and Tientsin. His father, Colonel Charles Denby, was envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Peking for over thirteen years, and the son, after graduating at Princeton College, joined his father's legation as second secretary in 1885; became Secretary of Legation in 1893, and during 1894 and again in 1895, was temporarily head of the American Legation as *charge d'affaires*. Resigning in 1897, he joined the firm of Arnhold, Karberg & Company, Tientsin, of which he was a partner until 1905. He was appointed Secretary of the Provisional Government of Tientsin in 1900, after its capture by the allied armies, and acted until the Chinese government was restored to power. During this period he organized four successful industrial companies in Northern China, and in the cause of Chinese education was one of the directors of Peking University, one of the greatest missionary colleges in China. From 1897 until 1905, when he returned to the United States, he was the foreign adviser to Viceroy Yuan Shih-Kai of the province of Chihli, the most intelligent and progressive of Chinese rulers.

He was chief clerk of the Department of State at Washington from 1905 to 1907,



when he was appointed Consul General at Shanghai, a post regarded as the most profitable and socially desirable in the Empire.

On his arrival, Mr. Denby found the affairs of the office in disorder, and was obliged to exercise the greatest tact and energy to remedy the mistakes and neglect of his predecessors. Ever mindful of his responsibilities as the representative of the United States government at the commercial capital and center of foreign interests in China, he occupied an attractive villa in the residential part of the city, which, unlike his foreign

municipalities: the native city of about 400,000 Chinese, under entirely Chinese jurisdiction, with which the foreigner has little to do; the French concession, administered by a local elective council, controlled by the veto power of the French Consul General; and the Anglo-American, or International settlement, an amalgamation of the early British and American concessions, administered by a local, elective council, under the control of the consular body of Shanghai. This third division—the Shanghai of history, trade, diplomacy and fiction—has



HISTORIC OLD WOODEN BRIDGE AND WATER TOWER AT LUCERNE

fellow-consuls, he must pay for out of his own salary. Here, when off duty, he receives from day to day the prominent men of affairs, high Chinese officials, foreign consular officers, naval and army officers and many transient visitors from other lands. Mr. Denby is an ideal host, and his control of the Chinese and other languages and keen insight into the trend of thought of the Oriental mind give him great influence with the people most directly affected by his official and social intercourse.

His immediate sphere of official activity, Shanghai, chief commercial and financial metropolis of China, for natives and foreigners alike, really comprises three distinct

a foreign population of about 15,000 and a Chinese populace of something like 500,000, the population of all three divisions aggregating about a million souls. The foreign trade in 1905 aggregated \$250,000,000, of which the United States took one-seventh of the exports, and furnished one-fifth of the imports, which business it is the chief end of this consulate to increase in volume and variety. But the peculiar and complex municipal authority of the consular body of Shanghai, the extra-territorial judicial duties devolving upon the incumbent, and the semi-diplomatic character of functions thrust upon him by the needs of a consular district of from 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 people,

make the burdens of this post greater and more peculiar than in almost any country or section.

Under the treaty of Nanking, August 29, 1842, British, American and French concessions were established within the walled

those of the French nation. Great Britain, Japan, the United States and Germany furnish the bulk of the population in the order named. The Municipal Council of nine members has hitherto consisted of seven English, one American and one German councillor. The Consul General is never a member, but with the other Consuls and Consuls General of the Consular Body of Shanghai, summons the meeting of the ratepayers, controls the action of the Council when necessary, and stands between the municipality and the Chinese authorities, much as the Senate acts in relation to the House of Representatives.

Three Consuls, usually English, German and American, constitute the Court of Consuls, the only court in which suits can be brought against the Municipal Council. The mixed court, in which civil and criminal cases are brought between or against natives, is, in the former case, tried by a Chinese magistrate. Where foreigners are interested, some subordinate representative of the Consul General sits with the Chinese magistrate as assessor, but the Consul General is often called in to solve knotty questions, or to expedite the "law's delay," which, in China, is peculiarly dilatory and exasperating.

Until the establishment of the United States court in China in 1906, the Consul General was the only judicial officer in his consular district where American citizens were involved. He has been relieved of much labor, but must still try all civil causes involving \$500 or less, and all criminal complaints where the punishment cannot exceed \$100 fine, or sixty days' imprisonment, or both. It may be imagined that with many American vessels in port, and constant accessions of loose fish from the Philippines and other Pacific islands, the average police court is often more sparsely filled than its consular contemporary in Shanghai. Inquests on deceased Americans are another semi-judicial function that cannot always be avoided, and often requires extended and complicated researches and correspondence.

Land registration of lots held on long-term leases from the Chinese owners requires a title-deed in triplicate, one each for the lessor and lessee, and a third to be filed with the Consul General. Speculation in real estate has been profitable, and the transfers have aggregated several million of taels.



AMERICAN CONSULAR GUARD  
Beirut, Syria

city of Shanghai, but in 1863, at the suggestion of the American Consul General, the British and American concessions were merged in "The Foreign Community North of the Yang King Pang," which became the residential and business section of all foreign consular and business representatives except

Each transfer means a new deed, issued, sent to the Chinese authorities for their sanction, notification to the municipal office, and a remeasurement of the lot, which, as there are hundreds of creeks and canals, is always changing a little, resulting in constant disputes and much correspondence.

The registration of American trade-marks as some protection against the wholesale piracy of American inventions and publications which has hitherto obtained, has afforded considerable protection and entailed much additional labor on Consular officers.

During 1907, one hundred and twenty Chinese, or Section Seventy-one, certificates were issued by Consul General Denby to Chinese students and merchants wishing to visit the United States. The possession of such certificates is the only "open door" into the dominions of Uncle Sam, and they are issued only after the most thorough and searching investigation. The eagerness of many Chinese to enter the United States is only exceeded by their perseverance and the subtlety and resource which they exhibit in attempting to secure a certificate.

Of the 1,800 or more American residents in the Shanghai settlement and district, probably 1,500 filled out registration papers during the year 1908. This is not obligatory, but the department has furnished blanks and record books, and encourages the registration of citizens of the United States, as distinct from Filipinos and Hawaiian Mongolians who are quasi-American citizens.

The protection of some 500 Americans engaged in the work of the missions in Shanghai and its contiguous zone of influence, often living alone among the natives and never in large groups, is a constant source of care and more or less apprehension. In peaceful days this means little more than the arbitration of land disputes and similar services, but one can never tell when some local quarrel or excitement may become a riot, diverted from the original cause to the destruction of mission property and the expulsion of the hated foreigner. Minor losses can usually be settled with the local officials, but frequently the case is referred by the Consul General to the legations at Peking, to be settled with the Chinese Foreign Office.

The unique positions of the Western nations in China, each possessing a more or less clearly defined "sphere of influence,"

and each pursuing its long-entertained "Eastern policy" with more or less vigor, makes it necessary for the Consul General to study and report upon the local and national political situation in his district and keep the legations and home offices informed of any new developments.

The Shanghai Consulate is expected to keep in view the conservation of the navigation of the Huangpu River, the regular payment by the Chinese government of the Boxer indemnity instalments, and the transmission to the Department of State of the acknowledgment of the bank of such payment and the hoped-for reform of China's obsolete monetary system, and measures of weight and capacity.

The Empire of China, like all other parts of the world, is responding to the general spirit of progress and new needs and desires which, once felt by a people, must be satisfied. Whether there will be an increase of general and peaceful activity and diplomacy, or the conservatism of centuries will yield only after internal convulsions or foreign wars, only future years will determine.

Certainly, so far as the United States is concerned, China need fear neither force nor guile, and will find her consulates ever imbued with a desire to act justly and as becomes the representatives of the great republic.

At Hong Kong, the business and financial centre of South China, Consul General Amos P. Wilder, appointed from Wisconsin and a graduate of Yale, brings to his important duties a thorough command of the Chinese tongue and newspaper training. His duties, in most respects, parallel those of Consul General Denby at Shanghai, but the commerce of Hong Kong vies with that of London, or Liverpool, and over 10,000 American invoices passed through the Consulates in 1907, adding at least \$25,000 in fees to the United States Treasury. His Vice and Deputy Consul General is Stuart J. Fuller, a graduate of the consular course of Wisconsin University.

Jacob E. Conner, American consul at Saigon, French Cochinchina, thus writes:

"Life in the Oriental tropics might be regarded by a lazy man as affording an unbroken round of pleasure. Here in Saigon, for instance, the climate being thoroughly tropical, at less than ten degrees from the equator, is sufficient excuse for working as

little as possible, and a man doesn't need to apologize for being as lazy as he likes. Here, too, the bread fruit hangs on the trees in the streets, the bananas are growing in his back yard, a new bunch getting ripe every week, mangoes, mangosteens, lychees, pomeloes, durians, loong gans, carambolas, pineapples, oranges, etc., are in the market and can be gathered off the trees out in the country. If he doesn't care to exert himself to gather them, he can send his 'boy' or his coolie, or buy all he wants for a few cents. Meanwhile he lies on his back under the punkah, which another coolie swings to and fro all day long for the consideration of ten or fifteen cents, while the fragrance of the frangipanni or the ylang-ylang is wafted through the bamboo window shades, and he gazes to his heart's content upon the nodding lotus blossoms.

"But he recalls that he must go down town. 'Boy,' he shouts, and his valet appears. 'Catch me pousse-pousse. Allez!' The boy vanishes, but soon returns and says, 'Have got.' What the French call 'pousse-pousse,' the natives call 'tse-kas,' and everybody else calls it a rickshaw. And the rickshaws of Saigon would be a luxury if they were not so cheap. They have pneumatic tires, which you don't find in Japan, nor all along the China coast, though they do say that Shanghai, which is supposed to take the lead in everything, is beginning to introduce them. The Saigonnais coolies do not pull on the ends of the shafts as the Japanese do, but hitch on as far back as possible, next to the vehicle. Aside from the sight and odor of perspiration this method has its advantages, for the coolie is within convenient reach of your foot if you wish to give directions in that way.

"The rickshaw has its advantages over the street car. It takes you right to the spot where you are going, and you don't have to get off at the corner and walk a block. Walking is intolerable in Saigon. It has its advantages over the carriage, for you have no unruly horses to look out for. Your horse picks his own way carefully through a crowded street and can help you find your destination if you can speak his language. It has its advantages over the automobile, for it costs only twelve and a half cents an hour, while the auto usually costs as much as you can stand.

"Every white man in Saigon must have a 'boy,' sometimes two or three. This is essential to his social standing—almost to his self-respect. And a 'boy'—the French never say *garçon* here—is really a necessity, when it comes to taking care of a clean, white suit or two for every day in the week, and keeping the moth and the mould from consuming the heavier clothes you wore in colder regions. Besides, he saves so many extra steps in the capacity of messenger, a great desideratum in this thick, muggy climate, where your clothes stick tight to you and your breath comes short upon very slight exertion. Besides the boy, if you run your own establishment, you have a coolie and a cook, and as many helpers as you are willing to be bothered with.

"The American colony in Saigon consists of the American consul. If there is any satisfaction in being the solitary representative of the mighty Yankee nation in a city of 200,000 (counting Cholon), he has it all. It would be wrong, however, to wholly neglect his 'boy,' the faithful Cheng, who takes a genuine delight in hoisting the Stars and Stripes over the consulate, his coolie, the man of all work, and that most indispensable part of the household, the cook—all three of whom are Chinese. He loses half the pleasure of life in Saigon by being too poor to have an auto, for the roads are French roads, that is to say, perfect.

"Besides the American colony in Saigon, there are about a dozen English and Scotch, thirty Germans, a sprinkling of Swiss, Austrians, Dutch and others, six thousand French, including the army, and a heterogeneous mixture of Annamites, Chinese, Cambodians, Malays, Hindus, Chettys and half-castes of every conceivable variety. In numbers the Annamites are far in the lead with 32,000, for they are the natives here, and the Chinese follow with about half that number. The white, yellow, black and brown races touch elbows here in this human menagerie—a 'white' city in an Oriental setting, the 'Paris of the Orient.' This it is in spite of the fact that the 'whites' are but a handful.

"The country is far from being overpopulated. One pictures an Oriental community usually as swarming with people, but it is not so here. And why—the country is exceedingly fertile and can nourish many times the number it now supports? Ah, but

the plague, the terrible bubonic plague, and the still more terrible Asiatic cholera, to say nothing of smallpox and various other epidemics—these are the agencies that explain it all. As you ride about the country it seems to be one great cemetery, for, Chinese fashion, the graves of ancestors are everywhere in evidence about the dwellings of the living. There is a thousand-acre graveyard—it looks to be a thousand acres—between Saigon and Cholon, which the French call *Le Plain de Tombeau*. Enough people have been interred there to fill all these plains, apparently, and the beginning thereof no one knows. But plague and cholera have lost their terrors in large measure, since the white man came in with his improved sanitation. Some evils he has brought, no

doubt, but certain it is that life is more secure and health more precious since he assumed authority. As intimated above, the country has suffered terribly from the bubonic plague, cholera and smallpox."

It should be added to this picture of city life that Cochin-China is not a large country, having an area of about 23,000 square miles, being chiefly a plain or broad valley of moderate elevation watered by the Mekong River and bordered by wooded hill-country. Large game abounds in some sections, including the elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, leopard, deer and wild boar. The peacock, pheasant, partridge, jungle fowl, woodcock, snipe and many varieties of smaller birds abound. The principal crop is rice. Gamboge, so largely used by artists, etc., is exported.

## THE POOR

THE poor are the rich. Lo, august  
 Out of their poverty  
 'Tis the roses of love for a crust  
 They give to you and me!

They find the grail where'er they go;  
 Their eyes throughout the years  
 Sweet chalices of pity flow  
 Brotherly with quick warm tears.

Uncrowned monarchs and kings of self,  
 'Tis their's to strive and wait  
 With only gracious deeds for pelf,  
 And toil for robes of state.

They die not. Salt of all the lands,  
 Forever on the cross,  
 The treasure in their empty hands  
 Makes all earth's gain seem loss!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.



# The Adventures of Floyd Ireson

BY H.C. GAUSS



(CONCLUDED)

## CHAPTER XV

IT was the approach of the date of Ireson's probable homecoming that steeled Betty's determination to make her bargain in London, that hurried her through the delights of sight-seeing, and that sent her homeward, long before her London acquaintances would have willingly released her.

It is one of the facts in evolution that mankind eternally craves the other thing, and, by inclusion, womankind, also. The fortunate possessor of healthful poverty envies the monied invalid, who would, he says, give all his comforts and things of ease for the robust health of the laborer. The puny dilettante of the pen longs for the stature and muscle that would permit him to labor at the forge, and the six-foot blacksmith thirsts to compose his brawny fingers about the writer's stylus. The scion of an honorable name has an itching for the secret things of the underworld, and the disgracefully born struggles painfully and with a seething heart to emerge into a condition of honor and the world's consideration.

In this swinging of the pendulum, Betty of doubtful birth, whose upbringing and early associations apparently marked her for what is called the life of shame, desired nothing so much as smugly respectable consideration.

She desired the position of reputable matronhood, guarded and protected by the aegis of a lawful marriage. Bohemian life, though her birthright, was as abhorrent and distasteful to her as the paths of respectability apparently are to many who are to respectability's manor born. She would pluck up drowned honor, even by the locks, and she desired to be in the new world, respectably housed and placed at such time as her lord and master might return, and add the weight of their lawfully married condition to the sum of respectability that Betty coveted.

And in the ordinary course of things there was a sufficient time before the return of the seafarer for the plan to be set in successful operation.

The voyage to Calcutta was a long, an arduous and a perilous one. The vessels were small and slow, and the conditions called for a fortitude that can hardly be exaggerated. It is true that the reign of the "bucko" mate had hardly set in, at least in Salem-owned vessels. There was a certain comradeship fore and aft, because officers and crew were generally "townies," neighbors, in many cases old playmates. The voyage partook of that mutual nature that is sometimes seen still on the smaller coasters from Maine and the provinces.

The vessels were often undermanned and underprovisioned. Sometimes for an entire voyage homeward there were short rations. But the officers shared in the shortness; it was perhaps the fact, and understood, that the merchant had risked his all in such outfitting as had been afforded, and frequently the crew had a personal interest in the voyage in the way of "ventures."

At least, there was personal interest and gratitude to be anticipated, perhaps in the way of a gratuity of money or goods, or in the way of an advancement in employment as the merchant added ships to his list, or was able to speak a good word to others.

But with all this, the story of an East Indian voyage was simply that of a plucky endurance of month after month of nightmare-like hardships. They had small, cramped, illy-ventilated quarters and an excess of salt provisions with the attendant agony of constipation and scurvy. Rheumatism, toothache, or a dozen other acute ills, which must be borne, with few means for relief, besides the perils of the sea dared in heavily loaded, poorly equipped



vessels, made sea-going formidable, even before the disappearance of the element of companionship and friendliness on the heels of which came that official tyranny and abuse which turned sailing vessels into floating hells and effectually stopped the ambitions of Yankee boys for going to sea.

But Floyd Ireson was no weakling, and, indeed, was not aware that the ills he suffered were other than inevitable to seagoing. With the marvelous adaptability of the human animal, he made himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and did his duty handsomely and as an able seaman, and at last looked with wonder on the strange land to which his freight was bound.

And that land had a bitter welcome for those Argonauts who essayed its golden stores, and a variety of strange sicknesses to plague them. Floyd Ireson went ashore to wonder at the sights and sounds of the bazaars and came back stricken with an illness. They put him ashore in the English hospital at Calcutta, left such moneys as were demanded for his care, and when the vessel left, it was a reasonably sure saying that Floyd Ireson would never see Salem again.

Floyd's recovery, though a matter of a long time, was so unusual as almost to be regarded as an affront by the medical officers of the hospital and as a reflection on the proud record of mortality held by the particular disease that had attacked him. But Floyd pertinaciously declined to make one in the growing colony of foreign dead in Calcutta, and after convalescence was rewarded for his struggle by being made a trusted employe of the hospital and the supervisor of certain irresponsible native help.

Being handy and willing, he made himself extremely valuable and was made very comfortable. The smell of the East got into his nostrils and held him, and though at times a Yankee face would bring him a whiff of the cool east wind of Massachusetts Bay, and he would resolve to go home next vessel, still he loitered, and the memory of his wife became deadened in time into something like a conscience-plaguing memory and a dream, and without strength to pull him from the entanglement of comfort and association that he had allowed to grow up around him.

#### CHAPTER XVI

Meanwhile Betty had been setting her

affairs in order handsomely, and had prepared the part to be played by her husband on his return from the sea.

Arriving in Boston imposingly gowned and met with much deference, she was installed in a fair brick house with due service and appurtenances. The wife of an English merchant-adventurer, now en voyage in the East with his own vessels, and who was eventually to set up his establishment in the province, she proved herself a most capable consort and matrimonial partner.

On the plea of seeking information which would be of value to her absent lord, she sought the presence of merchants and their confidential advisers at her home, entertained them comfortably, but not obtrusively, and in time, by degrees, and with that slow growth in confidence which is a warrant of permanence, became a factor in the social life of Boston.

Is it too much of a strain to ask belief for this which requires so much of tact, so much of diplomacy on the part of a young woman who, within a very few years, had been a bare-legged, romping hoyden about the rocks of Marblehead?

Why, the sudden accession of men to wealth and position has demanded no less spectacular changes from hundreds of women under conditions even more trying, and the demand has been met, and in many instances with equally spectacular success. The setting enhances the jewel and hides many a flaw, and silk and satin have a magically refining influence as compared with plain cotton.

With a stout adherence to the original fiction, and carefully coached and advised by Blaze and the factor resident, Betty day by day strengthened her position, and by careful stages arrived at a point where certain invoices of commodities, privately sent her by her husband, the merchant adventurer, were privately offered by her in the confidence of little *tete-a-tete* entertainments which had come to be relished by even the more staid of the merchandising folks of the Boston water front. Certainly a remarkable adventurer, that merchant husband, with a rare capacity for getting desirable goods at excellent advantage.

And this process rapidly disposed of the balance of the three years or more in which Floyd Ireson was to have returned from the Indies, and Betty had her plan laid by which

he was to come into his proper place in the great proposition. It included a course of training for Floyd of which even Betty had her doubts, while Blaze was outspoken against it.

Perhaps Blaze, who had a decided penchant for his companion-agent, had an interested motive in this, and esteemed himself an ultimate matrimonial successor, with Ireson out of the way, and he argued the wisdom of having Ireson reshipped before he could discover his wife's whereabouts and occupation. But Betty had no mind to have the top and crown of her plan demolished in any such way, and a trusty and well-instructed man was domiciled in Salem to await the homecoming and to take the wayfarer in charge.

The messenger was on the wharf as the vessel hauled into the dock, and her crew, bag on shoulder, tumbled over the side almost before the lines had been made fast. He scrutinized each sailor as he passed, but none answered the description of Ireson. When the sailors lined up in the office of the merchant who owned the vessel for a final accounting, the messenger stood discreetly in the rear, but no Floyd Ireson stepped up to affix his scrawled mark to the roll.

After the last had gone, he inquired of the merchant about the man. Floyd Ireson, it appeared, had been left in Calcutta sick with fever and was probably dead. Here was the entry in the log, and here the papers of the proper official attesting the circumstances under which the sailor had been left behind. Floyd Ireson's balance, his pay less certain charges which reduced it much, was ready for the claim of his heirs or assigns. "Would the gentleman—?"

But no, the gentleman was only inquiring, had no interest, the name had simply been mentioned to him, and so backed out of the merchant's office.

Betty sat amid the ruins of her plans, and her sorrow was real and her tears many. Yet there are many material considerations that soften the pangs of a loss by death. We conceal them, and will not admit to them, but to how many is such a loss a simplification of problems, a lessening of burdens, an opening to greater freedom, a non-admittable sense of relief, even in the first hours.

And even in her first sorrow, Betty was forced to admit that Floyd's homecoming

presented difficulties that would have taxed her skill, perhaps to the point of failure, and that he would have left very much to be desired in filling the part of the merchant adventurer. And Blaze, though he proffered sympathy, palpably regarded Ireson's death as a genial dispensation, and proceeded with some cheerfulness to concert with Betty for the reception of the news of the death of the merchant adventurer.

The next mail-bearing packet brought a letter for Betty from a very distant port, in which, set out with official particularity, came the tidings of the death of Edward Honeas, husband and loving consort of the Honorable Betty Landsborough, and enclosing the last will and testament of the deceased merchant adventurer, bequeathing, in terms of respect and admiration, the entire estate in which he stood possessed and seized to his consort. With this came also a list and invoice of property from the said Edward Honeas' agent and correspondent in that far distant port, all of which skilful forgery may be taken as a further testimonial to the talents of that remarkable man, Captain Blaze.

These several documents having received the seal of probate, constituted the letters patent upon which Betty, secure in her position, lived and moved in the business circles of Boston, continuing, with the aid of correspondents established by her husband during his life, a very neat and quiet business in sundry commodities, a business which added materially to the remittances which the factor resident in Boston was able to make to that eminent personage, his London patron.

## CHAPTER XVII

For very nearly a decade, bringing Ireson and Betty into the steadier course of those thirties in which men and women are said to come to years of discretion, the parted couple drifted on in this wise.

Floyd, with his impulses toward home growing less frequent, arranged life to suit him, and enjoyed a measure of consideration which he was sceptical about winning at home.

Although he had entered willingly into Betty's plans, he was more than a little doubtful, when her magnetic influence was removed, of his ability to attain and maintain the heights to which she urged him on. He often comforted and excused himself with the

thought that she would get on better without him, that the stain on the name of Floyd Ireson was better borne here where no one reproached him with it, where he found official favor, and where life, in spite of the heat, was really so comfortable.

The non-strenuous standards of the "niggers" with whom he largely associated suited him, and the color, and especially in regard to good-looking representatives of the gentler sex, had ceased to find disfavor in his sight.

But Floyd had still something to do on the other side of the world, and the fates were preparing a fillip for his sluggish-grown home inclinations.

Although there was at that time no organized effort to put down piracy, the English navy, at such times as it had no other work on hand, and outrages became especially bold, kept from rusting by expeditions against the semi-organized bands of free-booters, and would sometimes carry the warfare into those refitting and resting places maintained by the pirates in out of the way corners of the world.

After one such an expedition, an English frigate returned to Calcutta with a number of dilapidated corsairs who were put into hospital to be cured for hanging. Ireson, armed with a truculent pistol and cutlass, was put in charge of the ward in which the pirates were confined, and it happened in a natural way enough that there were calls at times for "Ireson."

At such times one of the patients, who was not so out of repair but that he might reasonably expect to die his predestined death at the end of a rope, would grin as at the memory of some bygone prank, and would try to get a good look at the steward without subjecting himself to a full-face scrutiny.

As the pirates convalesced they were ironed with ball and chain, and as this particular pirate was the first about, Ireson, with some sympathy, was at pains to help him with the weight of his fetters as he moved from place to place.

"What might be your name, matey?" said the pirate one day, as Ireson was making him comfortable in the corner of the ward.

Ireson was a little nettled at the familiarity, and answered shortly, "Floyd Ireson."

"Not of Marblehead, surely?" said the pirate. Ireson jumped like a spurred horse.

The story, then, had traveled to this far off place, and might be about, who knew how soon. His stomach turned with the sickness of it, and he responded roughly, "T' hell wi' ye," and would have left him.

But the pirate gripped Ireson's white coat.

"No, no, matey, I means no harm. Ye see, I think I done ye a bad turn onst, an' I'm minded t' do ye right afore I goes off. You bring a writer here, matey, an' I'll tell ye what."

And this is the statement that the Hindoo clerk fetched by Ireson set down, not as I give it here, but in a native idiomatic rendering of the pirate's idioms. Of intent and purpose that which was set down amid the Hindoo's plaintive protestations that he knew no such English as the seafaring man would have him write, was as follows:—

I, Edward Roach, mariner, being, as I believe, about to die (not as I deserves it, matey, but, ye see, bein' there—), do hereby make oath that I, being sailing master under one Captain Blaze (You mind Blaze? Ah, he was a rum 'un. Ef I had his noddle!), did, upon his command, proclaim and make oath that one, Floyd Ireson (that was you, matey, tho' I didn't know you then, no more'n Adam), did, with malice and intent, run down and sink a certain fishing vessel, so that the crew, saving myself, were brought to death. (You wasn't there that night, Ireson, wuz ye? It wuz like a play t' see them ole weemun begin ter bristle up an' swear.) And which I, Edward Roach, as aforesaid, do now declare was wholly false, and was procured by said Blaze for the purpose of having said Ireson beaten, abused, and driven from said town. (So help me God, an' that's the truth, matey, an' I wouldn't a done it ef I'd a known ye like I do now, Blaze or no Blaze.)

This being duly signed and sealed, Ireson put it away with his belongings, and at the appointed time parted with Roach, who was on his way to the gallows, with entire good will and a full pardon, and bade his sometime betrayer cheerfully to make a good end.

And having parted with his charges to death and the hangman respectively, Ireson returned to the routine of hospital work, only to find that it palled, and that his mind was full of unwonted visions of New England, and slowly stirring to thoughts of vengeance against the presumably living instigator of the plot which had made him a ten years' exile.

## CHAPTER XVIII

In response to this reawakened longing for home, Ireson not long after left Calcutta. Steward and sailor, he worked his way home, and in time stood upon Salem's streets again.

With much gravity of demeanor he called upon the boarding mistress and demanded of her his wife. In reply he was regaled with a chapter devoted to the misdeeds of Mistress Ireson. Her entertainment of male company was a theme for which the woman had nothing but the most virtuously indignant of characterizations, as became a householder and churchgoer. Mrs. Ireson, she said, proved far other than she had taken her to be, and her conduct had been such that she had been compelled to order her from the house. For her present whereabouts the boarding house keeper was a decent woman and had no time to bother with cattle.

Ireson marked the woman's gabble with serious consideration, and made up his mind that she was either traducing his wife, or had had a hand in her ruin. In either case he felt himself justified in the summary course he took with his wife's former employer.

Catching her under the chin with one hand in such a manner as to shut off the scream that was already rising to her lips, he deftly swung her over his partly bent knee, pulled up her skirts, and administered a half a dozen slaps with a hand hardened almost to horn with much pulling of ropes.

That Ireson had forgotten the Caucasian fashion of female correction with a straight knock down blow, was, I fear, a token of his enslavement to the enervating habits of the effete east, but the novelty of the treatment, which made the landlady's well cushioned rocking chair anything but a haven of rest for the ensuing week, so benumbed and terrified the woman that Ireson left the house without an alarm being given. The sounds of infant castigation in various directions promised Ireson, as he reached the street, that until the good lady should recover from her surprise and give tongue, no one would suspect of anything out of the usual course and way.

Seeking to elude pursuit in the side streets and alleys, Ireson made a detour, and came to the office of the merchant in whose employ he had first sailed, and which was at some distance further down the street. There was so small an amount due him from his old wages, after all the charges had been figured out,

that the merchant, without much demur, was willing to pay it for a quittance of the account. Of his wife they could tell him nothing. Some one remembered that a man, supposed to be from Boston, had made inquiries for him, and it was agreed that it was likely that she might be in that direction. It was more than broadly hinted, however, that she would be found, if found at all, under some one else's protection.

Ireson, making another detour to reach the upper portion of the town, was in considerable real trouble. He reproached himself with neglect and cruelty, with folly in having lingered in Calcutta, and with downright rascality in having left his wife without tidings. But, as he reflected on her mysterious leaving of her boarding place, and especially of her not having made sure of the sum of money due him as wages, it began to look as if another interest had come into her life, and virtuous indignation came to comfort him, and reasons to multiply why he should wreak retribution for his own shortcomings on another head.

Somewhat cheered and refreshed with the prospect of appearing before his wife in the role of an avenger rather than that of a culprit, he exchanged moneys of various coinages he had about him into quite a comfortable roll of pound notes, and, the stage for Boston having gone, he hired him a chaise and drove to the capital in style.

He arrived in Boston along toward the edge of the evening, and having delivered the horse at the place agreed upon, made his way to the waterside resorts. Here he began to make inquiries, and also fell in with certain drinks which he felt it obligatory to take in the furtherance of his search. He also met old messmates, real or pretended, and, the sense of virtuous indignation still strong upon him, got gloriously and independently drunk.

But in that stage which precedes alcoholic collapse, and when the mind loses its dominion over the foolish tongue, Ireson made much talk of and threats against Captain Blaze, naming him openly and with much oburgation, and even offered to show the end to which he proposed the captain should come.

And as it happened, in his wanderings he fell upon a place where it was not considered well that anything should come of harm to the person who bore that name. The crew of the *Water Witch* listened in some surprise

to the bold mouthing of a name which was little more than whispered thereabouts, and someone proposed a stab with a knife and a drop into the dock.

But the sailing master of the *Water Witch* negatived the proposition, and taking care that Ireson should not leave the place, they so plied him with liquor that he became as drunk as the veriest boy, was relieved of his valuables and then wherried out and parbuckled aboard an Indiaman. With the morning tide she dropped down the harbor, and Floyd Ireson was once more bound Calcuttaward.

### CHAPTER XIX

When Betty Landsborough was at the height of her reputation, there was no more comfortable house in all Boston.

And they lived comfortably, even the most straitlaced of the Puritans, with many creature comforts in the other days than those of their fastings, while the Church of England contingent, the official circle, lived very comfortably all of the time.

Surrounded by those excellencies of workmanship in the way of household furnishings that we have come to crave and to imitate as best we may, they ate bountifully from the natural preserves of a new country, and drank sound wines and pure liquors. If one was grim and saturnine, it was the fault of his constitution, and not for lack of means to growing round and rubicund.

In the disputes that were already growing toward the American Revolution, we read the wide distinction between the provincial society of Boston and that contingent formed by the more recent importations from England, the governor's circle, the customs house officials and the various agents and whatnots that came in their train.

On the other side were the merchants and landholders of the original settlers, already restive and panting for that freedom of trade which was a very great causative force for the Revolution when it finally came.

There was formal intercourse between the two social bodies and exchange of visits, but Betty Landsborough's was one of the few houses in the town where intercourse between the parties was without restraint and where the men, at least, met on common ground.

For Betty was not disposed to encourage the visits of the womenkind overmuch. One or two assemblies she managed in the course

of the year to which wives and daughters were invited, but bad bachelors said that one of the chief comforts of Mistress Betty's was that one was not bothered with a train of misses and mistresses to be danced attendance.

Her house was better fitted for attention to the wants of the inner man than for the other observances of social life. There were immense kitchens and pantries, and a wine cellar almost big enough for an entire vintage. There was a dining room general and dining rooms individual, and the choice of a noisy company, of a sole and lonely meal, or of a tete-a-tete consultation over the best dressed food in Boston and wines that London itself might equal, but not excel.

That Betty's house was a scandal among the ladies of the Puritan and provincial faction is not a wonder, and many a staid father and merchant who enjoyed the hospitality of the house did so without mentioning the fact at home. And when a father, coming, full-stomached and content, from one of the lesser dining-rooms, met a son, a little flushed, emerging from the general refectory, there was, perhaps, a more cordial understanding effected than the family manners of the times would have otherwise brought about.

With the open support and adherence of the official element, and the secret approval of the male side of the provincial powers, Betty laughed her feminine detractors to scorn, and held a high head among them when they were brought to the decorous entertainments which Betty provided for mixed company.

But all this outlay meant the necessity for a corresponding income, and Betty's life was perforce a busy one. In one little dining room which was especially Betty's own, there was a secretary and writing materials. After dinner with this, that or the other of good and responsible merchants, Betty would draw forth certain invoices, always under the fiction of receipt from correspondents of her deceased husband, and shrewd bargains would be driven, and acknowledgments taken which disposed of the cargoes of the *Water Witch* as rapidly as goods could be secured or it was safe to land them.

So well did Betty succeed in her sales-womanship that Blaze's duties in this direction became a sinecure, and he was able to give his attention to business at other ports, only visiting Boston to superintend the landing of goods there destined.



Thus Blaze on his visits to Boston would embark on the *Water Witch*, and sailing out into the bay a sufficient distance, would receive from an incoming ship those goods which it was thought best not to land through regular channels. These were landed after dark at one of several points and stored until Betty had arranged for their disposition. Then they would be hauled overland to Boston under the names of some commonplace articles of trade and delivered to the purchasers who would redeem the acknowledgments made to Betty by depositing coin or domestic goods with the factor resident.

There was ample profit on all sides to guarantee the secrecy of the transactions, while care was taken not to overload the market, and it was quite a satisfactory round of business, with especially satisfactory remittances to the great personage in London who congratulated himself much on the success of his Boston agency.

Her importance, and her growing sense of power and independence, filled full Betty's ambition, and though she had many offers to change her widowhood into another matrimonial state, she uniformly declined to share her eminence with another consort.

Blaze, who had his part in the prosperity, was the most persistent of her suitors, and when, having made his fortune, he was ready to return to England he made a desperate attempt to have Betty join her earnings to his, and to settle down to a life of landed ease.

But she had no mind to it, and expressing her comradeship and good will, gave him a hearty shake of the hand with his dismissal, and bade him try for a younger and less independent mate.

With his departure, she made up her mind that she would have no further jointure in the work in Boston, and offered to assume the part hitherto taken by Blaze in Massachusetts Bay. During the latter's incumbency, she had at times donned masculine garb, and joined him in little recreative expeditions on the *Water Witch*. She decidedly preferred the freedom of masculine dress and manners, and kept up a good deal of practice in the role.

With more than a usual sense of power and sway, she stepped into Blaze's commandship, which she had often longed to assume, and no new Captain Blaze came to Boston, but on landing nights a figure in male garb stole quietly from Betty Landsborough's

house, and made its way by unfrequented alleys to the wharf where the boat of the *Water Witch* lay.

## CHAPTER XX

When Floyd Ireson awoke to the familiar ripple of water along the side of the vessel, his estate was far less important than that to which he had been accustomed as a competent steward, or a passed master of sea-craft. A miserable, drunken, shanghaied sailor, he could only expect kicks and blows at his first complaint and to be an object of suspicion and distrust. He found this readily when he dizzily worked his way aft to lay his complaint before the captain. He was promptly kicked forward again with an adjuration to turn to or get his head knocked off.

Raging and sore, he stumbled about the decks, and devoted Blaze to vengeance, and distilled from his misery an implacable hate that put much more craft and cunning into his brain than had ever been there before.

He was still in sight of Boston, for the vessel lay windbound in Nantasket roads, and Ireson furtively shook his fist toward the city and wished only that Blaze might remain until he could return.

And his return came more quickly than he expected. The master, impatient of the delay, took the first favoring wind, but it was too light and the vessel drifted with the tide current on a mud bank, and there stuck fast.

They brought a lighter down from the harbor and removed part of the cargo. At full tide she floated, and under easy sail went on down the bay, with the lighter alongside while the cargo was being re-stowed.

Finally the lines were cast off, and the vessel forged ahead. All hands were called to make sail and a mate ran to the captain to announce that the crew was one man short.

Ireson had been forward when the lines were cast off and had cast off the bow line himself. The rope had caught in the fore-chains. Ireson got over the side to clear it. He was out of sight and reach, and when the rope splashed in the water, it concealed the splash made by Ireson when he went overboard. The lighter was high-sided, and the longshoremen did not see the man who was being drawn away from the vessel. As the rope reached the lighter, Ireson let go and swam to the massive rudder and clung there.

There were shouts from the vessel, and Ire on, looking over his shoulder, saw the captain run to the taffrail with a musket in his hand. The men on the lighter were ye-hoing, getting up the big lug sail, and paid no attention to the alarm. Ireson, however, would have been in full view of the captain and a fair mark for a bullet, but at the moment, the big rudder swung about, giving him as good a defence from a musket ball as the side of an ironclad would have been.

The craft were quickly slipping apart, and the captain, seeing no head in the water for a mark, shook his fist and turned away. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been easy to recapture Ireson, as the vessel would have simply hove to, lowered a boat and dragged him back on board. But the captain had had enough of delays, and would not spare even so much time as to get a boat clear. He swore he would stop for nothing less than a rock, and crowded sail to make up for time lost.

It was a long, tedious sail up the harbor for Ireson, swaying to and fro with the movement of the rudder, but he clung to the battens of the timber and divested himself of most of his clothing, so that when the lighter wandered by the point of an island, he slipped off and swam to shore.

There were fishermen on the island as there have been for generations, and they cared very little about the right or wrong of harboring runaway sailors. They gave Ireson rough clothes and food, and finding him an expert around the fish flakes and a good cook, made him shore partner of a bachelor mess, and he set to work cooking their food and turning the drying fish for his keep and a small share in the net proceeds.

Among the supplies furnished was a practically unlimited quantity of rum, which, the fishermen were inclined to think, was cheaper and went farther than bread. Ireson found himself during his lonely days on the island absorbing more and more of the fluid until he kept himself in a state which the fishermen described as "about half corned all the time."

Rapid deterioration and degradation followed, with monomania, which took the form of a desire to "do for" Captain Blaze.

It was not difficult to hear of Blaze or of Betty Landsborough, for the latter was a customer for the best and finest of the catch of the bay, and all the fishermen knew

of her and of her liberality. They took a deep interest in her affairs, and there was a standing subject of dispute as to whether Captain Blaze came any more to Boston. Some maintained that he had gone back to England, but others had it authoritatively that he had at last gone to live with Betty Landsborough, and that for the sake of her reputation she was keeping him quiet during the day, but that he went out at night. This side of the question received affirmation from a fisherman who, having been kept in town late in the evening, had seen Blaze come down the wharf and get into the boat belonging to the Water Witch.

## CHAPTER XXI

This constant chatter about his wife and her relations with Blaze kept Ireson's irritation above the level of the rum he poured into himself constantly.

He fitted a fish-splitting knife with a sheath, and one night, after whetting it to a razor keenness, put the weapon into the bosom of his shirt, and getting into a boat, pulled off up town.

After some prowling and loitering about, he knocked at the rear door of the Landsborough house.

"Tell your missus, if you kindly will, young 'ooman, a message for Cap'n Blaze," he said, "an important message, you might say, fr Cap'en Blaze."

As it happened, there was no company in the house on the evening, and Betty was alone in her private room, looking over the papers in her secretary. It was not unusual for her to have rough sailor messengers come to the house, and she ordered that the man should be shown up.

Ireson, not wholly sure what he was going to do, shambled after the servant, a most disreputable looking figure. He had purposely abstained from more than a portion of his usual allowance of liquor, and was in the ugly, uncertain mood of the dipsomaniac. He had in mind to have it out with Blaze, though uncertain how to begin or what his real grievance was, a frame of mind that might lead him in any direction or to any lengths.

As Ireson stumped into the room, Betty, without looking up, said in her business voice, "Well, my man, what is it?"

Ireson, who was in any mood, was struck humorously by the importance of the tone,

and instead of answering, chuckled. He had expected perhaps, to see Betty, but as the second and creature of Blaze, and the masterful tone and manner amused him. "Oh, Lor," he said and chuckled.

Betty swung sharply in her chair and looked the man straight in the face.

"What—My God, Flood Ireson!"

"Yes, Betty, it's me, turned up like a bad shillin'. Lor, quite the leddy. 'What es et, me man?' ses she."

"Well, you're a nice looking wretch," said Betty, viewing him with a good deal of disgust. "Taken to drinking, eh? Well, I suppose you want money. How much? Oh, Flood, why wasn't you a man and come back to me?"

"Now no hard words, Betty, no hard words," said Ireson, shaking his head in a maudlin fashion. "I comes here t' wish ye well, an' see ef yer bein' used right. I don' s'pose ye'd want ter go along weth a poor sailor agen, live hard an' work hard. I donno's I blame ye. No, Betty, I don' blame ye.

"Ye'r lookin' well, Betty, gittin' kinder stout, ain't ye? You orter have some money put by now, outer Blaze, an' I guess you better git all ye can t'gether, fer me an' him hez got a reck-ernin' t' settle. You know what he done ter me, Betty, my gal, an' one on us has got ter go.

"Gee, this es a mighty fine place, Betty, an' mighty fine clothes y' got, an' everythin' accordin'. You was a fine lookin' girl, Betty, an' a mighty fine figger uv a 'ooman you are, but I 'vise ye t' git another man, fer et'll be onhealthy fer Blaze ef me an' him comes t'gether."

Here Ireson stopped, for Betty had gone off into a peal of somewhat hysterical laughter. "What a fool you are, Flood," she cried. "Why, I'm Captain Blaze, or all the Captain Blaze there is now. The Captain Blaze you mean has gone back to England. I never lived with him, not I. If you had only a come back I'd made a man of you, as good a man as there is in this province. Sit down, there may be a man in you yet, if you can only let rum alone.

"Ye see, Flood, I wanted to make a fortune for you and me. Honest, now, I meant to treat you right. I made 'em take me on in the trade. I'm an honest woman, an' I've always been one. I've made my own money, and I've a plenty of it. I'm sorry I spoke

sharp to ye, and if you'll do right you shall have comfort for the rest of your life, so help me."

"Betty, my dear," said Floyd, reproachfully, "I do hate to call a female a liar, but you have come out most amazin' strong. D' you mean t' say 'at it's you ez keeps these here longshore rakehellions in pay as runs cargoes, an' gets hones' seamen shoved drunk aboard vessels, an' gets 'em kicked about like dogs? No, no, Betty, not fer me, Betty."

And his humor changing with a drunkard's suddenness, he raised his voice. "Where is he, the bully, where is he, the liar; show me Cap'n Blaze, an' I'll cut 'is 'cart out."

Betty jumped up with her eyes ablaze, and gave a savage pull at a silken tassel that hung near her desk. There was a slamming of doors below stairs, and the running of feet down the hall. Ireson paid no attention, he was beating on the communicating doors and calling for Captain Blaze. As he raged about the room one of the doors opened, and two men entered. Betty nodded, and they jumped at Ireson's back. There was a moment's struggle, and the knife in its sheath clanked on the floor.

Betty held the door open, and the men raced the struggling Ireson out and down the stairs. Somebody unseen opened a side door, and Ireson was half tossed, half kicked into the soft grass of an open field that lay next the house, while the stalwart ejectors stood on the step and reminded him that if he wanted any more he might wait a moment till they got their wind.

## CHAPTER XXII

For weeks the guard about the Landborough house was doubled, and inquiries were made all along the water front for Ireson or his whereabouts.

The man had dropped from sight, and the lack of news made Betty even the more cautious. When she went out at night, either in the character of Captain Blaze or in her own person, two stout fellows accompanied her, and she was in as considerable a state of alarm as her stout nerves and heart would allow.

And she had need of caution, for Ireson had become a dangerous maniac, and with all a maniac's cunning.

Before he left Boston he had tried to interest the customs authorities in the disclosures

he could make, and had been kicked out as a drunken rascal for his pains. With a heart full of fury, he left Boston and walked to Marblehead. He lay about the wharves and the streets until he was taken up as a vagrant and sent to Salem jail.

When he had served the time, he came back, and having in some sort made good a title to tolerated vagrancy, he was allowed to remain, dirty, ragged, as often drunk as possible, the sort of a half-crazed nuisance who is allowed to run at large only because he has not yet committed the inevitable overt act.

At intervals he would work, and then would break off and go to a headland overlooking the bay and watch the vessels. Again and again he saw the Water Witch hover in the offing, watched her as she approached the land in the twilight, her unloading and her departure. He would creep as close on the beach as he dared, but none but sailors came ashore. Whether Blaze himself should come, or Betty in the guise of Blaze, he cared little, his knife was for either or both whenever occasion offered. And he dug the beach grass with impatience, or buried his hands among the pebbles, as neither came ashore.

Shivering and cursing, he would lie behind a sheltering boulder and wrestle with the mad desire to spring up and throw himself indiscriminately among the dark forms passing to and fro, and cut and slash blindly to the end. Finally, one by one, the sailors would enter their boats and pull away, and Ireson would bury his head among the stones, and howl like a beast at his delayed vengeance.

But as the weeks went by and she heard nothing from Ireson, Betty became less cautious. When she stayed aboard the schooner the work went less briskly, and she fretted at the delays. She began to resume the habit of going ashore at other landing points, but some intangible dread had kept her from going ashore with the men at Marblehead.

The old inn had been untenanted since Moll Landsborough's death, and had been used as a place of storage. There came a question on the non-delivery of a certain parcel of goods, and Betty determined to go ashore and look for it herself in the old house, of which she kept the key.

Ireson was at his watching place, and with the glee of a savage saw that the commander was coming ashore. In the dark he could not distinguish from their not dissimilar

bulk whether it would be Blaze or Betty. Betty came ashore, walked up to the inn, unlocked the door with some trouble and entered.

Ireson, creeping up on the sheltered side, heard the click of flint and steel. The door was ajar. He pushed it open and flung himself on the figure stooping by the fireplace.

The impact rolled both into the ashes. Ireson had grasped for the neck, and hissed with satisfaction as he felt soft flesh squeeze away from under his grip. But there was a thud of something against his ribs, the black cavern of the fireplace lighted, even to the top of the chimney, and Ireson's body rose in a gulp and the breath came from his body in a great gasp, as Betty's pistol fairly blew him from his hold.

Scrambling backward on her hands and knees, Betty gave scream on scream. The inn quickly filled with men with knives and pistols, and some one brought a lantern. Betty, still kneeling, pointed to the fireplace, where, his face in the soft ashes, and his blood puddling in the hollows, Floyd Ireson lay dying, in little, convulsive efforts to regain the breath that had been blown from his body by the charge of the heavily loaded weapon.

They brought a boat's sail and a stone from the beach, and lapped and wrapped the two inanimate things in one covering. Three men staggered with it to the beach, and a boat was pulled off into the bay.

The Water Witch got up sail and followed, and when the boat was picked up the men were splashing and bailing, cleansing off dark stains on the bottom and gunwale.

### CHAPTER XXIII

The sudden and regretted departure of Mistress Betty Landsborough from Boston would have been a topic of more comment, but there were other topics of interest in those days which were beginning to stir men's souls, and there were others of the official circle in Boston who were slipping away as canny foreseers of difficult days to come.

The factor resident, who was very grave in those days, and evidently disturbed, disposed of the holdings and belongings of Mistress Landsborough, and had nothing to offer as to the whereabouts of the departed lady.

Then came the time when the English fat was in the fire on this side, and the factor himself sailed away, and all except the mem-

ory of men and things under provincial dominion disappeared in the building of the new commonwealth.

After one of the battles in the war which followed, and when the Continentals had been left masters of the field, an American soldier, who was replenishing his slim appurtenances from those of the well-supplied British, cried out to his companions as of a wonder.

Running up, they found him gazing at a British subaltern, the breast of whose coat had been torn away by a sabre cut, or a fragment of shell. Hard-featured, worn, seamed, with

whitened hair showing under the wig all awry, there was little in the face, still distorted with the battle scowl, to corroborate the testimony given by the disordered coat.

Some one brought a coarse army blanket and covered the face and breast, and others ran for spades.

It was a Marblehead man who lifted the body that they might wrap the blanket about it that was to be its shroud, and he said, in his broad accents: "Ef she hadn't a died years agone, I'd say this here was Moll Lansburra."

THE END

## WHENCE AND WHERE?

The wild wet wind from the bleak northeast  
Drives the storm clouds over the sky;

It lashes the sea to foaming yeast,  
And sweeps raging and surging by.  
It beats the window and blurs the pane  
With its tears of stormy grief;  
It wrenches the willow boughs in vain,  
For they bear neither blossom nor leaf.

It shakes the heavy old oaken door  
As if angry with bolt and bar,  
And I hear high o'er the sullen roar  
Its trumpet blast sounding afar.

Its weird and wordless anthem strain  
Wakes the echoes in my heart;  
Chords that lay silent in rust and stain  
Into faint vibrations start.  
Pale Memory twirls the faded leaves  
Of days that were long since past;  
Her sorrowful eyes the dead perceive,  
That rise at the wind's loud blast.

They people the dim and dusky aisles  
Of the Temple of the Soul;  
They march in soundless ghostly files,  
While the joy-bells now make toll.  
O the glimmer of smiles, so sweet, so sad,  
That were lost in the grave's eclipse;  
The echo of voices, once fresh and glad,  
Now as silent as Death's own lips!

Pale pictures gleam on the temple wall  
Of brown hills swept and bare;

I hear in the wind the brook's low brawl,  
And the sough of the autumn air.  
I can see the "mighty harp of pines,"  
Swept by the wind's strong arms;  
The spirit relief and utterance finds  
In solemn and sweeping psalms.

I can hear the rain in its midnight march  
O'er a brown and rafted roof,  
And the dreams woven under night's black arch  
Float their radiant warp and woof;  
And my heart is troubled and reaches out  
Through vast and limitless space,  
For answer to question, assurance for doubt,  
O Life, where is thy place?

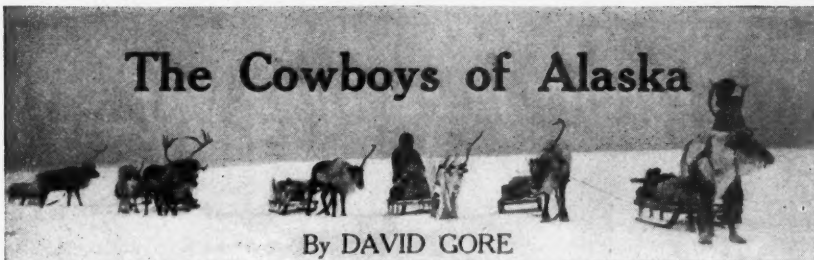
Like the wind thou comest, I know not whence,  
Thou goest, I know not where;  
You gather up sorrow and woe intense,  
And the burden have to bear.  
You beat blind walls and cry vainly for rest,  
And strain 'at Mystery's door;  
But it will not unclothe at your behest;  
You must wander—forevermore?

Sing, pray, laugh, or sob—what avails it all?  
No answering voice can you hear;  
In the awful echoless space where you call,  
You discern no listening ear.  
Ah! who can tell me if One there be  
That the untamed wind commands,  
And close holds its might, as also me,  
In the hollow of His Hands?

—S. E. O.



# The Cowboys of Alaska



By DAVID GORE

THE problem of caring for the native races of the United States and of promoting their advancement upon a civilized basis still remains unsolved. The ceaseless grind of civilization, and the bondage of commerce overwhelms the aboriginal mind, hardened in the rut in which they were created, and the laws of nature which bind them to their parent stock by such strong ties that they can rarely be broken.

In this article we are with the Eskimos of Arctic Alaska. Although closely resembling the Indians of the States they are of a different stock. Inhabiting the very rim of the continent of America, until a decade and a half ago they were the most primitive of men, living in the most unsanitary and uninviting habitations on the face of the earth, frozen in from the rest of the world by a perpetual barrier of ice and snow. No race was ever more isolated, or more curious in their primeval simplicity. But by a touch of civilization, they fell, and with such downward momentum that they languished on the verge of extinction

until the Government came to their relief with a system of industrial training, and the establishment of reindeer herds, which has now placed them upon a high standard of civilization. And surely no tribe under the American flag has a better right to the patient and conscientious care of the Government.

The American whaling fleet cruising to northern waters pursuing the whale and the

walrus to their remotest haunts in the ice-bound seas, and taking with them their ingenious bomb guns, repeating rifles and other scientific weapons of destruction, naturally cut off the supply of food from the Eskimo who inhabited the northwest coast of Alaska, stretching far beyond the Arctic circle. Those whale ships were also traders and while waiting for the ice pack to break up they reconnoitered along the coast of Bering Sea, trading rifles, ammunition and other modern weapons of destruction to the natives of Alaska.

With this introduction of the white man's firearms, the Eskimos laid aside their primitive weapons, arming them-



NORA NEWARLOOK

Wife of one of the deermen and a society belle at Cape Prince of Wales



A HERDER AND HIS WIFE WITH THEIR SLED DEER

selves with modern rifles, using smokeless powder. And by their cunning sagacity as hunters they not only found their food supply to be diminishing but their clothing as well. Denied by nature the supports of agriculture, and by instinct born in them and fostered by their isolated environment, hunting and fishing were their only means of subsistence.

Living in the frozen rim of the inhabited earth they waged a hard struggle for existence. They gathered fewer furs; ptarmigan and wild caribou became less numerous; the walrus and seal were disappearing from their wonted haunts. And it could readily be noted that by this contact with civilization, changes of the most rapid and striking character were needed, or their ultimate destruction was certain. With no hope for the future their fate was sealed, and nothing would be left of the American Eskimo but a retrogressive fragment of bygone ages.

Schools and Missions were established along the Alaskan coast as far north as Point Barrow. But with a half-filled stomach, the children of the snow were not in a receptive state to absorb the instructive training, and like seed falling upon barren soil the gems of enlightenment bore but little fruit. Mathematics did not agree with their nature. The

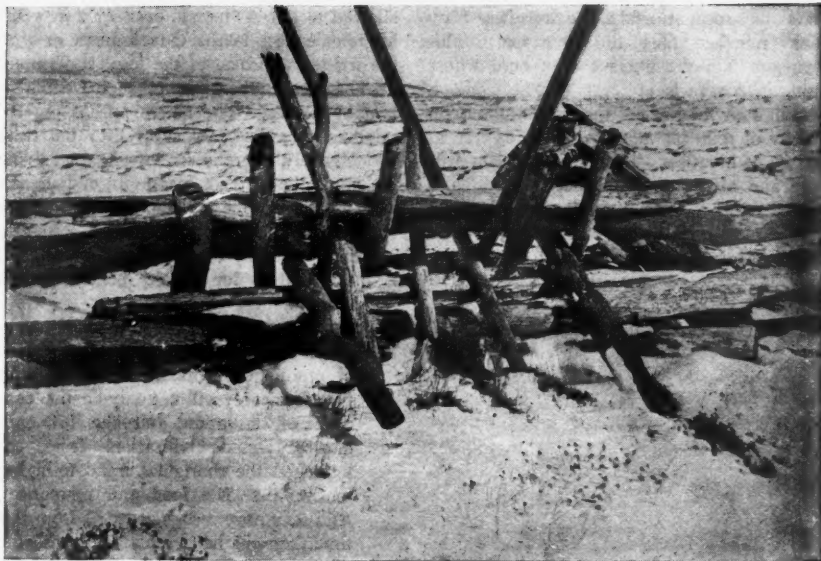
elements of rhetoric did not supply them with food and clothing.

In the first place, the Eskimo has a stomach of enormous capacity. The excessive cold stimulates their carnivorous appetites, and large quantities of flesh are eaten to keep heat in their bodies. Next in consideration was what relief could be sent, or what animal was most useful and best adapted to the needs of those Arctic highlanders.

Similar countries were cited: Lapland most like Alaska, and Northeastern Siberia, which is contiguous to Alaska, and whose inhabitants are most wholly dependent upon reindeer for food, clothing and transportation.

The abundant growth of reindeer moss in Northwest Alaska attracted the attention of Captain M. A. Healy, of the United States Revenue Cutter "Bear," who had seen large herds of tame reindeer browsing upon similar food on the plains of Siberia, which lies across the Bering Straits from Alaska.

This being brought to the attention of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who was general agent of education for Alaska, he called attention to the destitution of the Eskimos of Arctic Alaska in his report to the Government dated November 12, 1890, with the recommendation that reindeer be introduced into Alaska for their relief. No action was at first taken by



ESKIMO GRAVE NEAR CAPE PRINCE OF WALES

Congress. An appeal was then made to the general public through the newspapers. And the response was \$2,146. With this fund the initial experiment of bringing reindeer to Alaska was begun.

Moved by this action, the Government soon realized that it had to choose between feeding 8,000 natives or seeing them gradually disappear from the face of the earth. And in 1893, Congress appropriated the sum of \$6,000 to continue the purchase of reindeer from the natives of Siberia, and their transfer to Alaska. Congress continued annually with even larger appropriations and the importation of reindeer continued until 1902, when the Russian Government put such restrictions upon the exportation of reindeer from Siberia that the importation to Alaska ceased, the United States Government having purchased and transferred to Alaska 1,280 live reindeer.

Lapps were brought from Lapland to instruct the Eskimos in the arts of herding, harnessing, driving, etc., which was part of the plan of this industrial movement. The Eskimos are great imitators, naturally inventive, and with the aid of trained collie dogs to round up the herds, they soon demonstrated beyond a doubt that they were capable of taking care of the reindeer business when given a little

tutelage while making the transition from hunters and fishermen to that of herders and teamsters.

At the different settlements the young, ambitious Eskimos are given a chance to learn the reindeer business, and the young native boys are not long in grasping the opportunity when it is presented. Throwing the rawhide lasso with the accuracy of a Western cowboy, and vying with each other in keen rivalry to become deer-men, they saw the dawn of a new-born hope which was analogous to their native environment.

A corps of apprentices are in training for a term of four years. During this enlistment the apprentices are supported by either the Government, the independent herders, or the Missions, just according to who he is employed by. At the end of the first year of his apprenticeship he receives as payment six reindeer (four females and two males); at the end of the second year of his apprenticeship he receives eight reindeer (five females and three males); at the end of the third year of his apprenticeship he receives ten reindeer (six females and four males), and at the end of the fourth year of his apprenticeship he receives ten reindeer (six females and four males). Thus at the end of his con-

tract of apprenticeship, he receives fifty-four reindeer plus the increase. This forms to him the nucleus of a herd whose value in Alaska is at least \$2,000. He is also in a country where there is an abundant supply of reindeer moss, which is as free as the air he breathes. The only effort is a little care and attention to his deer. And he is placed upon a basis of prosperity where he need no longer fear the dearth of food.

He has now graduated and becomes a



A GOVERNMENT APPRENTICE

herder, and he assumes entire charge of his herd upon which he may place his individual brand, and consider them his private property, subject to the rules and regulations which govern the reindeer service. The herder must now in turn train and support apprentices according to the regulations of the service. He thus becomes an additional factor in the extension of the enterprise by passing its benefits on to others and by being of social assistance to his fellow man. With the approval of the local superintendent an apprentice may kill his male deer and sell the meat for food and the skin for clothing, but under no circumstances is an apprentice or herder

allowed to kill his female deer. He may sell his female deer to the Government, or with the written approval of the local superintendent he may sell them to another native inhabitant of Alaska. The native purchasing the reindeer then becomes subject to the rules which govern the reindeer service, thus giving the herds the greatest maximum of increase. The natives are prohibited from selling their female deer to white men in order to insure the industry remaining in the hands of the natives for whose benefit it was started.

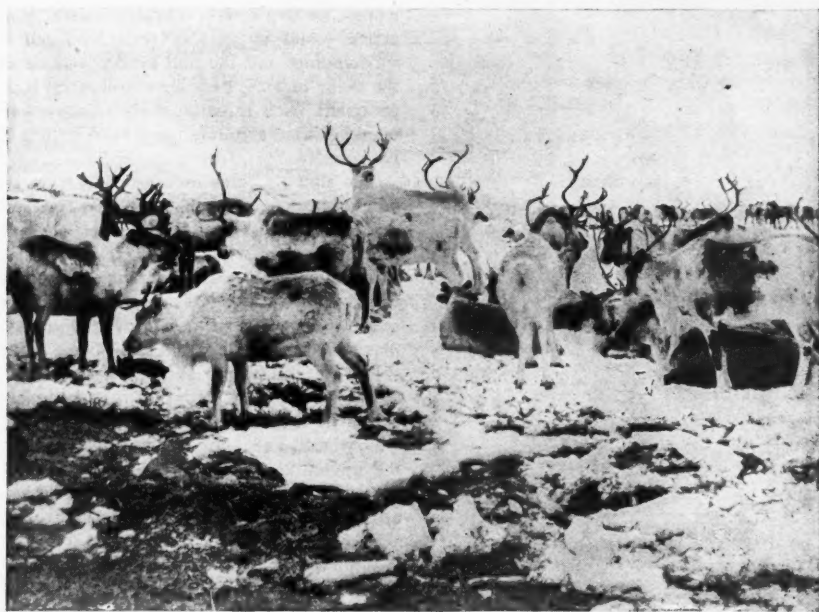
The scheme is akin to a social movement. The natives now have a means of production, which, if handled with judicious care, will not only be the conquest of starvation, but the influence of a ready-made civilization. It has enlightened the aboriginal mind to higher motives than free food and pauperism. And they have recognized that from this time they will be dominated by the life of civilization and they have surrendered to the superiority of the white race, and by taking a short cut, have passed the artificial barriers, and assimilated a well-rounded standard of American civilization.

The experimental era soon passed and the adventure proved not only to be beneficial to the Eskimo, but of great benefit to the white population of Northwestern Alaska, and a valuable industry to the development of the territory. Tentatively speaking, Alaska, with its enormous extent of territory, could support 8,000,000 head of reindeer. The undulating tundras of our northern possession are covered with a verdant carpet of lichen, or reindeer moss, which the reindeer prefers to any other food, even when the snow gets deep. The reindeer use their sharp hoofs and burrow down until they reach their food where they browse until satisfied.

The natives have proved to be very efficient and careful herders. The deer are gregarious and are easily taken care of. Sometimes a wild caribou wanders into the herd, and although they are specifically identical with the reindeer, they have not been domesticated, and owing to their wild, unsettled state, they are immediately shot. In the long dark nights of Arctic winter the wolves prowl very near to the deer. But the wily native with

that crafty sagacity so peculiar to his race, is always on vigilance. To him are known the habits and traits of those lurking foes, and when they are most likely to make a sally upon his herd. With his rifle slung across his back he is always on the alert, and signs of the minutest detail tell him at a glance the species of animal that has passed. In the daytime every track or print upon the snow is subject to his sharp scrutiny. And at night at every sound that resembles the yelp

procure reindeer from the natives, and when Lieutenant Jarvis explained to them what the reindeer were wanted for, that he was not there to force them to give up their property, but assured them of ample remuneration from the Government, the natives, after a solemn conference, said they were sorry for the white men at Point Barrow, and were glad to be able to help them. Not only did they relinquish their deer to a representative of the Government, but they assisted in driving them



THE FAWNING SEASON

Note the newly-dropped fawn lying upon the snow, to the left, in the foreground

of a wolf, his step is checked and he suddenly stands motionless, as if all his faculties were concentrated into his sense of hearing, and not until the gray of the morn appears does the watchful native abandon his duteous task and his herd is in perfect safety.

In 1897-98, several whale ships with 400 sailors were ice-bound and frozen in the ice-pack near Point Barrow. They were in great danger of perishing by scurvy and starvation. A Government relief expedition in charge of Lieutenant Jarvis was sent overland to relieve the famishing sailors. The success of the expedition depended upon being able to

700 miles through the icy fastness to Point Barrow, where 246 deer were killed for the relief of the famishing sailors. This was a remarkable sacrifice for a people to make who were just emerging from a barbarous state, and who were embracing but the first rudiments of civilization. But the incident passed unnoticed. The rush to Klondyke, and the country on the verge of the Spanish War, drew the public attention from that valuable service.

And on various occasions the Eskimos have demonstrated their ability to successfully transport with reindeer teams freight and



passengers between mining camps; and mails, under contract to the United States Government, are often carried by reindeer teams, the route from Kotzebue to Point Barrow being the most northerly mail in the world.

There are now 25,000 reindeer in Alaska. The Eskimo herders and apprentices own forty-three per cent.; the United States Gov-



A HERDER'S WIFE

ernment, twenty-three per cent.; mission stations, twenty-one per cent.; Lapp instructors, thirteen per cent. And a gross increase of thirty-five per cent. each year and a net increase of twenty-five per cent. indicates that there will soon be a sufficient number of reindeer in Northern Alaska to furnish a permanent means of support to the native population of that region. The approximate value of an adult deer in Alaska is forty to sixty dollars, so it will readily be seen that a substantial income from the reindeer industry will make

them independent far beyond their ordinary means prior to the coming of the reindeer. The first apprentices have now become important men in their respective neighborhoods, owning independent herds of fifty to 300 reindeer. Most of the deer-men have abandoned the unsanitary and primitive igloo, and built neat cottages where they live in good financial circumstances.

Their pastoral duties still lead them through a hard life, yet, notwithstanding their continual struggle with nature in her fiercest whims, we find a race, robust, muscular, and active. And in spite of their inhospitable surroundings and the dull murky solitude of the polar regions, they have a cheerful temperament, as if those outlandish outposts of mankind were a counterpoise upon nature in her severity.

The summer skins of the reindeer are an admirable defence against the cold. A suit made from the skin of the reindeer is ample for the herders who often have to bivouac in the snow when caught in the Arctic blizzards. The scolding blasts of the tempests sweep in constant succession over the Arctic plains, making travel impossible. Some of the skins are beautifully spotted with various shades of delicate brown and are highly prized by the natives, especially the women, who, women-like, know the language of dress, the graduations of color, and care first for the perfection of their adornment. The less attractive skins are used for sleeping bags, shelter tents, and other purposes.

With the influx of Argonauts to Northern Alaska in 1900, as a result of the widespread discovery of gold at Nome, it was predicted that the native races would have to flee polewards to postpone their speedy annihilation. But the northern march of civilization only created a demand for the wares and curios which the natives had to vend, and a market for the hundreds of carcasses of frozen reindeer meat which they now annually sell. The flesh of the reindeer is very palatable; it has not got the wild flavor of venison, and is of more hygienic value to the Eskimo than the blubber fat of the whale and walrus, which they lived upon in primitive days. When the contents of the stomach of the deer are cooked with a little blood of the animal, it is considered by the natives to be an Arctic delicacy. In March, 1907, part of the Prince of Wales herd were driven to Nome, where 100 of the

surplus males were killed and sold to the butchers and miners at twenty-five cents to thirty cents per pound, the dressed carcasses weighing 150 pounds to 200 pounds.

It will readily be observed that a great change has been affected in the habits of these maritime tribes. The introduction of reindeer has not only placed them upon a safer basis for their supply of food and clothing, but they now receive a revenue hitherto impossible.

With the coming of the reindeer came Government industrial schools, giving these sons of the north an opportunity to show their aptitude for handicraft. They have had few opportunities to develop their intellectual

yields a little for the support of the Eskimo. Along the Arctic coast of Alaska one everywhere sees the signs of former habitations—the ruins of deserted villages, grim skulls and bones bleaching silently in the weather. The bodies were laid upon the ground fully dressed and barely hidden by a low structure of beachwood to protect it from the carnivorous animals. For at all seasons of the year the ground is frozen solid, as if the unfertile earth refused to receive these inhabitants of the North in her embrace.

Over this vast and untamed frozen waste where Nature has reached the zenith of her severity, one now meets these hyperborean nomads accompanying their herds of rein-



A REINDEER HERD

qualities. Anthropologists have discovered that the hand leads the mind, so that the seat of intelligence is best reached through manual training. And it is to be regretted that their talents for drawing and painting have never been developed. In the land of the long night they portray their vivid imaginations with remarkable skill. Sitting in the dim glare of a flickering seal oil lamp, they revel in the art of pictography. Their carving and sculpture of animals upon bone and ivory exhibit a fine sense of proportion, and their drawings of hunting scenes in the ice world present an effect of splendid distance.

The older inhabitants who are not directly employed in the reindeer industry still pursue their maritime pursuits, wandering out to the broken rim of the ice pack where they cruise in the dark lanes of the sea, watching for the whale, the walrus or the seal. Although fast becoming extinct, the harvest of the sea still

deer, striding joyously over the frozen snow, inhaling deep the tingling atmosphere of frosty air.

And when the springtime comes, and the sun's warm rays rob the snow-beleaguered waste of its cold repulsiveness, and the south winds drive the ice floes into the Polar Sea, the cowboys of Alaska gather in their settlements and discuss how their reindeer pulled through the winter just as earnestly and as wisely as the American stockmen confer about their herds of cattle on the plains of the Middle West.

This uplifting has had a tendency to transform the Eskimos of Alaska from a race of improvident mortals into clean, thrifty, energetic American citizens, living in a wilderness of perpetual snow, without charm or delicacy, but content that their future happiness will be the possession of many reindeer.

# SHAUGNESSY CHANGED HIS MIND

By VINGIE E. ROE

THE breast of Mr. Shaugnessy swelled with indignation. His small sharp eyes gleamed.

"Git out av me offis," he thundered. "Did ye think that a daughter av the Shaugnessys wud be afther marryin' wid an O'Heagan? Think over thot, Mr. O'Heagan. 'Tis the likes av the paymasther she'll be aimin' at an' nothin' else. No lazy, fiddle-playin', dancin' O'Heagan for Nora Shaugnessy. Ye've done nothin' but laughin' mistakes since ye wus borrun—'tis a pity for the mother thot bore yez."

Mr. Shaugnessy waved a dismissing hand, turning an exaggeratedly attentive ear to the telegraph instrument on the unpainted table by the window.

"Git on to yer various amours, Mr. O'Heagan, an' think no more av Nora. 'Tis a mis-al-li-ance," he added loftily, "and I have the weight av an important e-vent on me mind. The flyer is comin' up wid the presidint av the road aboard her, and I have me ordhers to sthop her here for the full av fifteen minutes for the passin' av an exthry from Skytop above. The profession sh'u'd not be boddered wid disturbin' influence. Good-day, Mr. O'Heagan!"

Mr. Shaugnessy always spoke of the work of taking the daily message at his lost little station in the mountains as "the profession." The tiny pine building bore in his eyes all the dignity of the universal system and himself the stamp of important infallibility. In fact, the vast importance of his position among the occupants of the five houses that comprised the station was a matter of such magnitude that he was exceedingly nifty, ruling public opinion with a rod of iron and holding himself in strict line of precedence at the top.

Nora, his oldest daughter, was the apple of his eye. And good cause she had to be, for there was nothing prettier in the mountains or out of them than her sunny gray eyes, her brown hair and her rose-leaf cheeks.

Terrance O'Heagan thought so. Now he leaned easily against the railing which

separated Mr. Shaugnessy from the common world, and regarded the little man with a twinkle in his merry eyes.

"Shaugnessy," he said deliberately, "yez are only a blunderin' old brass-tapper, and ye're as full av mistakes as a dog is av fleas. Oi don't raily need yer consent, havin' got Nora's—but Oi thought it 'ud tickle thot overweenin' vanity av yours. Know yersilf for an old peacock thot's a joke for the community wid his vanity and his airs, and me for yer son-in-law thot is to be. Good-day, Shaugnessy."

Terrance, having delivered this astounding and daring truth, turned to go out. But he had not reckoned clearly about Mr. Shaugnessy. There was a scramble behind the rail, a flying leap, a streak in the air, and a vision of bristling jaw whiskers and fiery eyes landed all over the big frame of Terrance with the spirit of Old Ireland itself. It was a vivid and swift action while it lasted. At its end, Terrance picked up Mr. Shaugnessy by the neck of his shirt and the slack of his trousers and set him gently over the railing, where the little instrument was ticking unheeded. Mr. Shaugnessy was trembling and there was a dazed look in his eyes that half hid their anger. Terrance pursued his first intention of going out. Outside the dingy little structure, he paused a moment while filling his pipe and cast a humorous eye around at the sorry group of houses huddled together as if in fear of the solitude of the wilderness of mountains. Just beyond the track with its one little flange of side-track, there dipped into nether space the yawning maw of Hell Mouth Canyon. Across on its other lip, the rails gleamed in the sun where the railroad came crawling back in its four-mile loop.

"King av this domain, is he? The ould peacock!" thought young Terrance whimsically, and tipping his hat over his flaming curls, he walked away.

Within the station outraged supremacy sat on the floor in the person of Mr. Shaug-

nessy and comprehended the extent of the indignity. Tears of helpless rage squeezed out of the small eyes. The apple in his scrawny throat worked spasmodically. He, Mr. Shaugnessy, station-master and undisputed autocrat of Hell Mouth Point, thrashed by an O'Heagan! And worse, called "a blundering old brass-tapper"—he who had never made a mistake in the five years of his service! It was gall and wormwood. The vanity of the little man was wounded beyond compare. The taunt was more bitter than Terrance's huge fists. One thing—there had been no spectators to his disgrace, neither Reagan of the bridge gang nor Hennesy, the track man.

"The Saints be praised for thot!" muttered Mr. Shaugnessy piously, as he rose painfully. His head was whirling with emotions that would hardly be controlled. Helpless rage made him see red and Terrance's good-natured face danced before him. Never since he could remember had he been so utterly upset. The affront was too much for him.

"Oi'll pay yez up for this, Terrance O'Heagan, an' don't yez forgit it!" he muttered over and over as he went out to set the signal for the flyer.

Abstractedly, mechanically, he set it, his hands doing the work without mental volition as they had done it every day for years when the fast train thundered through like a cyclone on the down trip, toiling majestically on the up.

"Oi'll pay yez up, me bucko, so help me, Saint Pathrick!"

Down the track he saw Terrance's blue-shirted form walking in peaceful meditation. Mr. Shaugnessy shook a trembling fist in its direction. The rumble of the fast train was roaring up the gorge. Two huge engines puffed and hurried, making fine time, with the president on board. Handon, the regular engineer, leaned from his window, read his accustomed signal of "right of way" to Skytop, put on a little more speed and thundered through the station.

It was only when the train was two-thirds by that Shaugnessy woke as from a dream. *It was not stopping!* He flashed an unbelieving look at the signal, then froze in his tracks. In his anger and excitement he had mechanically, unconsciously, set it as he had been accustomed to—a clear track! And

the special out of Skytop! Screaming like a madman, waving his arms, Shaugnessy ran after the flyer. Already the last coach was past the station, and in a moment it was disappearing up the track. Handon, seeing all clear at the tiny station, had turned his eagle eyes ahead, so he did not see Shaugnessy.

As the last car swung out of sight around the shoulder of the mountain, poor Shaugnessy threw up his arms to heaven, letting out a yell of despair that would have roused the entire station had not all the men been out at work on the line. At that moment, up the track, Terrance O'Heagan stood off the rail, looking in astonishment after the vanishing train.

"The ould fool!" he said aloud. "He's let the flyer through!"

But in a second a graver thought sobered him.

"'Tis you're raysponsible, Terrance O'Heagan," he added, "wid your upsettin' av the little man's dignity. 'Twill cost lives at the bottom o' Hell Mouth and break Shaugnessy's heart. 'Tis a tough scramble, but here goes."

The young Irishman settled his old hat on his head, spat on his hands, and catching the rocky lip of the gorge dropped down. There was just one thing to do—cross Hell Mouth, down one side and up the other, which no man did so long as there were four miles of track to be walked instead.

Down, down, down, from rock to rock and ledge to ledge, went Terrance, hurrying mightily, that he might be on hand when the flyer came crawling back along the loop.

The loose stones rattled beneath his feet, and small precipices yawned here and there. As Terrance worked down, toiling with his young strength, a sound above caught his ear. High above him, scrambling in panic haste, falling, leaping, sliding, there came the little form of the station-master, and if Terrance could have seen the pitiful despair of his ugly old face, his good-natured heart would have been wrung. Shaugnessy was trying to save the train he had imperilled with his first blunder. At the bottom, Terrance looked up again. The work was just commenced. The climb of Hell Mouth Canyon was a feat to speak of with respect. Terrance set himself to the face of the cliff and started. Inch by inch, he crawled up the breast of the crevassed rock. Clinging into rifts, drawing

his body over bulging stone, toiling with all his strength, it was a task for youth. When he could look down, he marvelled at the rate at which the older man was fighting his way up. Terrance could hear the breath whistling in his throat. It was a cruel task. But a dull roar from the cliffs above drew young Terrance from idle thoughts. The train was coming! Only a last shelf intervened between him and the top, but it was the steepest of the lot, the rim of the canyon. At it he went, digging into the climb with the energy bred of danger and catastrophe. Inch by inch, he went up it, the heart bursting in his breast with sickening fear as the roar increased.

As he crawled over the edge, the flyer turned the last loop. Terrance tore off his shirt and waved it frantically. There was an angry shriek from the whistle, an order to get off the track, but when he disobeyed, Handon pressed a lever, and the heavy train slowed down and stopped with a hiss and a protest.

An explanation was needed, and Terrance's quick Irish mind picked out and arranged with lightning-like swiftness a neat row of lies to save poor old Shaugnessy.

"'Tis a close shave ye've had, Handon," he gasped, "a special's out av Skytop—message came as ye thundered by—some-thing' wrong wid the ould telegraph instrument—was wor-rukin' slow, and poor ould Shaugnessy crossed Hell Mouth to head yez off. Yes, sor, savin' yer prisence," said Terrance, turning at an exclamation from a huge man in patent leathers and diamonds, who had hurried from a private coach, "yes, sor, I was wor-rukin' on this side, whin I

sees him climbin' and near done out wid the lift av it—'tis a cruel climb—and whin the roar av yer comin' reached him, he cried to me to make it on, as I was near the top. But for Shaugnessy—yes, sor, station-master at Hell Mouth Point, and masher hand wid the ordhers—ye'd be well on yer way to meet the special at big trestle. An' he's lyin' down there now among the rocks, fair done out wid the grill av the gorge. No, sor, ye're kind wid wantin' to go down to him, but it 'ud be settin' yez best to get back to the station as quick as ye can, for the train'll be along presently. Oi'll look afther Shaugnessy. 'Tis only tuckered a bit he'll be."

And just below the protecting ledge of the last shelf, crouched against the rock in shivering abasement, listening to the words of the O'Heagan, clung Mr. Shaugnessy, the proud, the overbearing, the infallible!

With some hurried words of admiration and thankfulness, the president climbed back into his coach, Handon reversed the engines, and with a grumble, the flyer put back around the loop. As it disappeared, a drawn face, long of upper lip, small of eye, whose expression was a mixture of humiliation and relief, set in its fringe of whisker, reared itself tremblingly above the rim of the gulch, and looked at Mr. O'Heagan.

"Terrance, yez can hov her," cried Mr. Shaugnessy breathlessly, from the level of the bank.

And Terrance, setting his hat at its accustomed angle on his head, returned to his habitual levity.

"Oi always intinded to, Shaugnessy," he said.

## LET HER SLIDE

Let the howlers howl, and the growlers growl, and the  
prowlers prowl, and the gee-gaws go it;  
Behind the night there is plenty of light, and things  
are all right and—I know it.

*From the book "Heart Throbs."*



## "BLUB"

By WILL GAGE CAREY

IT was the press agent who told us this story, so we concluded that it was true—*perhaps*. Later, while in Puerto Rico, we learned that the incident was true even to the smallest details; that for once, at least, he had not drawn upon the vagaries of his creative and rather impetuous imagination: in consideration of which somewhat isolated caprice on his part, I present the narrative, nearly as possible, in his own words.

"The Pereyo family of acrobats? I should say I *do* know them. I traveled advance for them all over Europe; I know every one of them, from the father—Fernandez—down to little six-year-old Anton. I never let an opportunity go by of witnessing their act, whenever I had a chance, for they did some stunts in the air I have never yet seen equalled! As a 'thriller,' their act had everything else on the card backed clear off the boards.

"There were seven in the Pereyo family, and 'Blub'—for poor little 'Blub' didn't count!

"Never before, until 'Blub's' time, had there been a Pereyo who didn't take to the high trapeze as naturally as a duck to water; but *he* just couldn't take to it! 'Born weak,' they said of him; finally they gave up trying to make anything of him. Only once had he ever appeared before the public: it was the disgrace—the first—to the Pereyo family!

"A little, timid, shrinking figure he was then, perched high above the glaring foot-lights on a swinging trapeze: while little Anton, fully a year younger than he, swung in daring unconcern from another trapeze, even higher! At last the little tortured soul could stand it no longer. Pale in the agony of his fright, he burst out crying and sobbing as though his heart would break—and Fernandez, pale now, too, but only from chagrin and the mortification of it all, quickly ascended a long rope, hand over hand, and brought the pitiful, trembling form down; a few minutes later this boy, this disgrace to the Pereyo family, swooned away in the dressing-room.

"Never again was he allowed to go up; but he had earned his name: it was 'Blub,' ever after. 'Born weak!'

"Often I used to see him in the wings, quiet and sad, gazing aloft in a sort of awe at his brother Anton—little Anton, whom every one petted and made much of—going through his act up there with little concern, bright-eyed and daring, as though he dearly loved it.

"'Blub,' I used to say to him sometimes, 'why is it *you* can't do that?'

"Then he would turn his great, dark eyes upon me, and shudder as though frightened at the mere thought of it.

"'*Madre de Jesu!*' he would gasp, and creep away to the dressing-room; but he would be right there in the same place again in the wings the next time little Anton would be going through his act. I can't say that his father and brothers were cruel to him intentionally; but they just sort of ignored him. Poor little, lonely 'Blub'! If one of the family ever *did* have a kindly word for him, it made him happy for days!

"I remember the oldest brother, Emanuel, bringing back to the hotel one day a little present for 'Blub'; only a tawdry trinket, but it meant a day of rapture for the outcast. That night, long before the show, I heard a clear, sweet voice floating down from the dressing-room. I went closer to listen: it was 'Blub' singing!

"For a moment I stood entranced. It was a Spanish song—a song of the streets, and the words were hardly what you might call respectable; but the rich, young voice of the singer thrilled me through and through. It came from the heart, if ever a song did—from a heart that had been darkened with sorrow, but into which a tiny gleam of golden sunshine at last had reached. Presently Fernandez and the others ascended the stairs to dress for the performance. The song ceased. That night I saw the little singer again in the wings; he was paler than usual, even, and in his eyes, as he looked

aloft at his brothers leaping through the air high above him, was the same sad gleam of silent horror and trepidation.

"Many months went by ere I heard again the youthful, vibrant voice of the singer. Little did I realize that when next I should hear his sentient song, it would be on the shore of a land far distant, with a setting most tragic: amidst a scene of terror—a scene of frightful, unreasoning panic, of a multitude crazed with fear!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Our tour of the Continent was ended.

"We were booked to appear in New York in January, but sailing as we did from Lisbon, and touching at Puerto Rico, we decided to stop over and play the larger cities of the isle, before proceeding on to the States.

"Our engagement at San Juan was successful, but not particularly eventful. From there we went to Humacao; here our stay was eventful in the extreme!

"All the week we played to crowded houses. The Pereyo family was the sensation of the hour. The populace fairly fought its way into the high, vaulted, cathedral-like theatre, to witness the thrilling aerial act of the daring acrobats. Upon little Anton was showered the caresses and attentions of the eager, demonstrative throngs; none ever heeded the frail, solemn-eyed boy who stood each night in the wings, and who followed reverently, and with pride and awe, every movement of his wonderful brothers, who had *not* been 'born weak.'

"It was the Saturday matinee.

"The house was packed and jammed, a greater portion of the vast audience being women and children.

"The Pereyo act had just finished. The multitude sat silent and still, as though spellbound.

"At that instant a dreadful clamor arose in the upper balconies! A narrow tongue of lurid flame darted out from beneath the stage, and on all sides arose the cry of 'Fire! Fire!' The great audience arose *en masse!* With fervent prayers and shrieks and groans, the women grabbed up their children and in frantic haste started for the exits! Together with Fernandez and several others who had not lost their heads completely, I rushed out upon the stage; our entreaties to the panic-stricken throng were scarcely heard across

the footlights! In vain we strove to assure them that there was no immediate danger; that if they would retire in some semblance of order, there would be ample time for all to be saved. They gave no heed; they were raving, stark mad with fear!

"Already the exits were jammed and congested; still those behind pressed and struggled forward, trampling those about them, in the one common mania to escape from the building.

"The fire itself was insignificant, and was soon under control; it was the crowd now that was not controllable, and bent, seemingly, upon its own destruction. It was horrible to think of all those little, helpless children who would be trampled in that wild senseless stampede, and we impotent and powerless to stem the frantic tide of crazed humanity.

"Suddenly, above all the din and cries of anguish and despair, there arose a calm, sweet voice in a burst of song! From high over head it came floating down, stirring words and a martial air—the song of all songs to have reached that impressionable throng:

"La tierra de Borinquen,  
Un majico primor;  
Y un cielo siempre litimo,  
Le sirve de valor!"

"*'Borinquen!'* It means to the Puerto Rican what 'Dixieland' means to the South! You know what a Southern audience does when the orchestra plays 'Dixie': just intensify that a hundredfold, and you have the effect upon a Puerto Rican audience when they hear their beloved 'Borinquen!'

"The terrified, fear-stricken people stopped in their headlong rush; surely there could be no such danger as they imagined, with that calm, sweet voice ringing out a pleading to them from above:

"Le sirve de valor!"

"Through the smoke that filled the theatre I could barely make out the form of little 'Blub,' high, high overhead. A part of the trapeze accoutrements used by the Pereyos extended out over the orchestra pit, and it was far out upon this slender scaffolding that 'Blub' had climbed through the stifling smoke, willing to sacrifice his own life to save the little children engulfed below him!

"A strange sight it was to see him there—'Blub,' the only *coward* of the Pereyos, sitting there on a slender frame of steel, seventy feet above the pit, singing out in fervent entreaty:

"Le sirve de valor!"



*"Through the smoke that filled the theatre . . . the form of little 'Blub', high, high overhead."*

"Singing of *courage* and *valor*, and, moreover, quieting that mighty assembly, saving the women and children from being crushed, trampled to pitiless death, while we—the strong men—cowered helplessly upon the stage!

"Gradually the throng was making its way out to safety; the panic was over; order reigned where the shadow of death had hung a moment before, over wild chaos and pandemonium.

"Still the little singer kept his post, though the voice was becoming weaker; fainter, fainter came the words:

" 'La tierra de Borinquen.  
Un—ma—jico—pri—mor—'

"The song ceased. Overcome by the stifling smoke, the little singer slipped gently from the bar. Down through the smoke-filled air I saw the frail form dropping swiftly—down—down—and I turned away and covered my face with my hands.

"Why didn't someone go up and save little 'Blub'? There was a reason why; he had cut the rope, the only means of reaching the perilous position he had chosen, so that he could not be molested until he had

saved the little children—until he had given his own sorrowing little life to save them!

"And not a soul in all that vast audience was lost that day; and little 'Blub'—well, he *found* new life that day, instead of *losing* the pitiful one he had possessed; for Fernandez and Emanuel had fought their way to a place beneath him with the net which was always stretched o'er the stage during the Pereyo act; and into this the boy had fallen unscathed and unharmed. And from that day 'Blub' had not the slightest fear of the high trapeze, but took his turn regularly with the others.

"And when he returned to sunny Spain, the land of his birth, the people of his native land were ne'er content with the Pereyo act alone, but cheered and cheered until little 'Blub' was ever forced to come out and do a stunt alone; but it was *not* upon the high trapeze: it was to come down to the foot-lights and sing a song—a song that had saved the lives of helpless little children in far-off Puerto Rico—a song which began:

" 'La tierra de Borinquen,  
Un majico primor:  
Y un cielo siempre litimo,—  
Le sirve—de valor!'

## THE PERMANENT

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THE stars of gold fade one by one;  
Some cloud by evil freed  
Or soon or late o'ertakes the sun,  
But not the golden deed!

The mad blast spills the rose to death;  
The tender white winged dove  
Pierced by the arrow yields its breath,  
But not the thought of love!

The lion winds grow hushed and mute;  
Silence iron and drear  
Makes food of every lyre and lute,  
But not of words of cheer!

Yea, all things die and pass away  
Even as wisdom saith;  
Knowledge and beauty both decay—  
But not the dream of faith!

# THE STRIKE AT PUTNEY

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Anne of Green Gables"

THE church at Putney was one which gladdened the hearts of all the ministers in the presbytery whenever they thought about it. It was such a satisfactory church. While other churches here and there were continually giving trouble in one way or another, the Putneyites were never guilty of brewing up internal or presbyterial strife.

The Exeter church people were always quarreling among themselves and carrying their quarrels into the courts of the church. The very name of Exeter gave the members of the presbytery the cold creeps. But the Putney church people never quarreled.

Danbridge church was in a chronic state of ministerlessness. No minister ever stayed in Danbridge longer than he could help. The people were too critical, and they were also noted heresy hunters. Good ministers fought shy of Danbridge, and poor ones met with a chill welcome. The harassed presbytery, worn out with "supplying," were disposed to think that the millennium would come if ever the Danbridgians got a minister whom they liked.

At Putney they had had the same minister for fifteen years, and hoped to have him for fifteen years more. They looked with horror-stricken eyes on the Danbridge theological coquetries.

Bloom Valley church was over head and heels in debt, and had no visible prospect of ever getting out. The moderator said under his breath that they did overmuch praying and too little hoeing. He did not believe in faith without works. Tarrytown Road church kept its head above water, but had never a cent to spare for missions and the schemes of the church.

In bright and shining contradistinction to these, the Putney church had always paid its way and gave liberally to all departments of church work. If other springs of supply ran dry, the Putneyites enthusiastically got up a "tea" or a "social," and so raised the money. Naturally, the "heft" of the work fell on the women, but they did not mind—

in very truth, they enjoyed it. The Putney women had the reputation of being "great church workers," and they plumed themselves on it not a little.

They were especially strong on societies. There was the Church Aid Society, the Girls' Flower Band and the Sewing Circle; there was a Mission Band and a Helping Hand among the children; and finally, there was the Women's Foreign Mission Auxiliary, out of which the whole trouble grew that convulsed the church at Putney for a brief time, and furnished a standing joke in presbyterial circles for years to come. To this day, ministers and elders tell the story of the Putney church strike with sparkling eyes and subdued chuckles. It never grows stale. But the Putney elders are an exception. They never laugh at it; they never refer to it. It is not in the unregenerate heart of man to make a jest of his own bitter defeat.

It was in June that the secretary of the Putney mission auxiliary wrote to a noted returned missionary, who was touring the country, asking her to give an address on mission work before their society. Mrs. Cottrell wrote back that her time was pretty well taken up and she found it hard to make further engagements; but she could not refuse the Putney people, who were so well and favorably known in mission circles for their perennial interest and liberality. So, although she could not come on the date requested, she would come on the next Sunday.

This suited the Putney auxiliary very well. On the Sunday referred to there was to be no evening service in the church. They therefore appointed the missionary meeting for that night, and made arrangements to hold it in the church itself, as the classroom was too small for the expected audience. Then the thunderbolt descended on the Women's Foreign Mission Auxiliary of Putney from a clear sky. The elders of the church rose up to a man and declared that no woman should occupy the pulpit. It was in direct contravention to the teachings of Saint Paul.



To make matters worse, Mr. Sinclair, the minister, declared himself on the elders' side. He said that he could not conscientiously give his consent to a woman occupying his pulpit, even when that woman was Mrs. Cottrell and her subject foreign missions.

The members of the auxiliary were aghast. They called a special meeting in the classroom, and discarding forms and ceremonies in their wrath, talked their indignation out.

Out of doors the world basked in June sunshine and preened itself in blossom. The birds sang and chirped in the lichened maples that cupped the little church in, and peace was over all the Putney valley. Inside the classroom, disgusted women buzzed like angry bees.

"What on earth are we to do?" sighed the secretary plaintively. Mary Kilburn was always plaintive. She sat on the steps of the platform, being too wrought up in her mind to sit in her chair at the desk, and her thin, faded little face was twisted with anxiety. "All the arrangements are made, and Mrs. Cottrell is coming on the tenth. How can we tell her that the men won't let her speak—in the pulpit, anyway? And there is no use trying to hold a meeting like that in this tiny room."

"There never was anything like this in the Putney church before," groaned Mrs. Elder Knox. "It was Andrew McKittrick put them up to it. I always said that man would make trouble here yet, ever since he moved over from Danbridge. I've talked and argued with Thomas until I'm hoarse, but he is as set as a rock."

"I don't see what business the men have to interfere with us, anyhow," said her daughter Louisa, who was sitting on one of the broad window-sills. "We don't meddle with them, I'm sure. As if Mrs. Cottrell would contaminate the pulpit!"

"One would think we were still in the dark ages," said Frances Spenslow sharply. Frances was the Putney schoolteacher. Her father was one of the recalcitrant elders, and Frances felt it bitterly—all the more that she had tried to argue with him, and had been sat upon as a "child who couldn't understand."

"I am more surprised at Mr. Sinclair than at the elders," said Mrs. Aldrich, fanning herself vigorously. "Elders are subject to queer spells periodically. They

think they assert their authority that way. But Mr. Sinclair has never seemed narrow-minded."

"You can never tell what crotchet an old bachelor will take into his head," said Althea Craig bitingily.

The others nodded agreement.

"If he had a wife who could be our president, this would never have happened, I warrant you," said Mrs. King sagely.

"But what are we going to do, ladies?" asked Mrs. Robbins briskly. Mrs. Robbins was the president. She was a big, bustling woman with clear blue eyes and crisp incisive ways. Hitherto she had held her peace.

"They must talk themselves out before they can get down to business," she had reflected wisely. But she thought the time had now come to speak.

"You know," she went on, "we can talk and rage against the men all day if we like. They are not trying to prevent us. But that will do no good. Here's Mrs. Cottrell invited, and all the neighboring auxiliaries notified, and the men won't let us have the church. The point is, how are we going to get out of the scrape?"

A helpless silence descended upon the classroom. The eyes of every woman present turned to Myra Wilson. Everyone could talk; but when it came to action, they had a fashion of turning to Myra.

She had a reputation for cleverness and originality. She never talked much. So far, today she had not said a word. She was sitting on the sill of the window across from Louisa Knox. She swung her hat on her knee, and loose, moist rings of dark hair curled around her brown, alert face. There was a sparkle in her gray eyes that boded ill to the men who were peacefully pursuing their avocations, rashly indifferent to what the women might be saying in the classroom.

"Have you any suggestion to make, Mrs. Wilson?" asked Mrs. Robbins, with a return to her official voice and manner. Myra put her long, slender index-finger to her chin.

"I think," she said decidedly, "that we must strike."

\* \* \*

When Elder Knox went in to tea that evening, he glanced somewhat apprehensively at his wife. They had had an altercation before she went to the meeting, and

he supposed she had talked herself into another rage while there. But Mrs. Knox was placid and smiling. She had made his favorite soda biscuits for him, and inquired amiably after his progress in hoeing turnips in the southeast meadow.

She made, however, no reference to the auxiliary meeting, and, when the biscuits and the maple syrup and two cups of matchless tea had nerved the elder up, his curiosity got the better of his prudence—for even elders are human, and curiosity knows no gender—and he asked what they had done.

"We poor men have been shaking in our shoes," he said facetiously.

"Were you?" Mrs. Knox's voice was calm and faintly amused. "Well, you didn't need to. We talked the matter over very quietly and came to the conclusion that the session knew best, and that women hadn't any right to interfere in church doings at all."

Louisa Knox turned away her head to hide a smile. The elder beamed. He was a peace-loving man and disliked "ructions" of any sort—domestic ones in particular. Since the decision of the session, Mrs. Knox had made his life a burden to him. He did not understand her sudden change of base, but he accepted it very thankfully.

"That's right, that's right," he said heartily. "I'm glad to hear you coming out so sensibly, Maria. I was afraid you'd work yourselves up at that meeting and let Myra Wilson or Althea Craig put you up to some foolishness or other. Well, I guess I'll jog down to the corner this evening, and order that barrel of pastry flour you want."

"Oh, you needn't," said Mrs. Knox indifferently. "We won't be wanting it now." "Not wanting it? But I thought you said you had to have some to bake for the social week after next?"

"There isn't going to be any social."

"Not any social?" Elder Knox stared perplexedly at his wife. A month previously, the Putney church had been recarpeted, and they still owed fifty dollars for it. This, the women had declared, they would speedily pay off by a big ice-cream social in the hall. Mrs. Knox had been one of the foremost promoters of the enterprise.

"Not any social?" repeated the elder again. "Then how is the money for the carpet to be got? And why isn't there going to be a social?"

"The men can raise the money somehow, I suppose," said Mrs. Knox. "As for the social, why, of course if women aren't good enough to speak in church, they are not good enough to do its work, either. Louisa, dear, pass me the biscuits." Louisa passed the biscuits, then rose abruptly and left the table. Her father's face was too much for her.

"What confounded nonsense is this?" demanded the elder explosively.

Mrs. Knox opened her mellow brown eyes widely as if in amazement at his tone.

"I don't understand you," she said. "Our position is perfectly logical."

She had borrowed that phrase from Myra Wilson and it floored the elder. He got up, seized his hat, and strode from the room.

That night, in Jacob Wherrison's store at the corner, the Putney men talked over the new development. The social was certainly off—for a time, anyhow.

"Best let 'em alone, I say," said Wherrison. "They're mad at us now and doing this to pay us out. But they'll cool down later on, and we'll have the social all right."

"But if they don't," said Andrew McKittrick gloomily, "who is going to pay for that carpet?"

This was an unpleasant question. The others shirked it.

"I was always opposed to this action of the session," said Alec Craig. "It's behind the times, that's what it is."

"The session knew best," said Andrew sharply. "And the minister—you're not going to set up your opinion against his, are you, Craig?"

"Didn't know they taught such reverence for ministers in Danbridge," retorted Craig with a laugh.

"Best let 'em alone, as Wherrison says," said Abner Aldrich.

"Don't see what else we can do," said John Wilson, drily.

On Sunday morning the men were conscious of a bare, deserted appearance in the church. Mr. Sinclair perceived it himself. After some inward pondering, he concluded it was because there were no flowers anywhere. The table before the pulpit was bare. On the organ two vases held sorry, faded bouquets left over from the previous week. The floor was unswept. Dust lay thick on the pulpit Bible, the choir chairs and the pew-backs.

"This church looks disgraceful," said John Robbins in an angry undertone to his daughter Polly, who was president of the Flower Band. "What in the name of common sense is the good of you Flower Banders if you can't keep the place looking decent?"

"There is no Flower Band now, father," whispered Polly in return. "We're disbanded. Women haven't any business to meddle in church matters. You know the session said so."

It was well for Polly that she was too big to have her ears boxed. Even so, it might not have saved her had they been anywhere else than in church.

Meanwhile the men who were sitting in the choir—two tenors and three basses—were beginning to suspect that there was something amiss here, too. Where were the sopranos and altos? Myra Wilson and Althea Craig and several other members of the choir were sitting down in their pews with perfectly unconcerned faces. Myra was looking out of the window into the tangled sunlight and shadow of the great maples. Althea was reading her Bible. Presently Frances Spenslow came in. Frances was organist, but today, instead of walking up to the platform, she slipped demurely into her father's pew at one side of the pulpit. Eben Craig, who was the Putney singing-master and felt himself responsible for the choir, fidgetted uneasily. He tried to catch Frances' eye, but she was apparently absorbed in reading the mission report she had found in the rack, and Eben was finally forced to tiptoe down to the Spenslow pew and whisper: "Miss Spenslow, the minister is waiting for the doxology. Aren't you going to take the organ?"

Frances looked up calmly. Her clear, placid voice was audible not only to those in the nearby pews, but to the minister.

"No, Mr. Craig. You know if a woman isn't fit to speak in church, she can't be fit to sing in it either."

Eben Craig looked excessively foolish. He tiptoed gingerly back to his place. The minister, with an unusual flush on his thin, ascetic face, rose suddenly and gave out the opening hymn.

Nobody who heard the singing in Putney church that day ever forgot it. Untrained basses and tenors, unrelieved by a single female voice, are not inspiring.

There were no announcements of society meetings for the forthcoming week. On the way home from church that day, irate fathers and husbands scolded, argued or pleaded, according to their several dispositions. One and all met with the same calm statement that if a noble, self-sacrificing woman like Mrs. Cottrell were not good enough to speak in the Putney church, ordinary, everyday women could not be fit to take any part whatever in its work.

Sunday-school that afternoon was a harrowing failure. Out of all the corps of teachers, only one was a man, and he alone was at his post. In the Christian Endeavor meeting on Tuesday night, the feminine element sat dumb and unresponsive. The Putney women never did things by halves.

The men held out for two weeks. At the end of that time, the session met at the manse and talked the matter over with the harassed minister. Elder Knox said gloomily:

"It's this way. Nothing can move them women. I know, for I've tried. My authority has been set at naught in my own household. And I'm laughed at if I show my face in any of the other settlements."

The Sunday-school superintendent said that the Sunday-school was going to wrack and ruin and also the Christian Endeavor. The condition of the church for dust was something scandalous, and strangers were making a mockery of the singing. And the carpet had to be paid for. He supposed the women would have to have their own way.

The next Sunday evening after service, Mr. Sinclair arose hesitatingly. His face was flushed and Althea Craig always declared that he looked "just plain everyday cross."

He announced briefly that the session, after due deliberation, had concluded that Mrs. Cottrell might occupy the pulpit on the evening appointed for her address.

The women all over the church smiled. Frances Spenslow got up and went to the organ stool. The singing in the last hymn was good and hearty. Going down the steps after dismissal, Mrs. Elder Knox caught the secretary of the Church Aid by the arm.

"I guess," she whispered anxiously, "you'd better call a special meeting of the Aids at my house tomorrow afternoon. If we're to get that social over before haying begins, we've got to do some smart scurrying."

The strike in the Putney church was over.

# SAM WALTER FOSS, "YANKEE POET"

By PETER MACQUEEN

WE have in our midst today a sturdy, cheerful Yankee man, who has imbibed from the good old fields of New England the common sense, the hardihood and the fructile philosophy of the old men who hewed the forests and founded empires after they had cut off the head of a fatuous king.

Sam Walter Foss, a native of New Hampshire and a citizen of the world, has written some rhyme and much permanent verse. His poetry could never have been characterized by Rudyard Kipling as "Erotic, Neurotic and Tommyrotic." There is not so far as I know a single love song in all of his work.

The Yankee poet, Foss, represents to my mind the progress that the Yankee people have made between Plymouth Rock and the Chicago Exposition. A good deal of his poetry dwells on the old hard-headed religion, whose outer crust has been chopped off by the attrition of modern philosophy and the public schools. The public school has not educated us yet; but it has put us in a position to be an educated nation in the future. Thus far it has given the children of the Republic lots and lots of new ideas but it has not yet given us a nation what Matthew Arnold called "the saving quality of a high ideal." We have broken with the fathers; the old churches are deserted; Harvard is clamoring for optional prayers and compulsory football; we are on the way to a great culture, but we have not yet arrived.

It is just this breach between the old and the new that Sam Walter Foss represents in his most recent poetry. Take for example the poem which delineates an old Yankee churchman as continually lecturing his boy on the virtuousness of virtue and the viciousness of vice. The old man talks to the son so much on this, his favorite topic, that the boy finally gets it turned around and thinks that his father is talking about "the viciousness of

virtue and the virtuousness of vice." Finally the youth dies a villain's death, and his last words are:

"I have been victimized," he said;

"I die, to speak precise,  
An unprotected victim of  
perpetual advice."

In the poem entitled, "Odium Theologicum," our poet shows very clearly the drift of the Yankee mind of today in its attitude towards theological controversies. Four men from the the four winds meet at a crossroads and argue about the horse. Each one has something good to say about the horse, and they all go home loving their fellow-men. But the

next year the same men meet at the same crossroads and they argue about God. Nobody agrees. One says God is a spirit; another says he doesn't exist; and so they all go home hating their fellow-men. An idea that shows how foolish, to the men of today, are the old fights over religion. Growing out of this mellow dislike of the harshness of the past is Foss's quiet humor and satire. Having given up the old religious hypocrisy there still abides in many meagre souls a



SAM WALTER FOSS  
Poet and Author

certain hypocritical alarm about the way things are going. "He Worried About It" is a poem of great strength in this regard. So many men are wobbly in their talk. They have no religion except that they hate the Catholics or fear the Jews. They talk about the great wars of Europe, the fearful volcanoes in Italy, the presidential election, the power and potency of the great magnates of the world, the solar system and the "milky way." "He Worried About It" is the sample of a man who talks and worries about the great events of the universe, but does not keep a proper amount of pork and beans on the table for his wife and children.

The sun's light will give out in ten million years more,  
And he worried about it.  
It will sure give out then if it doesn't before,  
And he worried about it.

But:

His wife took in washing at fifty cents a day,  
And he didn't worry about it.  
His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to pay,  
He didn't worry about it.

There are hundreds of men on the train, reading the yellow journals, and arguing about the revolution in Finland, who have just got a little corned beef and cold potatoes at home, no salt or mustard; but they are very anxious to get Gompers out of jail, or Teddy out of the President's chair, and not at all anxious about the hacking cough their wife gets over the wash tub. You can't fool Sam on those fellows.

Moreover, a great many men take their politics from their father; and as the saying is "hold their religion in their wife's name"; and do things generally because everybody else is doing them. That is the reason why the public school has not educated us as a nation, and why the universal franchise has caused well nigh universal political corruption. People do not know who they are voting for or what they are voting for. Somebody tells them that America is a great country (Columbus knew this), and that if they vote for a certain party or policy there will be a bill brought in which will give everybody everything. People believe this who have been trained in school, but who have not taken their school training and made it bone of their bone. Appropriate to this attitude of the public mind today is the poem, "The Calf Path." It is a veiled allusion to the way the streets of Boston were laid out. A calf went home one night and wandered

all around Robin Hood's barn. Somebody went after the calf; other cattle followed, until there was a distinct path made. Houses were built along this path, then streets, then a metropolis. And a million people today walk three thousand miles instead of one thousand, because they are all following in the path of one calf who died three hundred years ago. If you could straighten that calf path for two hundred yards today you would add a million dollars to real estate values in Boston.

What I like best about Sam Walter is his doctrine of hopefulness. I trust he is not an optimist. We have had so much old granny philosophy under the word optimism that the word gives me *mal de mer* of the brain. Then many magazine poets are optimists. They can write fourteen eloquent lines on the marcel wave of a bleached blonde. They can write reams of nonsense on the frogs and toads in a spring puddle. But one strong line of Swinburne, or one brave healthy stanza of Sam Walter Foss would give them nervous prostration for six weeks. Now here lies the hopefulness of Foss. It is hopeful because it has common sense in it, and it it common sense because it is hopeful. In his book, "Songs of the Average Man," there is a ringing poem about "Large Eternal Fellows":

There are large eternal fellows making music hereabout,  
And large eternal men are yet to be;  
And long will be the long, long years before the breed runs out,  
Strong as iron in the mountains, clean as saltness in the sea.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
From the star-dust of wide spaces did the mighty worlds cohere,  
And there's star-dust for a million years to be;  
There are many things that happen in the long Platonic year;  
There are new stars yet un moulded which the coming years shall see.  
The cosmic stuff for stars and men, the years shall not debase,  
And greater stars than throng the sky shall newly loom in space  
And greater men than yet have been shall yet redeem the race;  
There are grand eternal fellows yet to be.

As a part of his hopefulness, Foss has naturally a kind word for other men and his introduction to his new book, "Songs of the Average Man," contains one or two stanzas that I think belong in the class of James Whitcomb Riley and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Let me mix with the short men and tall men  
With brain men and brawn men be free;  
And knowing forever that all men  
Are good enough fellows like me.



"The House by the Road" is a good, kind, white hand stretched out to your neighbors, good, bad and indifferent; for after all: "Destiny grinds from her hopper some very good stuff in the lump." One verse in the "House by the Road" lingers in my mind like some of the big-souled stanzas that old blind Homer used to recite along the roadsides of early Greece:

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by;  
The men that are good and the men that are bad,  
As bad and as good as I.  
I would not sit in the scorners' seat  
Nor hurl the cynic's ban;  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend of man.

If the poet's function be to heighten and to brighten life, and as old John Milton has it, "to justify the ways of God to men," then certainly we ought to consider a man as endowed with no mean gift who can write so happily about the ups and downs of life, its ins and outs as our poet here in Yankeeeland.

The poem on the "The Pessimist Firefly" is as good as a chapter from Mrs. Eddy's book on "Science and Health." Indeed, I should say it is as good as the whole book. This "Firefly" saw another of its kind, a pessimist, sitting on a weed and complaining that there was no sun nor any star in the sky, and concluding that the best thing to do was to sit down and die on the weed. "But," said the hopeful little insect, who was watching his gloomy neighbor, "all you've got to do is to spread your wings and you yourself will be a star." Now this is just the young, fresh, joyous spirit of America. And it is that spirit that our poets and thinkers and educators must consider if they are going to make this America of ours the most beautiful and bountiful and cultured race that has ever touched the shoal and bank of time.

The problems of our country that make sword-cuts of care on the faces of the wise men and the strong men who are beginning to shape our destiny, have been shown by Professor Ferrero to be very much akin to those that greeted early Rome. Here is the assembling of the nations. Here is the wealth of furrowed field and forest height, of river beds that gleam with gold, and hills crowded with waiting metal. The land reverberates to the swift roll of wheels. the waters echo the throb of the engine; inventions spring from the fruitful life of the people, like roses

from the juicy shoots of June. "But," asks the poet in a more serious vein than we have heard him use before, "tell us how about your men?" In the dialogue of the spirits there are some splendid strong lines and I cannot refrain from quoting a stanza of it here:

Said the spirit of all time to the spirit of today:  
Yes, harness all your rivers above the cataract's brink,  
But then unharness man;  
To earth's reservoirs of fire let your giant shaftings sink,  
And scourge your drudging thunderbolts,  
But give men time to think.  
Throw your bridles on the rivers, curb them at the cataract's brink,  
And then unharness man.

Said the spirit of all time: In this climax of the years,  
Make no machine of man.  
For your harnessed rivers panting are as lyrics in my ears,  
And your jockeyed lightnings clattering  
Are as music of the spheres.  
But 'tis well that you remember in this climax of the years:  
Make no machine of man.

There is not only a strength in these repetitions, and a rhythm in the lines, but there is powerful common sense and prophetic warning.

I notice also in his poems about man a profound knowledge of the great scientists, who have revolutionized, in the last sixty years, our entire conception about the human race, its origin and probable destiny. Like Tennyson, Foss is thoroughly accurate in his scientific statements, but much more certain than Tennyson in his hopeful idea that the world is good and that it is growing very much better. Take the poem, "The Yeast of Evolution." He has spoken in a minor poem very beautifully of the new conception we have about man's coming here: "The Cosmos wrought for a billion years to make glad for a day."

Old Dr. McCosh of Princeton lectured us from seventy-five reams of printed matter, on his theory of how the soul originated in the primal brute. The poet gives us a very clear definition of the beginning of the soul in these lines:

The yeast of evolution grew within his aimless purpose  
And the hairy savage battled, clan with clan,  
Till the strong armed brute grew conscious of a deeper life  
within him,  
And the soul of man grew conscious and revealed itself  
to man.

Yea, the yeast of evolution works as hitherto forever,  
We are yet in the morning of our day;  
Down the ever widening pathway whose long vista ends in  
twilight,  
We shall come on new perfections, meet new music by  
the way.

There is no corrosive self-introspection in Sam Walter Foss. He calls us into a merry world, a world of work and fun and good nature; a big America too strong for the foolishness of prejudice, too great for the weakness of pride, too abounding in health for the disease of misanthropy. His characters are good, sturdy, Yankee fellows, some of them are right, and some of them are wrong, and all of them are good enough fellows. For all his quiet sarcasm, humor and satire, he tells me he has never received an anonymous letter or a letter of harsh criticism. He is one with his own good-natured rollicking characters who take straw rides and go to country fairs; who draw poster-painter pictures and consider them copies of Michelangelo; with fellows who shoot in their neighbors' woods and won't get out because they have the gun

and their neighbors have only got the rights; with young men and women of our days who are above its sordid money grabbing tendencies and who really believe that "souls are more than merchandise and mills are less than men." These are a few of the qualities of this poet of "Yankeeland"; and though it is evident that by his life, ancestry and education in New England he has typical Yankee views of the world as it is today, yet, like most of our writers, he has brain enough to grasp and breadth enough to welcome into his sympathies the entire human race.

So I mix with these good enough fellows,  
For they stretch from the pole to the pole;  
And the blacks, and the browns, and the yellows,  
Are all fairly white in the soul.  
Let me live with these good men and bad men,  
Who are much the same fellows as I;  
For I find they are glad men and sad men,  
But men it is good to get nigh.

## THE HEAD AND THE HEART

By SAM WALTER FOSS

"TAKE yer head with yer," says ol' Uncle Joe,  
"Take yer head with yer an' heed it;  
Take yer head with yer wherever ye go,  
Take yer head with yer, ye'll need it.

"Take yer heart with yer," says ol' Uncle Joe,  
"Take yer heart with yer and heed it;  
Take yer heart with yer, wherever ye go,  
Take yer heart with yer, ye'll need it.

"Let yer head and yer heart talk over the thing,  
An' arger the case till they've tried it,  
While you set in style like a judge or a king,  
An' w'en they've stopped jawin', decide it."

# Books of the Month

**Y**EARs ago Charles William Burrows established a book business in Cleveland, which soon developed into one of the largest of its kind in the country. Twenty-three years ago

he conceived the idea of producing an accurate history of the United States and its people, from the earliest records to the present time. In his mind's eye he saw the many generous 8x10 octavo volumes on the library shelves—he felt that no smaller size could do justice to the subject. Elroy McKendree Avery, a well-known author and scholar, collaborated with him in the work. The preliminary plans of this vast undertaking were gone over day after day. Now, after a lapse of almost twenty-three years, four volumes of the total sixteen planned have come from the press, the fifth volume is now at press and the sixth is in the printer's hands. In no single incident has there been the slightest deviation from an accuracy as minute as it is possible for human beings to attain. Half-forgotten nooks and corners of the earth, and vast masses of original documents and data used by former historians, have been explored to fortify and

uphold evidence, or eliminate inaccuracies. Prominent writers, whose fame and reputation are established, have been presented with proof of their own errors, and have gracefully

and even thankfully accepted the corrections of these indefatigable researchers.

It has been ascertained when and where the Stars and Stripes were first displayed in battle. It was Fort Stanwix, where Rome, New York, now stands, which was decided upon as the place, and the correct date, though usually given as August 2, was ascertained to be August 3, 1777.

Each volume has been written and rewritten, as new information was gathered, at an expense of over \$200,000, and with remote hope of making the work a pecuniary success.

As a fitting conclusion to this review, we print herewith the Dedication by Dr. Avery:

*I dedicate these volumes to my friend  
Charles William Burrows*

Who, twenty years ago, asked me to join him in a work to which he evidently had been called more by a soldier's desire to



CHARLES WILLIAM BURROWS

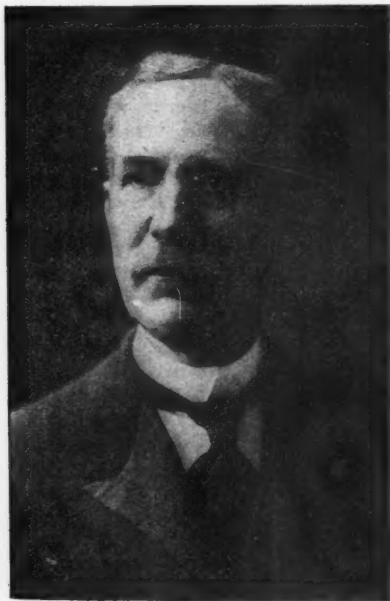
uphold evidence, or eliminate inaccuracies. Prominent writers, whose fame and reputation are established, have been presented with proof of their own errors, and have gracefully and even thankfully accepted the corrections of these indefatigable researchers.

serve his country than by a publisher's longing for pecuniary gain. From that day to this, an unselfish purpose has guided his unfaltering steps and made each surmounted obstacle a better point of view for a higher ideal. This is why this History appears in a garb richer than that of any that have gone before it. I should be happy if I could think that my work has been done as well as his.

ELROY M. AVERY.

Cleveland, August, 1904.

IN "Pipe Dreams" we have a book of poems by Maitland LeRoy Osborne that will appeal to all classes of readers. There is nothing high-flown about them, but they are



ELROY M. AVERY

written in the simple, easily-understood language of the heart. From the lumberjack in the far northwest, to the old farm home, nestling among the New England hills, a wide range of subjects shows the great versatility of our author. He has truly delineated for us the humor and the pathos of life. We can laugh at the bold pirate who

met his match in a woman and was ruled thereafter by her, or we can almost weep over the pictures of the past that are no more. The poems of country life make us long to leave the city with all its noise and turmoil, and go back to nature for the peace and quiet that she alone can give. The children are not forgotten, either, and there is



MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE  
Author of "Pipe Dreams"

more than one poem that gives us pretty glimpses of child-life.

Some of the poems have appeared before in magazines, and they will be a second time welcomed by their friends, who will be pleased to see the scattered leaves brought together into one book.

"THE Story of a Border City during the Civil War," by Galusha Anderson—388 pages, 8 mo., Little Brown & Co., Boston, 1908—deals with life and events in St. Louis during the years 1861-1868.

Written by an old resident of St. Louis,

Missouri, a clergyman of kindly, liberal and generous, but determined character, this book portrays the very peculiar relations which the unionists and dis-unionists of the border city maintained towards each other during the first few months of the secession movement. It tells how the Lincoln Wide-Awakes drilled to march with gay capes and torches during the presidential campaign of 1860, and kept up their organization and secretly drilled with arms while Governor Jackson tried to plunge the state into secession and treason. The author tells how an apparently innocent art exhibition received cases containing statuary that was exhibited, and like cases full of muskets and equipments that were used in secret drills, awaiting the final struggle. It likewise tells how the Minutemen drilled and organized in the interests of Secession. He narrates how a convention was established by a disloyal executive and legislature at Jefferson City for the purpose of passing an ordinance of secession; how it was craftily induced to sit at St. Louis, where its members were so liberally entertained and cared for that they finally refused to carry out the treasonable program signed there.

We learn in detail how Captain, later General Lyons, held the arsenal in spite of dilatory and treasonable superiors at Washington and active Southern conspirators at home, until, by a well-executed stratagem, he shipped most of the arms and ammunition to Alton, Illinois, to arm loyal men instead of Confederate partisans.

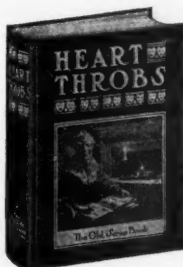
The final culmination of the period of secret preparation by both factions; the capture of Camp Jackson and the disarmament

of its Confederate levies, and those events of the war in which the loyalty of the men of St. Louis bore so important and honorable a part, makes interesting reading and a valuable contribution to the history of the great Civil War. The fact that the author is the father



PROFESSOR ANDERSON

of Elbridge R. Anderson, a member of the firm of Bartlett & Anderson, ranking high among the lawyers of New England, gives additional interest to the authorship of this very just, well-considered and eminently moderate narrative of a great crisis in western and national history.



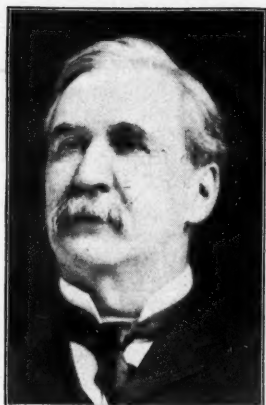


## II Know that My Redeemer Lives

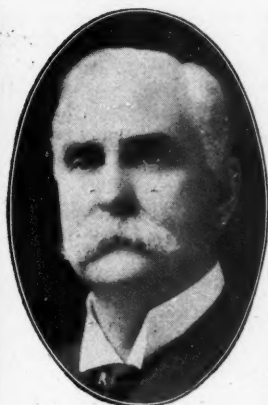
Behold the marvel of the leaves :  
Once green, they blush with shame  
When Autumn with her mystic torch  
Sets all the woods aflame.  
What miracle is in the seed  
To carpet hill and glade ?  
Does Nature hold eternal life  
In constant ambushade ?  
The grain that slept three thousand years  
With some Egyptian king  
Has grown to feed another race  
By miracle of Spring.  
I may not fathom all, but O,  
The joy and peace it gives  
When blessed faith bids me to know  
That my Redeemer lives.

When Night falls on the ice-bound pole  
The gates of Heaven seem near;  
A searchlight out of glory spreads  
Athwart the hemisphere.  
Aurora at the gate of Morn  
The drowsy watchman wakes:  
The Night-star sentries disappear  
While day, song-ushered, breaks.  
Why spins the world e'en while she swings  
In space none comprehends ?  
Does not infinity begin  
Where calculation ends ?  
I may not fathom all, but O,  
The joy and peace it gives  
When blessed faith bids me to know  
That my Redeemer lives.

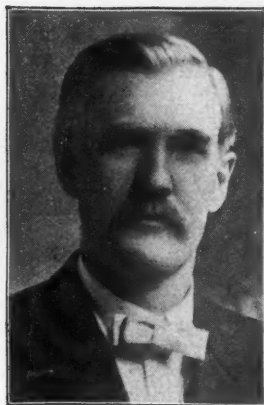
The things that fall arise again  
No matter where they lie:  
The dew and rain, when Nature wills,  
Get back into the sky.  
All things that die spring up again  
That doubting man may learn  
The soul alone that never dies  
Must to its God return :  
Death and decay are but the touch  
Of that Celestial hand  
That leads you to Eternal Life ;  
Sometime you'll understand.  
I may not fathom all, but O,  
The joy and peace it gives  
When blessed faith bids me to know  
That my Redeemer lives.



LATE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR  
WARREN GARST, DES MOINES



LATE CONGRESSMAN  
J. P. CONNER



GOVERNOR B. F. CARROLL  
OF IOWA

## THE DOCTORS' TRUST

*Iowa: A Medical Slave State—A Story of Medico-Political Intrigue*

By C. W. MILLER

ALTHOUGH it has been only fifteen years since Iowa was christened "A Medical Slave State" by the editor of *The Arena*, the domain of the Hawkeyes has been more or less under the domination of the organized medical fraternity from the days of its earliest settlement. Many years before the idea of a National Medical Monopoly had its birth, Iowa doctors had a compact and well-disciplined organization, actively engaged in political intrigue, all calculated to result in the passage of laws giving an organized clique ever-increasing rewards and immunities.

At the present time the medical Mafia is an important political factor in Iowa, and that its activity is mainly for selfish purposes is shown by the character of the legislation it advocates in the session at the time this article is written. Its lust for power and money is so plainly revealed that the veriest dullard should be able to discern it.

The political activity of the Medical Trust in Iowa, in the last few years, has been phenomenal. The organized doctors, actuated in the main by selfish purposes, have made and unmade state senators and representa-

tives and congressmen, and their influence predominated in the last primary campaign for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, which caused national astonishment as to its result, because the minority "stand-pat" faction succeeded in nominating its candidate for governor. Instead of being an out and out victory for the "stand-patters," however, it was a victory, in truth, for the organized doctors, who for years have camped on the trail of the late candidate of the "progressive" wing of the party. His offense was that he, while a member of the Iowa legislature, had the temerity to cast the vote that made possible the lawful recognition of osteopaths.

Every legislature since the state was organized has had its full quota of medicopolitical members; and the present legislature, the Thirty-third General Assembly, is no exception. I do not believe a man should be barred from legislative service simply because he is a physician; but I am convinced that when a man seeks legislative office because of his profession or occupation, and his candidacy is backed by an organization of like profession or occupation which

supports him for office to pull its chestnuts out of the fire, his candidacy becomes politically immoral, and tends to be a public menace. It should not be understood that all of the doctors who have served in Iowa legislatures have been there merely to serve selfish ends. Some of them have not. Some of them have been men who could, and did, rise above the selfish desires of the organized wing of their profession—and this is especially true of some of the doctors who are serving in the present General Assembly.

But it is true that in none of the thirty-three general assemblies has the medical clique, as a whole, paid any serious attention to matters of general legislative importance. By what appears to have been common consent little in this regard has been expected of it. Its members have been a clique aside and by themselves, claiming superiority of intellect and a special fitness to consider matters pertaining to "public health," and matters relating to that subject have been turned over to them as a matter of course. An examination of motives has been sadly lacking in the Iowa legislatures, and in others, I opine, and the doctors have been able to run matters with a high hand.

The Iowa State Board of Health, or at least that part of it which resolves itself into the Iowa State Board of Medical Examiners, is composed mainly of doctors who have been active in the "organization" and owe their positions to its endorsement. Being political rather than medical experts, they have apparently lost sight of the health concerns of the state in order that they may give their undivided attention to politics, and to the material interests of the state and county societies. Their zeal to serve these organizations seems to have subordinated entirely interest in the legitimate health concerns of the state. They have been more anxious to have physicians observe the rules and ethics laid down by the organization than to have them observe the ordinary amenities of society, or the laws of humanity or of the state.

The medical clique in preceding legislatures has conferred upon this board such extraordinary powers that, until two years ago, even the courts could not be appealed to by doctors deprived of their right to practice, and this rule is still in force as to laymen who may suffer the grossest indignities at

the hands of these medical sátraps without being permitted the opportunity for legal recourse or appeal of whatever kind. I maintain that a board which has power by star chamber proceeding or otherwise to destroy property, to deprive individuals of their liberty or their right to follow the pursuits upon which depend their livelihood, is un-American, unjust and politically and morally atrocious.

Iowa is a little more fortunate in this particular than it was a few years ago, because a method of appeal has been provided in some cases. The laws are not, however, what they should be, since in an action brought by the State Board of Medical Examiners, a doctor is considered to be guilty until he proves himself innocent, whereas the law considers a horse thief or a murderer innocent until he is proven guilty. I regard the small concession which has been wrenched from the medical monopolists in this particular as an opening wedge, however, and indicative of better things and different times.

Why honest physicians continue to submit to this autocratic dictation is difficult to explain except on the theory of fear, for the medical monopoly directs and controls a juggernaut whose crushing power has been frequently demonstrated when directed against those who have dared to place their professional honor and medical knowledge against the organized Medical Trust.

The condition that exists has not been built up in a day, a year, or even a generation. It is the cumulative growth of the endeavor of the political doctors during the half century since the Iowa State Medical Association was organized. An examination of the records since 1862 shows that there have never been less than three doctors in the Iowa legislature and often as many as ten. In the forty-seven years for which the records were examined, there have been no less than 188 doctors in the Iowa General Assemblies. In practically every legislature the proportion of doctor members to the total number of members has far exceeded the proportion of doctors in the state to the total voting population. The present General Assembly—the thirty-third—numbers among its members nine doctors, five in the Senate and four in the House. At the primaries at which the members of the present General Assembly were nominated, seventeen doctors offered

themselves as candidates for nomination. Of these twelve were nominated, and seven were elected, two "hold overs" bringing the number up to nine. In the Twenty-ninth General Assembly there were six doctors; in the thirtieth and thirty-first there were seven, and in the thirty-second there were eight. In the twenty-eighth there were ten, and in the twenty-seventh there were eight. It was during the session of the Twenty-seventh General Assembly that the Honorable Warren Garst, defeated candidate for the Republican nomination for governor in 1908, cast the vote that gave a constitutional majority to a bill recognizing osteopaths, and thereby incurring the enmity of the organized doctors, which enmity kept him out of Congress, and prevented him last year from receiving the Republican nomination for governor which, in this state, is equivalent to an election.

To give an understanding of the efforts that have been made in recent years to influence state and legislative nominations, it is necessary to quote quite a lengthy letter written in 1901 by Dr. J. W. Kime, secretary of the Association of Iowa Physicians. The letter, sent out from Fort Dodge, is as follows:

Fort Dodge, Iowa, May 24, 1901.

Dear Doctor —

Many questions of a political nature will come up during the campaign now opening in this state in which our profession are interested. The Iowa State Medical Society at Davenport last week adopted resolutions urging the members of the society to take a more active part in political matters in the state.

In accordance with the purport of this resolution, I desire to call your attention to the importance of participating in your convention, which selects delegates to the State Convention at Cedar Rapids, and which will, in all probability, nominate the next governor of Iowa; and also in your County Convention, which will nominate your state senator and representative.

It is very desirable that as many physicians as possible become delegates to the Cedar Rapids Convention, as there may be a time in that convention when much might be accomplished along the lines in which we are interested. A united effort should be made in each county to nominate our friends for membership in the Senate and House.

Will you kindly call the attention of the doctors in your county to this matter, and assist in putting them at work as soon as possible?

I wish you would send me the names of the physicians in your county who may be placed on the delegation to Cedar Rapids.

Fraternally yours,

J. W. KIME, Sec'y.  
Association of Iowa Physicians.

There is no talk of altruism or "public health" in this letter. It is a straight-out appeal to a class, to act as a class for class benefit. When they are producing talk for public consumption, the political doctors

throw in a lot of buncombe about "public health," but this is only intended to pull the wool over the eyes of the unsuspecting populace. In their confidential talks, some of which I have records of, they unmask, throw aside their pretense and get down to brass tacks. Dr. Kime makes it plain that "a more active interest in political matters" is desirable because "there may be a time when much might be accomplished" thereby.

Following soon after the issuance of this letter, members of the Twenty-ninth General Assembly were nominated, and during its session more than a dozen bills were introduced, tending to increase the emoluments of the profession, to lessen competition and to create jobs and salaries for medico-political manipulators. One of the laws passed was an act to cripple the osteopath law which had been enacted at a previous session.

Through all the years of medical activity in politics the public has been utterly ignorant of the power of the Medical Trust, but the politicians have not been unmindful of the influence that a score or two of personally likable men, traveling about the county with the easy facility afforded by automobiles, are capable of wielding. So, as a rule, those interested in vote-getting have courted their favor, and herein may be discovered the reason why the doctors have been able to secure the enactment of almost any kind of special legislation they have desired. This legislation, almost without exception, has been of a character calculated to make it possible to exact an increasing measure of toll from beds of pain, and to force medical supervision on people who in a majority of cases do not want it, and in the main do not need it.

The influence that has been brought to bear on congressional elections in the recent past, and the effect produced upon the National House of Representatives is shown in at least one congressional district in Iowa. James P. Conner was congressman from the Tenth District and, so far as I know, represented the main body of his constituents in a satisfactory manner. However, he refused to go on record as favoring the major political scheme of the Medical Trust—the establishment of a National Department of Public Health, with a seat in the President's Cabinet—and refused to make a promise sought to

## THE DOCTORS' TRUST

be exacted from him by the Iowa legislative manipulators. In this way he gained the enmity of the political doctors of his district, who waged a warfare against him when he was a candidate for renomination that resulted in his defeat. The present congressman from that district, Honorable Frank P. Woods, owes his seat in Congress to the Medical Trust, and it will be interesting to watch his course in Congress, especially on bills that will be proposed by the Medical Trust through its National Legislative Committee. The following letter tells the whole story:

Mount Ayr, Iowa, May 25, 1908.

Dear Doctor

As Chairman of the Committee on National Legislation (note a field of political activity not heretofore touched upon) for the physicians of Iowa I am interested in the nomination of such men for Congress as will give the physicians of Iowa a square deal. I write you, therefore, at this time in behalf of Honorable Frank P. Woods for the office of congressman.

I wish to call your attention to one thing, viz., that doctors have not had proper recognition in the past from your congressman, nor can we hope for anything from him in the future. I think the time has come, and has long passed, when the United States should have a doctor in the cabinet in charge of the National Health Department, a position to be created in the near future, I hope.

As long as I can recollect the doings and conduct of your congressman, he has ignored all appeals for national recognition (class legislation?). I am strongly of the opinion that if Mr. Woods of your district were elected to Congress he would listen to the petitions of doctors and would act. Is it not our duty (to whom?) to send such men to Congress?

Yours very truly,

S. BAILEY.

The remarks in parentheses are mine.

As in the case of the letter written by Dr. Kime there is no buncombe in Bailey's letter about the welfare of the dear people. It is an out and out appeal to class prejudice, but the letter brings up, and consequently into this story, the matter of a Department of Public Health with a seat in the President's Cabinet—the occupant thereof to be, of course, a doctor.

It is not my purpose to discuss this proposed department, with its attendant sub-departments and corps of officials to feed at the public expense trough, any further than to here give the planks from the national platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties. Planks, pledging both parties to the creation of this proposed new department, were drawn at the national headquarters of the trust on Dearborn Avenue, Chicago. Identical drafts were presented to the Committees on Resolutions of both parties, but by neither one was the draft, as presented,

accepted. The Republican Committee emulated it rather more than the Democratic Committee, its plank being as follows:

"We commend the effort designed to secure greater efficiency in National Public Health agencies, and favor such legislation as will effect this purpose."

The Democratic platform declaration was:

"We advocate the organization of all existing national public health agencies into a national bureau of public health with such powers over sanitary conditions connected with factories, mines, tenements, child labor and such other subjects as are properly within the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, and do not interfere with the power of the states controlling public health agencies."

These planks will be urged by the Medical Trust, at the next session of Congress, as reasons for the establishment of the desired national department.

\* \* \*

Since the Iowa doctors took a hand in the nomination of a governor to their liking in 1901, and at least one congressman to their liking in 1908, as is shown by the letters quoted above (which letters came quite by accident into the profane hands of a layman) it is hardly to be supposed that their intrigue slighted the office of governor in the memorable primary election campaign of 1908, nor indeed, did it. In that campaign the then lieutenant governor, the Honorable Warren Garst, was defeated by the then auditor of state, the Honorable B. F. Carroll.

Garst was widely known, and extremely popular. He was a good mixer, a talented public speaker, and his long service in both branches of the legislature had given him a state-wide acquaintance, such as is enjoyed by but few other men.

All the odds seemed to be in Garst's favor, but yet, when the result of the balloting was announced, Carroll was some 25,000 votes in the lead.

To say that the result was a surprise is stating it mildly.

It was not one incapable of a logical explanation, however, as the following will show:

\* \* \*

In the Twenty-seventh General Assembly, in which Mr. Garst was a member of the Senate, there was passed a law giving recognition to the School of Osteopaths, which law placed an average of three osteopathic doctors in each county of the state, as active and successful competitors of the medical doctors. Though the physicians had been as



active as usual in their efforts toward electing doctors to the legislature, as was shown by their quota of eight doctor members, they appear to have been caught napping. An osteopath bill, introduced by Representative Frink and championed by some of the strongest members of both houses, gained unexpected favor before the medical contingent awoke to the danger. Having successfully run the gauntlet of all other legislative processes, assailed on every hand by the men of medicine, it was on March 20 finally placed upon its passage in the upper house. The bill received but twenty-five votes, or one less than a constitutional majority. But just before the vote was announced, Senator Garst emerged from the cloak-room and voted for the bill.

Garst saved the day for the Osteopaths, but when he became a candidate for the congressional nomination in his district a few years later, the vengeful doctors not only actively opposed him, but openly and arrogantly boasted of their part in the achievement when his defeat had been consummated. When he sought the office of governor the same factor stood in his way.

\* \* \*

As to whether Governor Carroll appreciated the value of the doctors' organization as an aid to his ambition I leave my readers to judge from my recital of a little more history, part medical and part legislative.

At the annual meeting of the Iowa State Medical Association, held at Des Moines on May 21, 1908, Dr. Luther E. Stevens, chairman of the association's Committee on Public Health and Legislation, presented the

report of his committee in which was included the following demand:

"Revise the entire Board of Health Laws and other Laws which create or provide for the maintenance of various departments in the State Government that have to do directly or indirectly with public health and safety. In such revision there should be the co-ordination or amalgamation of such departments or commissions that shall be conducive both to economy and efficiency in service."

Those who know (and anybody may know by making the most meagre investigation) that no legislative demand was ever made by an Iowa organization of doctors that lacked a selfish motive, will readily see the purpose of this plan. The details of it were later contained in a bill prepared by the legislative committee of the association and exploited in the press as being a plan with which Governor Carroll was in full accord. Proposing the consolidation of eleven different departments under a bureau of "Health Control," what political power it would have given the doctors who, without doubt, had pre-arranged to take charge of it!

A few years ago a doctors' trust scheme of even these proportions might have been approved with little question, but not now. There is an awakening in the Hawkeye state. The people of the back counties are coming to know of the tremendous schemes of the medical monopoly, and when they fully realize, as they soon must, that they have in their midst a semi-secret organization that has waxed so fat of power as to be able to shape the destinies of the state, and compel obedience from officials high and low, they will rise in their might and crush it.

Iowa will not remain a medical slave state any longer than it takes her people to discover the extent of their bondage.





ST. THERESA CONVENT, NYSAMBA, UGANDA; BUILT BY FATHER VON DER KELLEN, 1902

## ROOSEVELT'S HUNTING GROUNDS

By PETER MACQUEEN

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Special Correspondent of the *National Magazine* in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, in Manila and the Philippines in Aguinaldo's Insurrection and in South Africa during the Boer War

*EDITOR'S NOTE:—This concludes the remarkable series of stories begun in our December (1908) issue, written by Rev. Peter MacQueen, who traveled over this country in Africa within the past year. These articles were the first, and altogether the most comprehensive yet published, concerning the Roosevelt Hunting Grounds.*

IN closing this brief account of my African experiences, it is with considerable diffidence that I attempt to treat of the great Uganda Protectorate, the real terminus of the Uganda Railway and the most valuable part of the British East African protectorates.

The Baganda, or people of Uganda proper, are the Japanese of America, and before Cameron, Stanley and others made them known to the world, far excelled the surrounding tribes in cleanliness, neatness and decency in attire, sanitary living and comfortable dwellings.

Their King Mutesa, descended from many warlike and cruel ancestors, ruled absolutely over the lives and properties of his subjects. The executions which attended the first audiences given to white men; the massacre of thousands of men and women to ap-

pease his "ancestral spirits"; and his fears of too powerful subordinates; and the murders of men and women for petty errors and offences, blackened the memory of a ruler who nevertheless did much for his people.

\* \* \*

King Mutesa welcomed to his dominions all men who came to tell him of a purer faith and better things for himself and his people. He also set aside the burial rites of his kingly ancestors. Until his own burial, every dead king of Uganda had been swathed in bark cloth by his successor and borne by the Court Executioner and the Keeper of the Tombs of the Kings to Emerara in the County of Busiro where thirty-seven such tombs are still preserved.

The under jaw was removed and the

mutilated body placed on a wooden bier or bedstead in a conical structure whose thatched roof reached to the ground. Its door once closed was never again reopened.

Then the Court Executioner seized the Chief Cook, Chief of the King's Beer Pots and Chief Herdsman, with three women of corresponding rank, and slaying them, left the bodies before the king's tomb to be consumed by vultures. The king's jaw, cleansed and ornamented with cowrie shells, was placed in one of several new huts within an enclosure near the tomb, and the chief who built them became the life guardian of this relic of the dead ruler. Another chief and the king's wives were set to keep watch over the king's tomb, living in a hut nearby until all died.

Mutesa, in defiance of all the traditions of his race and line, ordered all the remains and jawbones of his dead ancestors to be collected and buried, and directed that he himself should be decently interred in a simple grave with a few of his best spears planted about it in the form of a palisade, over which his wives should keep guard

during the rest of their lives. His body was not to be mutilated, nor was anyone to be slaughtered as formerly.

A large structure built over his grave forms the tomb of Mutesa, the floor of which is carpeted with fine grass, laid down evenly blade by blade. Visitors are frequently admitted and Mutesa's wives carefully replace every blade displaced by their feet. The shrines of his ancestors, some of which are centuries old, however ancient and dilapidated, are still watched over by devoted attendants.

\* \* \*

These remains of a barbaric past contrast with brighter conditions existing in Uganda today, for when Mwanga succeeded to the throne, he brought with him many of the superstitions and vices of his father. These, with the religious dissensions arising from the labors of missionaries gave rise to civil wars and revolutions. The Protestant Episcopal Church Mission was represented by men of great devotion, energy, and to a certain extent national feeling. The Catholic



DR. COOK, OF THE C. M. S. MEDICAL MISSION, NAMIRAMBE WHO SEES FIFTY THOUSAND PATIENTS A YEAR

Fathers, largely of French or German descent, were equally enterprising and devoted in the attempt to implant the tenets of their faith; while Arab representatives of Mohammedan faith, full of fire and fanatical zeal, had also made a vast number of converts amongst the people of Uganda. As a result, the wars, in which Mwanga was by turns victorious and defeated, continued until the British Government took charge of the country and banished Mwanga to the Seychelles Islands, where, surrounded by his family, he lived until his decease in 1903.

The British Government then served notice on the several religious missions, that all attempts to carry religious feeling into politics would be followed by the suppression of missionary work in the Protectorate; and since that time teachers of the different faiths have worked side by side for the general benefit of the people of Uganda.

\* \* \*

I have already spoken of the twenty-five-mile road which reaches from Entebbe to Kampala, the native capital of Uganda. This, in itself, is a fine example of perfect road-making, but another road from Kampala to Lake Albert Nyanza is a magnificent sample of what has been achieved by the government and people of Uganda. A rickshaw or automobile may traverse the whole distance, 200 miles, with much more ease than on the same length of road in any rural district of the United States. This has made possible the easy transportation of commodities between the different tribes composing the people of the Protectorate.

The natives of Uganda in co-operation with the Imperial Government have established a confederation of the Nile, Rudolf, Western and Central, Uganda and Kisumu provinces.

This territory is also divided into twenty counties, each presided over by a county chief, and is ruled by Kabaka (King) Daudi Chwa, now about thirteen years of age, under the guardianship of three regents. His income is 800 pounds sterling a year, and when of age (at eighteen years), he will have a salary of 1500 pounds. The Lukiko, or native Parliament, consists of three regents drawing 400 pounds each annually; twenty County Chiefs, paid 200 pounds each annually; sixty Notables, three from each county, selected

by the King, subject to the veto of the Imperial Government; and six Persons of Importance, also selected by the King, subject to veto. The King's successor in case of death is to be chosen by vote of the Parliament, from among the heads of the royal family, with the consent of the Imperial Government.

\* \* \*

The King of Uganda is called "His Highness," and entitled to a salute of only nine guns, in strong contrast to the state and honours of Mutesa, whose every act of importance was heralded by great military display, an extravagant burning of gunpowder, and very often by the sacrifice of many human lives. Polygamy has been largely done away with, and the practical selling of women as wives, almost universal amongst the tribes of Uganda, has been modified by an act of the Parliament to payment to the father, where the parties are willing to contract, of thirteen shillings and four pence sterling or about \$3.37. This amount may be slightly exceeded by a chief or person of consequence. As a result, the choice of the parties, and especially of the women, is consulted largely nowadays, whereas formerly it was simply a matter of bargain and sale, to which the women were supposed to submit without question.

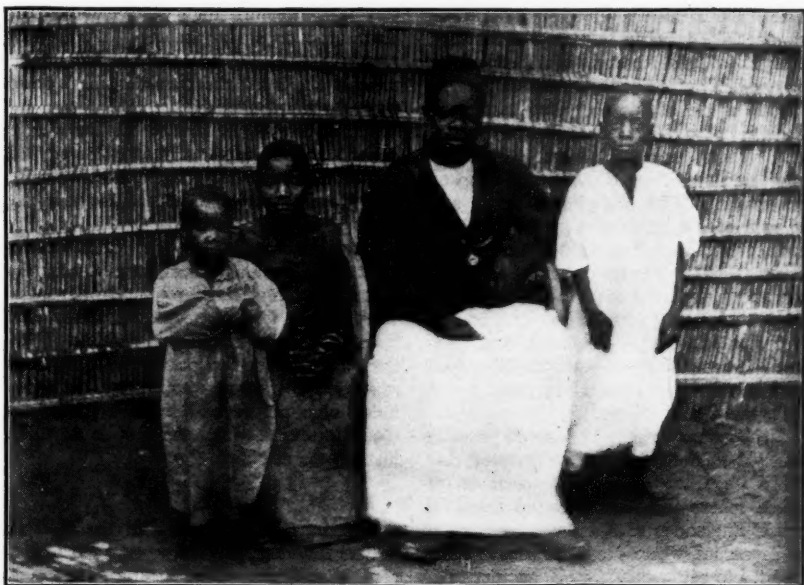
Uganda contains within its borders the very arcana of geographical mystery, those sources of the Nile, and Mountains of the Moon, of which Rameses questioned, Herodotus and Edrisi treated, and a very host of geographers and explorers made the life-dream of closet speculation, and travel-quest. Here Hamitic and Nilotic Ethiopians dwell, "together yet apart," and Norseman, Gaul, Iberian, German, Celt and Ishmaelite, Hindu and Punjabi, pure of blood, or blended by many generations of marriage or concubinage, present an endless variety of types of physique, intelligence, civilization, barbarism, religion and idolatry.

Here are provinces, where the hunter may find little to slay, amid almost continuous fields and a dense population; elsewhere the hugest elephants, many-horned rhinoceri, rarest antelopes, great chimpanzees and savage buffaloes, with man-eating lions, leopards, hyenas and jackals, offer all the delights and perils of the chase to the fearless sportsman.

Death lurks, too, in the treacherous shallows of many a lake, and the eddies of every river where the horrible kitinda, the man-eating crocodile, lies in sullen silence awaiting his prey; where the thick-set sluggish puff-adder lies amid sand and broken rock, slow to retreat, quick to strike and fatal beyond remedy; where even more deadly cobras dart from their lurking-places to implant the tiny twin punctures, which no leech may heal, as if the love of destruction and death

painful swellings; while the "rest houses" and native houses of Uganda are often infested by a tick, whose bite is followed by a violent and dangerous fever.

Ichtyol and vaseline intimately mixed and rubbed over all exposed skin surface seemed, in my own case, to discourage all insects from attempting to draw blood at my expense. The odor was not especially entrancing, but I was saved much pain and danger, and when I bathed, the mixture was easily removed,



VICTORIO AMBUBI, GOVERNOR OF BAVUMA ISLAND, AND FAMILY. CONVERTS TO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC FAITH

impelled the lithe, flexible creature to its venomous attack. More insidious, but no less dangerous, the tsetse fly lurks wherever grateful leafage overhangs moist or watered territory, and its bite, not so painful as that of many other insect pests, is followed by fever, rheumatic pains, lassitude, meningitic spasms, coma and death. Much more painful is the bite of the little *miow* midgets that hover and hum where the broken waters of Lake Victoria pour down into the fissure of the head of the Nile. So painful and virulent is the poison injected, that within forty-eight hours it results in large and very

leaving the skin soft and free from sunburn. I had one narrow escape from a serpent which struck at me near the head of the Nile, but happily missed, and when it failed, glided swiftly into its hole in the rocks. It seemed to be a cobra, but may have been of a less dangerous species.

Birds and butterflies; great parrots, resplendent in scarlet over gray and white; white-crested, metallic-sheened hornbills; plantain-eating birds, in royal blue, and others in violet and crimson, with bright yellow beaks; plump, fluffy quails; gorgeous flamingoes; snowy uncouth pelicans; the



solemn-looking whale-nosed stork; and a host of smaller, many-hued thrushes and wood-peckers, give life and beauty to forest and shore. Enormous moths and butterflies of the most exquisite coloring, with numberless smaller specimens, many lovely in hue and of great scarcity in modern collections, attract the naturalist, and afford the entomologist a splendid field of operations.

But Uganda contains within her borders a great number of representative tribesmen. Ankole on its southwestern boundary is the home of the Bahima, a very peaceable people, not especially powerful, although their King, Kahaya, in 1904 measured six feet and six and one-half inches, and weighed 301 pounds. He was of the Muhima or dominant caste, which is taller than the Muiru or peasant class. Their women always go closely veiled, and even those Christianized keep up the custom. The bridegroom never sees the face of his intended until he has paid seven cows to her father, and takes his wife to her new home. They are a nation of herdsmen, and to the Muhima all food is prohibited except beef, veal, and milk and its products. Even mutton, goat's flesh, fowl, sweet potatoes, beans and most other vegetable food are tabooed. The dress of the men is not unlike the toga of antiquity.

The Banyoro (people of Unyoro) were in Stanley's time the warlike subjects of that Kabba Rega, who was the Napoleon of his limited sphere and fell before the victorious arms of England in 1899, and was banished to the Seychelles, where one of his sons is being educated to better things, while another rules Unyoro under British supervision. This people dress decently in bark, cloth or skin garments, and despise the naked Bari and other Nilotic savages. All children when growing are deprived of the six front teeth of the lower jaw, and even the King receives this tribal mutilation.

The Banyoro present their prospective fathers-in-law with a cow which if accepted is followed without any talk or explanation by the gift of four or five more, the selection of one of the girls and her departure for her new home. They are agriculturalists, make earthenware, baskets, canoes, iron knives, swords and spears, and dress skins and hides. They use the throwing and the stabbing spear and war club, and carry shields of wood and buffalo hide.

The people of Toro (Batoro) live east of the Ruwenzori range and south of Lake Albert Nyanza, in a very fertile and healthy country, which is, however, of volcanic origin, and subject to earthquakes. They are wiry, light-brown in color and strongly attached to the new order of things. Their "King," Kasangama, learned to speak English, owns a horse and a typewriter, and employs several Hindu artisans to teach his people carpentry. In Toro marriage is very leisurely consummated, the usual term of engagement being two years after the suitor has paid the usual down (two cows) for the girl. During this time, the affianced pair are not allowed to meet at all, but if the man dies, his brother succeeds him if eligible.

The ancient burial rites of the Toro kings called for the sending "alive into the pit" of two of his wives, the youngest, and two men. The grave was covered, housed and watched by men only.

The Banubuddu, on the northwestern coast of the Victoria Nyanza, have been largely absorbed by intermarriage with the Baganda. They were formerly agriculturalists, but keen, bold and successful hunters. With their long Danish flintlock muskets, at close range few shots were wasted, and the reputation of a proven marksman, who had to shoot a second time, suffered, even when hunting the elephant.

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Mukasa, the greatest deity of the Ba-Sese, or Sese Islanders, only a few years ago dominated the navigation of the Victoria. Her fanatical followers on rafts and in canoes bearing blazing torches, and hideously howling, so frightened the sailors who mocked at her power, that in 1879, as a French record states, lake navigation was closed for three months, until King Mutesa sent one hundred slaves, one hundred women, one hundred cows and one hundred goats to her temple. Kitinda, the god of Damba Island, received none but human sacrifices, which having been disabled were left on the beach to be devoured by a huge crocodile.

The Bakoki, people of Koki, live southwest of Buddu on the Kagera River. These people are good marksmen, especially with the bow, with which the boys will rarely miss a mark the size of a plum at thirty to forty yards. They smelt iron, and make their

own hoes, hatchets, spears, knives, arrow-heads, etc.

The would-be bridegroom pays the father of the girl by whom a feast is prepared. The husband with a few friends, all of whom must fast until the next day, bring home the bride who is also kept without food. The happy couple are given a live goat, and a thousand cowries, which are taken to the father-in-law. After this "pretty marriage" the bride sees no company for three months,

although hundreds have been shot by vengeful hunters, it is still extremely dangerous to be capsized in this part of the Nile. A little village of fishermen's huts nestles just below the falls, whose denizens use the spear amid a tumult of water, which makes it necessary to talk by signs and motions. The sleeping sickness, smallpox and other diseases have greatly desolated Busoga, and its population probably does not now exceed 90,000 people.



FATHER SUPERIOR BUISROGGE OUR LADY'S MISSION, ANKOKONERA, UGANDA  
AND NATIVE SERVANTS

except her husband's brothers and sisters, and these must always bring a present for the privilege. Theft was punished severely and sometimes with death, but to steal bananas for food was no crime.

The Basoga, of Busoga on the right bank of the Nile at Ripon Falls, were always friendly to Europeans, and today it is the custom for the local chief to visit the traveler and bring him supplies of food. The Ripon Falls lie between lofty hills, and for thirty miles below them, rapids and rocks break the Nile into a treacherous, dangerous torrent. It is infested with crocodiles, and

In Busoga, the man goes to some dance, generally given in honor of some departed Basoga, and having danced and feasted with his charmer, the happy pair elope and go to the bridegroom's home. This ends all ceremony, except that the brother of the bride visits them the next day, and is received by the brother or some other relative of the bridegroom, who makes him a present of a cow or whatever else he can afford to give. This the girl's brother keeps until he gets married, and pays it over to the brother of some other girl. Men already married carry away another wife in the same way, and with like

etiquette and payment, and sometimes a married woman is carried off, but this breach of custom is generally condoned as "a mistake," and atoned for by the payment of a cow.

\* \* \*

The Bakongo people inhabit the slopes of Mount Ruwenzori, and are of fine physique, peaceable and industrious, coming into the Uganda provinces to find work. They file their front teeth to a point, work in iron, and dress very lightly, live on simple food, and buy their wives in much the same way as the Batoro. Their section is good hunting ground, and the scenery is, of course, magnificent, although great clouds of mist sometimes veil the mountains for days.

The Baziba, a strong, hardy race, industrious and good-tempered, living in German East Africa, send thousands of young men to Entebbe and other parts of Uganda seeking employment. Their splendid physique, intelligent faces and peculiar dress of long fibre fringes, make them marked features of the rather cosmopolitan population of Uganda. They are probably the most moral people in the world. The birth of an illegitimate child seals the fate of both its parents, who are bound hand and foot and thrown into Lake Victoria, or buried alive in a quagmire. If the man escapes, his paramour is put to death.

The Basukuma, of Usukuma, at the south end of Lake Nyanza, also come into British territory for work and to trade. They are said to number 500,000, almost purely pastoral, and suffer much from an insufficient rainfall, both in loss of crops and cattle. The prospective bridegroom in this tribe must first give the girl's father a beautifully woven bead belt, which is really for the girl to wear, and then the dowry is fixed by her father and brothers. The first instalment of sixty sheep is paid and the man becomes the servant of the girl's father for two years in further payment. He builds a hut and his wife lives with him, after her husband has paid a sheep to the oldest woman in the village for good fortune to his house; another to the oldest man, "because of his gray hairs"; a third to the principal bridesmaid, who arranges the bridal chamber, and a fourth to the bride's eldest sister.

The Manyema or Manyema, who occupy the eastern part of the Congo Free State, are

largely found among the Uganda provinces. They scar the face in patches, but apply a dark pigment which lessens the effect of the scar. Both sexes wear the *viramba*, a belt of long grass tassels reaching from the waist to the knee, but are very apt to copy the Swahili women in dress and ornament.

They are a race of cannibals, who on the death of a relative, summon their blood kin in the next village by the beating of a drum. Four men come over with a bier on which the body is carried away to be roasted and eaten by affectionate relatives. Sometimes, but rarely, the remains are stewed instead of roasted. Of course all enemies slain in battle are eaten, as Stanley and others found when white men first forced a way through their country.

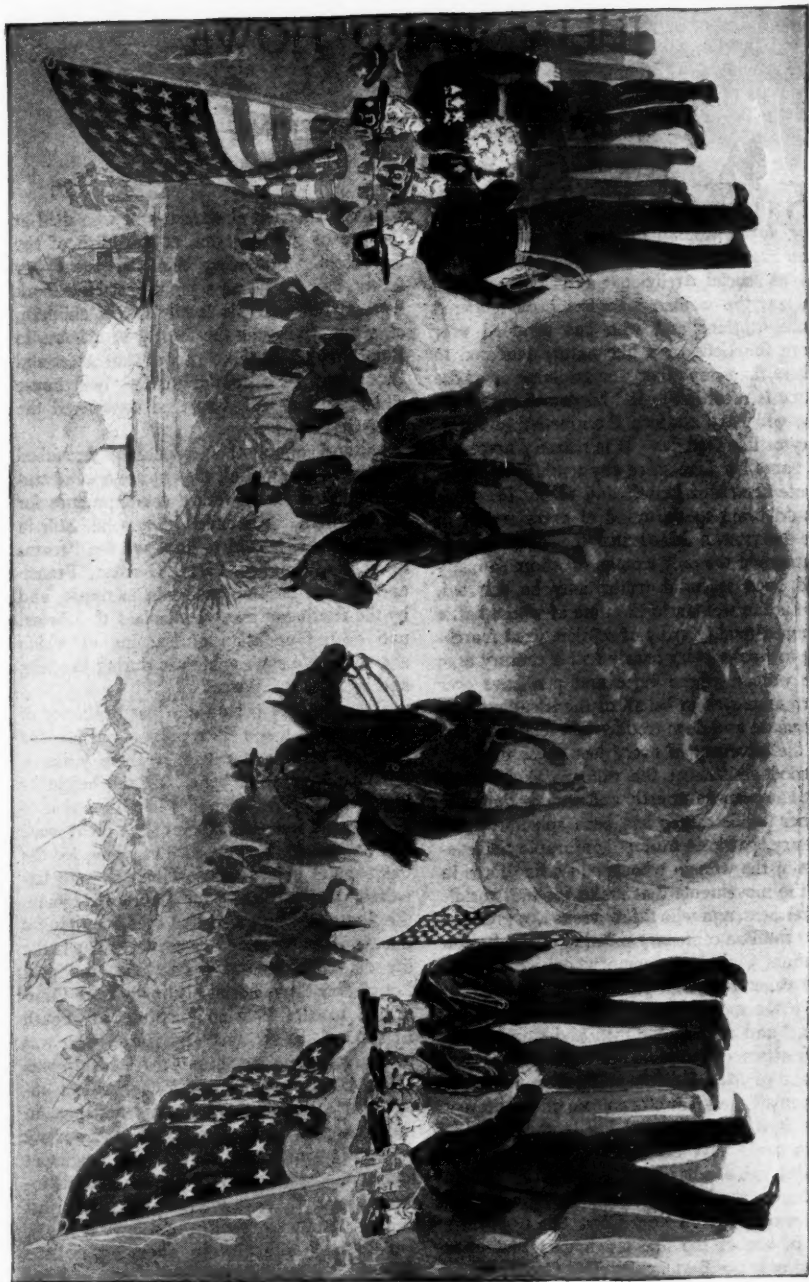
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The Lendu have a few villages in Uganda territory, and many of them may be seen at times about Entebbe, where the Entebbe police and soldiers are largely composed of members of this tribe. In the country villages, the Lendu girls wear only a belt of heavy fringe reaching about half way to the knees. A loose cloth after marriage is often used to sling the baby in, and her husband often wears a single goatskin, but clothing and ornaments are being rapidly introduced.

Karamoja, north of Mount Elgon, is not as yet officially administered, and really is little known. The people are a tall, finely-formed race much resembling the Masai, and like them rely on the spear and shield. It abounds in large game. It is one of the few places where the elephant hunter may be quite certain of finding his noble quarry. They are fearless hunters, and it is said that one man has a record of five lions and sixty elephants, killed with the spear alone and unaided.

The men wear spiral necklets, armlets and bracelets, and the women earrings, but no garments whatever.

The Acholi, Bari and Latuka in the Nile provinces are naked Nilotic negroes, living largely on porridge made of millet or sorghum seed, and the game and fish captured. All have suffered much in the past from the raids of slave traders, and the Mahdist wars, but are now gradually acquiring some ideas of decent garb and modern civilization. In another generation they will become at least a semi-civilized people.



"The Post turns out in force this year—  
Grant's veterans, Sherman's infantry,

Sheridan's tireless cavalry,  
Farragut's sea-dogs without peer."

# JULIA WARD HOWE

By MITCHELL MANNERING

ON the 27th of the coming May, the best-loved woman of America, the woman who has done most for literature and for life, in its social, religious and philanthropic phases; the woman who has been tendered more ovations and who has presided over more functions of a like nature tendered to others than any other woman living or whose name is recorded in the history of our country, will have attained the ninetyeth anniversary of her birthday. It is scarcely necessary to name her here since any truthful and adequate sketch of herself and of her life work would bring to the mind of every reader of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE the unmistakable features of the only woman of whom so many and such splendid truths may be asserted. She is the woman to the tune of whose battle hymn a mighty army of soldiers went marching to final victory nearly half a century ago; the woman whose voice and pen have ever been employed in behalf of the friendless, unfortunate and downtrodden of every race, and in the advocacy of every just cause that has needed assistance; the woman whose home life has been as sweetly and quietly domestic as her public career has been splendid in its literary, patriotic and philanthropic achievements; the woman who is still a fine force in all the movements that make for the world's betterment, and who a few weeks ago presided over the Poe centenary meeting of the Boston Authors Club; the woman whom we all love and venerate—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

To the members of "the younger generation," and even to the men and women who have attained to middle age and who are cognizant of Mrs. Howe's still active participation in all the great movements of the present day, it is almost inconceivable that her life work could have been begun so long ago.

Although she has been a resident of Boston during most of her life, Mrs. Howe was born and reared in New York City. She began her life in one of the fine old houses that once stood near the Battery, Bowling Green, where she lived till after the death of her mother,

who was married at sixteen and who died at the age of twenty-seven, at the birth of her last child. Following this sad event her father, Samuel Ward, a prominent New York banker, removed his family of six children, of whom Julia was the fourth, to a home in Bond Street. At the corner of that street and Broadway, later on, he built a new house which, it was said, was then considered the finest in that city.

In and about this splendidly furnished home was centered all the culture and advantages that a loving father could procure for his children. The child Julia, while still in short dresses, is said to have written "reams of poetry," studied Latin, German, French and Italian, became proficient in music, and by the reading of many books laid that broad and deep foundation of learning of which she has made such noble use during her long and significant life work.

Her charm of person and her brilliancy of intellect soon made her a great social favorite and she became, for two or three years, a reigning New York belle. At the height of her social popularity, and while on a visit to Boston, she was told much of the great work Dr. Samuel G. Howe was then doing for the unfortunate beings whose faculties were impaired, and especially for Laura Bridgman, the first deaf-mute who had ever been taught the use of language. On a red-letter day in the life of the charming Miss Julia, the poet Longfellow drove her in his buggy from Cambridge to the Perkins Institute at South Boston, where she met Dr. Howe, who was in charge of the place, and a friendship was begun which resulted in an engagement announced a year later and their marriage in the spring of 1843. Dr. Howe was twenty years her senior, but Love, who laughs at locksmiths, and under whose magical influence everything is made to come out just as those under the spell would have it to do, found small difficulty in adjusting a little difference of twenty years in the ages of lover and sweetheart.



At that time Dr. Howe had already "done things" and was famous as a philanthropist and a defender of the right against the wrong, the weak against the strong. He was able to tell a most interesting narrative

"Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,"

for upon leaving college he had enlisted as a volunteer in the cause of Greek independence in the revolution of 1824, to which cause Lord Byron gave his life. After tasting all the vicissitudes of war, including imprisonment in a Prussian jail, Dr. Howe returned to America, where, with his tireless activity he began the noble work of educating the blind, starting the great philanthropy with the training of three little blind children at his own home. Later he founded and built up the first institution for the education and general betterment of the conditions of the blind in this country. The cares incident to a family of six children made it impossible for Mrs. Howe to participate in the professional labors of her husband, but in the spirit of his life she deeply sympathized. Her voice and pen were ever ready to assist every high and humane purpose, yet she found time to make her home a cherished social center for the best of the Boston society of that period. Among the very many social functions enjoyed at her home during those days were several "Booth parties" which she gave in honor of, and which were attended by, the eminent tragedian and the finest social and literary lights of the city.

During her many years of activity in various fields, Mrs. Howe has published more than a dozen volumes, including books of poems, travel, reminiscences, and views of life and men. She is still actively interested in all the vital interests of the times; the peace movement, woman's suffrage, which she has ever favored, and other issues of importance, while she still remains a moving spirit in the deliberations of many clubs, some of which she was instrumental in organizing many years ago as the pioneers of their kind.

Although Mrs. Howe's achievements in any one of a number of fields of activity have been sufficient to bring her worldwide fame, it is as the author of the inspired lines of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" that she is most intimately known to the peoples of her own and other lands. Naturally she has been asked a great many times to tell how she

came to write the lines with which her name is linked, and often has she related the circumstances under which the poem was composed.

With poetic appropriateness "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was inspired and written at the Capital of the nation in whose life it was to play such an important part. It was in 1861, while Mrs. Howe, in company with Dr. Howe, Rev. James Freeman Clarke and Governor Andrews were visiting in Washington. While Dr. Howe was rendering valuable assistance as an officer on the Sanitary Commission and also in looking after the interests of the newly-freed slaves, Mrs. Howe, perhaps unconsciously, was gathering inspiration for the poem she was soon to write, in visiting camps and hospitals and attending reviews of troops. The story states that on returning one afternoon from watching some maneuvers, her carriage was delayed in a road where troops were crowded in great numbers. To beguile the time, her party sang bits of army songs, concluding with "John Brown's Body," which seemed to please the soldiers more than any of the other airs they had sung. As they drove on, Mr. Clarke asked: "Mrs. Howe, why don't you write some good words for that stirring tune?" She replied that she had often wished to do so, but had never yet received the inspiration. That night she went to bed and slept quite soundly until almost dawn. Then she awoke, and as she lay waiting for daylight the lines of the long-wished-for poem began to come to her. Fearing that she might fall asleep again and lose the precious stanzas, she arose, and finding in the dim light an old stub of a pen, scrawled the verses, almost without seeing the paper. Then she returned to her bed to finish her morning nap, saying to herself: "I like this better than most things I have written." And thus was born "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which soon became the treasured possession of a nation.

As the proud mother of children who occupy positions of eminence in the fields of endeavor they have chosen to adorn, as the most treasured bit of living humanity the nation possesses, as one who has achieved enough of goodness and greatness to round out many good lives, and who is still doing more, it is not strange that Julia Ward Howe looks as smilingly toward the future as she does reverently toward the past with the happy faith that "His truth is marching on."

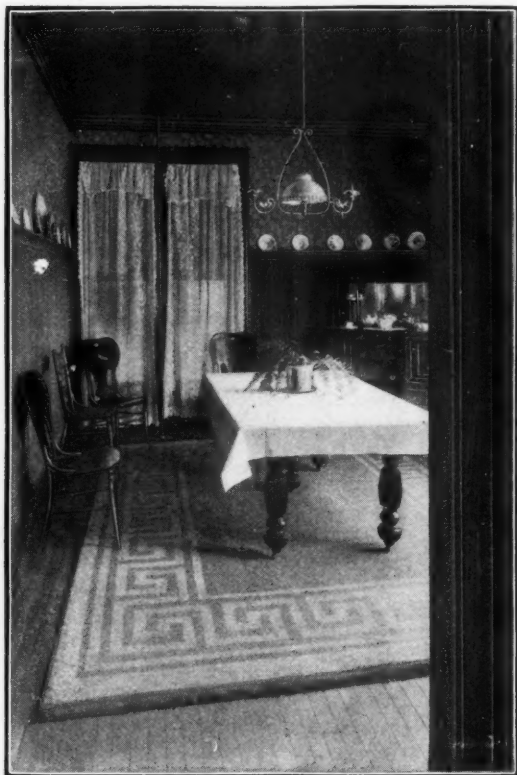
# THE MAKING OF GRASS MATTING

By FLYNN WAYNE

IT looks as though the millennium was about to be ushered in when one sees the rank grass which grows in the waste marshes of

located in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and successful experiments were made. Later, persons interested in the factory moved it to St. Paul, and subsequently the present Oshkosh Grass Matting Factory was organized, which during its five years of operation has made a great success.

A visit to this novel manufacturing plant furnishes a realization of how the apparently worthless blades of grass are made to serve the purposes of man and furnish employment to many. Mr. Leander Choate and other prominent men in Oshkosh are responsible for the success of this enterprise on the banks of Lake Winnebago. When I stepped inside the factory with Mr. Choate, a delightful aroma, as of new mown hay, called to my memory somersaults in the hay fields, "sliding down the stack," or "circus" on rainy days in the hay-loft, and we remarked that it "would be just the place for old Nebuchadnezzar to live when he had settled down to his feast of grass." The great looms were busy at their task of weaving, and with very little stretch of the imagination, I could have fancied myself in a mill-town of Massachusetts—the symphonious buzz of machinery would have been music to the ears of the man



A HANDSOME DELTOX RUG IN THE DINING ROOM

Wisconsin and which has been shunned for centuries by man and beast, being manufactured into a product to beautify the home, replacing costly rugs and carpets with a sanitary, fragrant matting "strictly home grown." Years ago the idea of utilizing this waste grass in the manufacture of matting origi-

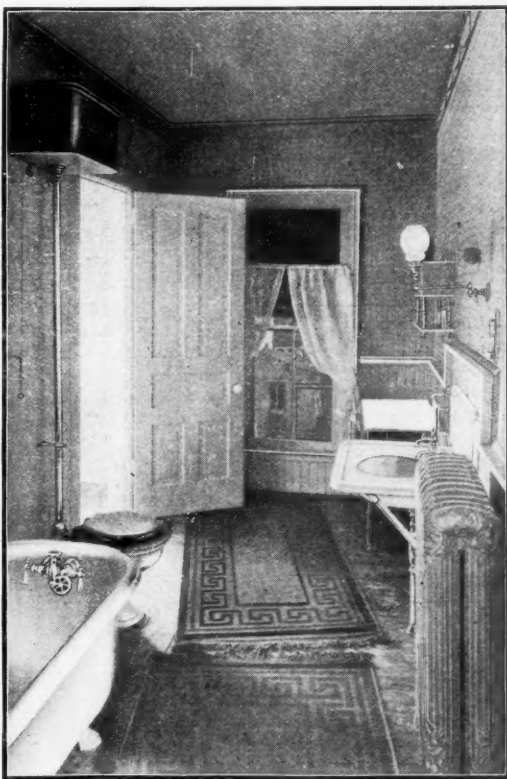
from "down East." In the storeroom were displayed many attractive and up-to-date designs of the output of this concern; orders from all parts of the world for the grass products of the Wisconsin marshes were being sent out. While the demand for this matting was at first confined to its use in summer

homes and warm climates, it is now coming into general use at all seasons of the year, in all climates, and is taking its place as an artistic floor covering in the markets of the world. It is being used on the broad aisles of churches and public buildings, and its special advantage is that it can be cleansed and sterilized without injury to the fabric—turn on the hose, allow your matting to dry, and you have it thoroughly cleansed and free from dust and dirt.

The weaving of this matting is done on much the same principle as that of any other carpeting, but the designs are stencilled. An attractive feature of the manufacture is the preparation of the grass for weaving. The peculiarity of the marsh product is that it is jointless and long. It is brought by the carload to the factory, over 4,000 tons being in the warehouse at the time of my visit. Large portions of the supply are necessarily eliminated in order to obtain the best "staple" and secure a strong "thread." Spear by spear the very best of the grass is selected for this purpose, laid side by side, and around these is wound the green cord from the bobbins by a process suggestive of carding wool or cotton. This making of the strands is important and is carefully watched. The completed product is of a pretty, natural green shade, and is known to the trade as "Delttox," a coined word which has become familiar to everyone who has a home to furnish or requires floor covering of undoubted wearing and sanitary qualities.

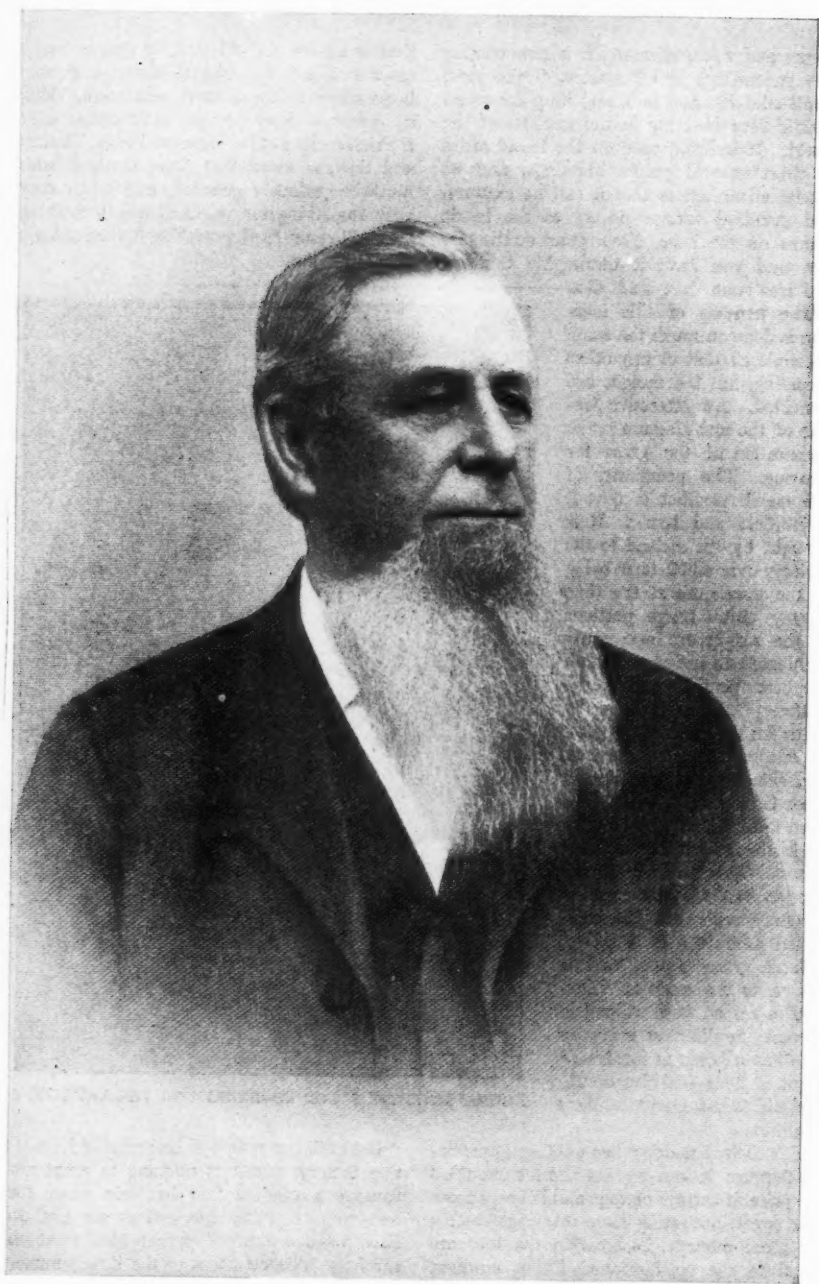
The Delttox matting has another appreciable feature: it can be obtained for one-third the price of carpets or rugs and it keeps fresh and sweet, outlasting floor coverings costing far more money; its wearing qualities are equal to the old-fashioned China matting, and, in fact, it is the lineal descendant of those quaint blocks of red and pale yellow

that decorated the old matting that in many cases outlived its original owner and was bequeathed to the second generation. Rug connoisseurs who become enthusiastic over the rich designs of the looms of Persia, Turkey and Smyrna know that those costly fabrics must be jealously guarded, and when they wish something for practical use, something that will stand hard wear, they unhesitatingly choose Delttox.



A NEAT SANITARY FLOOR COVERING FOR THE BATHROOM

Oshkosh has reason to be proud of its matting factory, which is utilizing to great advantage a product that has lain waste for hundreds of years; housewives are glad to have a home product to save hard wear on carefully polished floors of the little summer cottage. Owing to its cheapness, and its hygienic and decorative attributes, orders are



LEANDER CHOATE OF OSHKOSH

coming in not only from all parts of America, but even from the Orient, hitherto regarded as the home and headquarters of this product.

As matting-making machinery has been improved to its present high efficiency, the cost of production has been gradually lowered, thus neutralizing the great difference in the price of home labor and that of Eastern countries producing grass matting. A tariff affording equitable protection will still further aid the industry that already owes much to the genius of American inventors, whose labor and time saving appliances enable our manufacturers to pay the higher wage scale which prevails in this country. The new and rapidly-growing grass matting industry ought to be given every consideration because it is in competition with the

Chinese and Japanese products, coming from countries where coolie labor is paid for at the starvation rate of ten cents per day, while the makers of Deltex matting receive from one dollar and a half to two dollars per day, and yet manage to sell the product at a reasonable price.

Now that so much is being done for the conservation of natural resources, it ought to be remembered that, in addition to the creation of a new industry, the makers of Deltex matting are utilizing a natural resource which is of absolutely no use in any other capacity. Such an industry is certainly playing a prominent part in the consumption of America's natural products, by compelling even the damp fens of marsh and lowland to yield their quota to the comfort and welfare of the race.

## BOTH SIDES OF BENZOATE OF SODA

By CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH

*EDITOR'S NOTE:—The readers of the National Magazine, like the great majority of the public, have doubts as to the use of Benzoate of Soda. Why is it, what is it and why do manufacturers wish to use it? The article that follows endeavors to present a fair and impartial resume of the facts so far as they are known.*

**D**URING a period of two years or more, the public has been treated to overwhelming doses of information on benzoate of soda, and even after two years of strenuous argument, charge and counter-charge, the average man or woman is inclined to class it with baking soda or prussic acid, according as the family paper has preselected the case. It will be the mission of the present writer to present the facts in the case, for the matter is one that vitally affects the nation.

To begin with, benzoate of soda is in reality benzoic acid neutralized with soda, and benzoic acid is a natural product found in many fruits and plants, as well as animals, being placed there, we are told by the chemists, for the sole purpose of arresting decay. It is as applied to this use that it interests the housewife, paterfamilias and the children. It is nearly two years now since Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who has been connected with the

Department of Agriculture at Washington in the capacity of a chemical specialist, whose duty it was to investigate and report on the suitability of certain soils for the growing of certain cereals, was induced to turn his attention to certain questions concerning foods. Dr. Wiley induced a number of young men in the employ of the Department of Agriculture to submit themselves to him as members of "a poison squad"; in other words, they were to be fed at the expense of the government, and in their food there was to be mixed a predetermined quantity of some supposed-to-be-poisons.

Dr. Wiley after a certain period published the results of his observations, and drew public attention to the fact that there were in many food products, definite poisons. He pointed out that meats had been preserved with borax, that milk had been treated with formaldehyde, that saltpeter had been used



in the preserving of hams and bacon, that creosote was largely present in smoked meats, and that fruits and vegetables were kept from spoiling by benzoate of soda.

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Dr. Wiley prepared a bulletin for the Department of Agriculture in which he stated that benzoate of soda was a poison, and in support of that assertion he described the manner in which he had made the tests. He had during a period of twenty days administered benzoate of soda to the young men and had found certain conditions resulting from the use of the material. Upon this experiment Dr. Wiley made his statement that benzoate of soda was harmful. In the published reports, strangely enough, no mention was made of the previous condition of health of the members of the poison squad. In the *Medical Record* of January 2 of this year, however, Professor E. E. Smith, Director of Research of the Red Cross Hospital of New York, points out that Dr. Wiley, in his own report on the tests, admits that of the twelve men he subjected to the test, ten were suffering from coryza and colds—including tonsilitis—and one was just recovering from an attack of measles.

The report was brought to the attention of Theodore Roosevelt in February, 1908, and the President stated that the subject was so large a one that he believed the country at large was entitled to another opinion on the case. He appointed a commission of investigation composed of five of the most eminent chemists of the country: Professor Ira Remsen, president of Johns Hopkins University; Professor Russell H. Chittenden of Yale; Professor Christian A. Herter, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons (Columbia University) of New York; Professor John H. Long of the Northwestern University in Chicago, and Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor of the University of California.

These gentlemen at once arranged to hold long and exhaustive tests covering a period of four months at three different cities. In the last week of February of this year they made their report to President Roosevelt, and announced that they had failed to find any evidences of poison in benzoate of soda. The Department of Agriculture then issued a bulletin in which it officially announced that benzoate of soda, having been found to

be harmless, was thereby authorized by the department as a fit and proper preservative for foods.

So ends the actual official history of the case, but unfortunately the campaign between the manufacturers did not end there. Many insisted that they used no preservative whatever, and that as a consequence they did not see why it should be allowed; they persisted that preservatives of any sort were unnecessary if decent methods of preparation and sound materials were used in the making of catsups and preserves; they insisted that the only use of benzoate of soda by other manufacturers was for the purpose of making use of inferior classes of impure and refuse goods in a raw state. They built greatly upon the statement that they found it necessary to use no preservative of any kind whatever.

Then arose chemists all over the country who pointed out that benzoate of soda was a colorless, tasteless and odorless salt, and naively inquired of the manufacturers how it was possible to conceal the taste, appearance or odor of decayed fruits or vegetables with a salt of this kind. To this there was naturally no answer. However, the campaign of charge and counter-charge has gone on until in self-defense the manufacturers who make use of benzoate of soda, believing in it, have stated their side of the case.

In place of permitting the use of inferior materials, said these men, benzoate of soda places a premium on the use of the best materials that can be purchased, for, as it is manifestly impossible to conceal a bad taste or odor with a tasteless and odorless salt, it would be the height of folly to use these bad materials, for their presence would be at once made known. On the other hand, they went on, the use of the old-fashioned method of preserving with sugar, vinegar and spices, excellent though it might have been in the years gone by, had permitted the very abuse that the users of it decried. Heavy spices and vinegars at once destroyed the taste and smell of anything that had been used. Semi-decayed tomatoes, for instance, could well be introduced into catsup, and their presence amply concealed by the spices and other condiments of a pungent nature, such, for example, as cloves, cinnamon, etc. They went a little further and pointed out that when it was said that no preservative was used, a

direct untruth was stated, for there was not and is not a product on the market that will keep for three days after being opened, unless some preservative is used. In the case of the no-preservative method, the chemists pointed out that vinegar and the essential oils of spices when combined with the natural acidity of the original fruits or vegetables produced the chemical known as acetic acid, and that there was no dispute as to the effect this acid had upon the human organs.

Summed up, the situation resolves itself impartially into the fact that the statement that no preservatives are necessary in properly prepared products is true to a limited extent. Canned foods, such as soups, peas, beans, beets, corn, etc., require no preservative, as they are consumed immediately upon opening the can, and *no preservative is ever used by any manufacturer whatever who makes these goods.* Vegetables and fruits that are to be opened and then kept open for many days or weeks perhaps—even the purest possible products—will breed bacteria in definitely proportionate ratio as long as the foods are left open. A preservative of some sort is absolutely necessary if bacteria are to be prevented from forming in such foods as catsups, jams, etc., that are not consumed immediately. This statement then comes down to the cold fact that it is necessary to either use a preservative or incur the risk of ptomaine poisoning. Many housewives believe that if such a product as the foregoing is removed from the can and placed in a glass jar no ill effects can accrue. This is a mistake. Bacteria do not form because of the original can or jar, but because of the natural processes of decay, and this decay can

only be prevented by a preservative of some sort, whether it is acetic acid produced from vinegar and spices or whether it is benzoate of soda.

Almost precisely the same outcry was raised some years ago concerning the sugar industry. Sugar was originally made from cane. Then the food chemists learned that it could be prepared from beets, and the country still rings from the effects of that battle. Those first in the sugar field objected to the idea that progress of any sort could be made, and they charged beet sugar with all the crimes on the saccharine calendar, but beet sugar made its way, with the result that the proportion of cane sugar that is now manufactured is small by comparison. It is the old, old battle between conservatism and progress. We do things because our grandparents did them in that way, and will continue to do them in that way until a better method is found. Then that better method must stand up and fight, for the vested interests object to a change.

The cold hard facts of the benzoate of soda question, judged entirely on their merits, are that the antagonists who have pressed the charges have failed to make out a case, and have been overruled by the Supreme Court of Chemistry appointed by Theodore Roosevelt. The war is not over yet, for the opponents of the newer method will fight hard and in the future will die fighting. It is the defeat of the old by the new, and in the meantime the public may expect to be treated to many varieties of charge and counter-charge, none of which, however, will affect the ultimate result to which we are always tending, viz., progression.



# GREAT BANKING ACHIEVEMENTS

By W. C. JENKINS

ST. LOUIS was settled as a trading post in 1764, eighty-two years after La Salle had hoisted his flag at the mouth of the Meche-Sepe—the “Father of Waters.”

It was occupied by Spanish troops in 1771, and was under Spanish rule for thirty years. In 1800 great anxiety was felt, for, after a short peace, France and England were again on the eve of war; and the latter, with her

“I have given England a maritime rival that will humble her pride.”

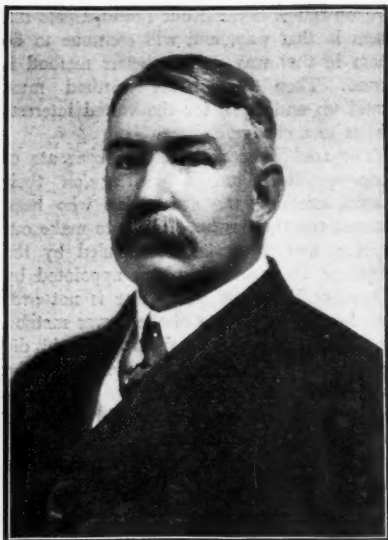
Captains Lewis and Clark were commissioned to explore this vast region, and put forth from St. Louis in the summer of that year upon their hazardous journey, with the result that vast solitudes were changed into flourishing districts, preparing ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures.

It is a fitting coincidence that the National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis, with a capital and surplus exceeding the amount paid for this vast territory, should mark the site of their departure.

Among American financial institutions there are few whose history is more interesting, and there is none with a record of achievement that stands out more prominently than that of the bank above mentioned.

The average American citizen gazes with admiration at the success of individuals, but the remarkable record of a corporation does not receive deserving plaudits, although whatever success attends corporations may be traced directly to the well-directed energy of individuals who have been at the helm. This is particularly true of Missouri's great banking institution, whose history it was my pleasure to study while in St. Louis.

The National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis received its original charter from the General Assembly of Missouri February 14, 1857. Its name was then the St. Louis Building and Loan Association, and as indicated by the name, it had authority to engage in the business of a building and loan association. Full banking privileges had, however, been conferred by the charter, and the charter members decided to confine themselves to the latter. The capital stock was placed at \$500,000, divided into a thousand shares at \$500 each. The original records show that there were 605 subscribers and that no subscriber took more than six shares. The stock was to be paid for in monthly installments of two dollars per



Portrait by J. C. Strauss, St. Louis

BENJAMIN F. EDWARDS  
President National Bank of Commerce, St. Louis

superior power on the sea, might have easily wrested from France her possessions in America, in which case the United States could scarcely have maintained her dearly-bought independence. President Jefferson in 1803 entered into successful negotiations with France for the country known as the Territory of Louisiana, at a cost of \$15,000,000, designating St. Louis as the seat of government. Upon signing the treaty, Bonaparte remarked:

share, and if this plan had been adhered to, the bank would not have received its full working capital for sixteen years. That would be considered rather slow these days, but it was too rapid then for some of the stockholders for what has since become one of the strongest banks in the country.

The first meeting of the association after the stock had been subscribed was held March 25, 1857, and a board of directors was chosen. On July 6, 1857, the bank opened for business, at which time the capital paid in amounted to \$8,500. The financial panic which swept over the country in 1857 retarded the growth of the new enterprise, and made it impossible to collect the assessments as they became due. Through persistent effort, however, \$36,500 had been collected on the capital account, and the bank was slowly but surely gaining a foothold. In January, 1863, \$200,000 had been paid in; and, availing itself of a new provision in the statutes, the association reduced the par value of its shares to \$100, and returning the old stock, issued 2,000 shares of full-paid stock, making the capital \$200,000.

In May, 1864, subscription books were opened for \$100,000, additional capital stock to increase the amount to \$300,000. This was all taken by the shareholders and was paid in on July 1, 1864.

On April 11, 1866, a proposition was voted upon to create a surplus fund by reserving the profits of the bank for five years. It was carried by a vote of 2,107 to 143. On November 3, 1868, the stockholders voted to change the name of the association to "Bank of Commerce," the change to take effect January 1, 1869. On July 30, 1871, the stockholders voted to adopt the plan of accumulation, which had worked so successfully as a permanent fixed principle of the bank.

On July 25, 1878, on the written request of the holders of 2,017 shares of the capital stock, the board ordered the resumption of dividends on July 1, 1878. The capital of the bank at that time amounted to \$300,000,

and the surplus fund to about \$800,000. On July 1, 1882, the remaining 2,000 shares of authorized capital of the bank were sold to the shareholders at the price of \$400 per share, making the total capital of the institution \$500,000, and the surplus fund \$1,500,000. The capital and surplus remained at these figures, the earnings in the meantime being paid out as dividends, until, in the fall of 1889, the directors concluded to submit to the shareholders a proposition to avail themselves of the national



THE NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE OF ST. LOUIS

bank act, and convert the Bank of Commerce into a national banking association. The change was authorized by an almost unanimous vote of the shareholders, and the proper forms having been complied with, the bank was authorized on December 14, 1889, to transfer its business to the National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis, under which title it opened for business on December 16, 1889, with a capital of \$500,000, a surplus of \$1,000,000, and undivided profits of \$1,500,000. On December 31, 1889, the undivided profits were capitalized, and the capital stock increased to \$3,000,000.

The growing business of the institution and the rapid development of the great Southwest, tributary to St. Louis, made it advisable to still further increase the enormous capital of the institution, and on March 21, 1899, the capital stock was increased to \$5,000,000, by selling to the shareholders 20,000 shares at \$200 per share, the premium being placed to the credit of the undivided profits of the bank. This gave the bank a capital of \$5,000,000, and surplus and undivided profits \$3,000,000. July 7, 1902, additional shares were sold, making the capital \$7,000,000, and surplus and undivided profits \$8,000,000. February 14, 1907, the capital was again increased, and on February 5, 1909, stood \$10,000,000, with \$8,491,515.32, surplus and profits. A statement of the resources made February 5 showed a total of \$96,721,630.07.

The foregoing transactions show the progress made in increasing the fixed capital of the institution from the first payment of \$2,500 to its present magnificent proportions. The returns in this institution to the shareholders seem almost incredible. Under the state charter, the operation of the bank continued for thirty-two and one-half years, during which time the cash dividends which were paid to shareholders aggregated \$472.50 per share, or an average of fourteen and one-half per cent. per annum; and at the close of that period, the bank paid \$400 per share in liquidation, making a return for the thirty-two and one-half years of twenty-four per cent. per annum, besides returning the original investment. During the nineteen years of its career as a national bank, it has paid out to its shareholders, up to and including January 1, 1909, \$13,010,000, and there is now in the surplus fund and undivided profits, \$8,401,515.32.

Of the present board of directors, S. M. Dodd is the senior member. He is now serving his fiftieth year as a director, having been elected to that position in November, 1859. Another member of the board whose length of service is noticeable is James W. Bell, who was elected a director January 8, 1878, and has served in that capacity for thirty-one years.

Some idea of the immense volume of business handled by the bank may be obtained when it is stated that the aggregate of the transactions last year, including all

monies, checks, drafts, etc., received, and those paid out, was the stupendous sum of \$5,546,124,727.27.

There is always a cause for success as well as for failure. It is not difficult to trace the cause for the magnificent success achieved by the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis. A more methodical system of banking does not prevail in any institution in this country. From indisputable sources, I learned that the broad humanity which has always characterized the management of this bank has been of inestimable value in the industrial development of the great Southwest. This can better be realized when we are aware of the unassuming kindness on the part of this bank's management during the many years of its existence, in showing young men their correct path of duty, and in leading them to the foot of the commercial ladder and encouraging them to ascend. It is perhaps no exaggeration to state that there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of business men and manufacturers who in the early days of their careers have been taken by the hand by the managers of this great financial institution and encouraged and helped. They were given advice and assistance that were the stepping-stones to their success.

The management of the bank has always been in the most progressive hands, liberal in its treatment to the public, confining itself entirely to strict banking operations, believing thoroughly in the future of St. Louis, and that section of the country. Through the several stringent financial periods the bank was guided intelligently, and its course in every crisis was eagerly watched by every banking institution in the great Southwest. By the liberal treatment to its large corps of employees, the management has secured their loyal and enthusiastic support, as well as the friendship and good wishes of the thousands of customers, who come in daily contact with the employees, and who are their personal friends, and as such are thoroughly appreciative of the courteous and generous treatment accorded them. The remarkable growth and success of the institution is probably due as much to the loyalty of its employees and customers and their pride in its progress, as to the careful management which has directed its course through all of the trying times in its



career. One of the directors informed me that during his thirty years' connection with the institution, he had never known a moment of friction or discord in the board of directors or among the officers.

Benjamin F. Edwards, president of the National Bank of Commerce, owes his rise from a humble clerkship in his boyhood days to the presidency of the largest bank west of the Mississippi River to his own energy and ability. It is a position such as only a man of strong character could fill. The prosperity of great industries and the destinies of numberless individuals are in his hands, but there are few men in whom the people of a state, or section of the country, have more confidence than is reposed in Mr. Edwards.

Mr. Edwards was elected president on

September 9, 1908. He is a selfmade man in every respect, and the history of his career is in itself an encouragement to every worthy and ambitious young man. Since his seventeenth birthday, when he began to earn his own living, his business career has been one of gradual and successful accomplishment. In 1887 he engaged in the brokerage business with his father, General A. S. Edwards, who was for twenty-two years United States assistant treasurer at St. Louis, and whose appointment, it is believed, was the last made by Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Edwards continued with the firm until 1892, when he became assistant cashier of the National Bank of Commerce. In 1899 he was elected cashier, and in 1904 he became vice-president of the bank.

## WINNING BANKING DISTINCTION IN OKLAHOMA

Nowhere in the United States is the subject of banking being given greater consideration than in Oklahoma at the present time. This in consequence of the enactment by the first legislature of a guaranty banking law which has attracted wide attention. Whether its application will be of any real benefit to the banks or their depositors cannot be determined at this time, as the law has been in operation but a year and has not been subjected to an adequate test.

Oklahoma at the present time has 603 state banks, and under the new law in Oklahoma 136 state bank charters were issued last year. Of this number eighty-six were new state banks, thirty-four were national banks reorganized as state institutions, and fourteen were reorganized state banks. The average capital of these banks is about \$15,000, the national banks reducing their capital in reorganizing. The increase last year in state bank deposits was \$12,000,000, three millions of which would have been considered as national bank deposits one year ago. The national banks in the state have made no material gains in deposits.

The state of Oklahoma had many successful and time-honored banks before the guaranty law went into effect. The average Oklahoma banker is capable, energetic and honest; he is a man of more than ordinary ability in managing a bank, and is distin-

guished for his perseverance and patience. He went into the banking business in Oklahoma at the time when the territory was little else than a region of Indian trails and bison paths. He did not wait until others had created a successful commonwealth;



W. L. NORTON  
President Columbia Bank & Trust Company  
Oklahoma City

he went to Oklahoma and led the procession of pioneers who marched into the vast unknown region of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, and who have since transformed a wilderness into one of the most important states in the Union. There are a number of striking examples where men have won distinction in banking in Oklahoma, but none that stand out more prominently than the success achieved by the officers of the Columbia Bank and Trust Company of Oklahoma City.

\* \* \*

Believing that Oklahoma City is destined to become an important industrial and

call of February 5, 1909, showed the total deposits to be \$1,111,805.64, and cash and exchange \$830,666.16. On March 30, when this article was written, the deposits had reached \$1,500,000, making a gain of over a million dollars in five months. The bank is one of the two banking institutions in Oklahoma having a capital of \$200,000. They have one of the finest and most complete

banking rooms in the Southwest. The fixtures are marble and statuary bronze of the very finest quality.

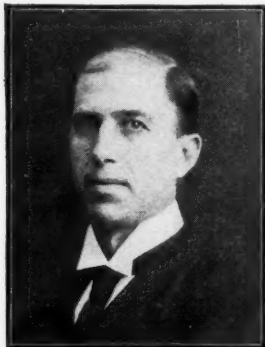
At the time the bank was organized, it was intended to do a trust business in connection with the bank, but in



T. C. Davis, Vice-President



V. D. Houston, Asst. Treasurer



H. H. Smock, Vice-President



W. A. Brooks

OFFICERS OF THE COLUMBIA  
BANK & TRUST COMPANY  
OF OKLAHOMA CITY

commercial center, Mr. W. L. Norton and associates purchased the Columbia Bank and Trust Company of Oklahoma City last October. This bank was established in 1905 by local citizens, and has always been regarded as one of the most conservative and carefully-managed financial institutions in the state. It has established a new record in banking circles in Oklahoma that has attracted a great deal of attention. The September 23rd, 1908, call showed deposits, \$365,686.01, and cash and exchange, \$170,110.95. The November 27th call showed the deposits increased to \$602,592.90, and cash and exchange to \$444,985.74, and the

October, when the present officers became identified with the institution, they decided to make the bank strictly a commercial bank, and to build up the business along those lines.

The officers are: W. L. Norton, president; H. H. Smock, vice-president; T. C. Davis, vice-president; W. A. Brooks, secretary and treasurer;

V. D. Houston, assistant treasurer; and they devote their entire time to the affairs of the bank.

Mr. Norton, the president, began his career as a banker eighteen years ago in New York State as a messenger, and filled every position in connection with the banking business. In 1904 he went to Oklahoma,

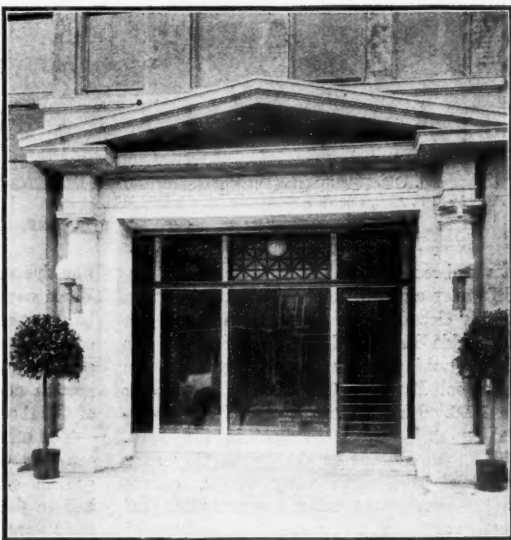
and has been a resident there since that time.

Mr. Norton deserves a high place in the ranks of business enterprise. He is an example of creative industry, great energy, splendid abilities, and with a grasp of conditions and possibilities that makes him a conspicuous figure in the broad field of production and commerce. His career has not been fashioned with pulp; it was hewn from the primitive rock and lettered with steel. His success in life has grown out of his quick illuminating comprehension of the full scope and detail of any business proposition submitted for his consideration, and if accepted, his judgment and energy in pushing it to the front. His ideal in business is system, and it is made to operate with the nicety of a watch. He is courteous to all, and his method of obtaining success is well worthy of imitation by ambitious young men.

Mr. Smock, vice-president of the Columbia, though comparatively a young man, went to Oklahoma sixteen years ago, and began his banking career in the territory at Newkirk. His success was notable and the manner in which he achieved it revealed the traits of character that attracted considerable attention, and he was appointed bank commissioner for Oklahoma in 1906. His identity with the Columbia Bank and Trust Company has without doubt been one of the important factors that have contributed to the remarkable success which that institution has experienced since reorganization. Mr. Smock is a typical example of Southwestern men who have achieved success through industry and perseverance. He is an untiring worker, and believes that the only way to win distinction in banking is to do things. He is not in favor of those who dream and are nursing great expectations. He believes there is opportunity in Oklahoma for distinction in financial institutions, and this is the goal towards which he is traveling.

Mr. T. C. Davis, vice-president, has been

in Oklahoma for four years, and is recognized as one of the men who went into that new country and won distinction and success by application and industry. Among Oklahoma's leading resources are the oil fields, and it was in the machinery supply business that Mr. Davis established himself as a successful man. He has never wasted energy in trying to reform everything, but kept on making a roadway to success. He has never stopped to argue with the wayfarer, but lost no time in going ahead. In that way he has won.



*Photo by J. B. Kent, Chandler, Oklahoma*

**COLUMBIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY**

The photographer has caught the reflection of the opposite side of the street. Note the horse and buggy

Mr. W. A. Brooks, secretary and treasurer, has had considerable banking experience. He has been successful in every business venture and believes in keeping everlastingly at it as the only way to win success. His philosophy is that men make themselves, so to speak, and a hundred other things if they are always busy. Mr. Brooks is an enthusiastic worker, not only for the bank, but for the advancement of Oklahoma City and Oklahoma.

Mr. V. D. Houston, assistant treasurer, has had considerable banking experience,

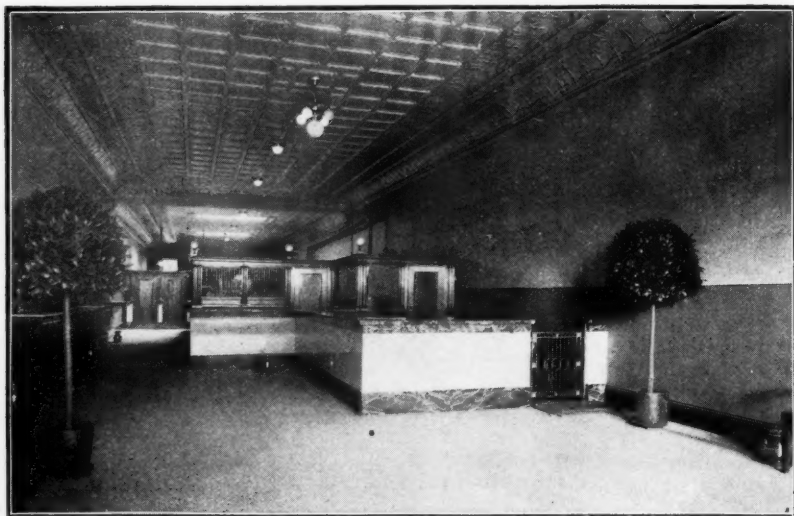


Photo by J. B. Kent, Chandler, Oklahoma

COLUMBIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY, OKLAHOMA CITY

having been identified with banks in Guthrie, Stillwater and Mounds, Oklahoma, previous to his election as assistant treasurer of the Columbia Bank and Trust Company. His first banking connections were with the National Bank of Commerce of Stillwater in 1899. Mr. Houston is careful and painstaking and very methodical in his work.

The importance of Oklahoma City as a financial and distributing center, cannot fully be understood unless a person visits that section of the great Southwest. As a financial center, Oklahoma City has recently won considerable distinction by standing practically at the head of the list of American cities for several weeks in the percentage of gains in clearing-house reports. The Columbia Bank and Trust Company has stood in the front rank of the Oklahoma banks which have won this distinction for their city. A city's prosperity may not be conclusively indicated by either its bank deposits or its bank clearings, but no city that shows the continuous growth in both deposits and clearings that Oklahoma City is showing can be lacking in prosperity. A city that is good for the banker is necessarily good for the business man.

The business fabric of Oklahoma City is interwoven into the prosperity of the banks.

For this reason the officers of the Columbia Bank and Trust Company believe that the bank owes a duty to its depositors and to the community at large to encourage, care for and assist in the conservative and healthy growth of the business interests of the city of Oklahoma, and, in fact, of the entire state.

The officers of this bank are greatly interested in the matter of present and future growth of Oklahoma, and they naturally believe that others can assist by transacting their financial affairs through the bank they have succeeded in placing upon such a solid foundation, and which is a splendid advertisement for the city.

The Columbia Bank and Trust Company invites the patronage of the little as well as the big depositor.

The stranger who visits Oklahoma City will find the officers of the Columbia Bank and Trust Company men of energy and courtesy. The field of activity is not restricted to the state of Oklahoma, but is limited only to that great territory known as the Southwest. The officers are recognized throughout Oklahoma and the Southwest as successful bankers in all the term implies. They have in five months established a record which has placed the Columbia Bank and Trust Company at the head of Oklahoma financial institutions.

# REFORMING THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

By W. C. JENKINS

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago the people of Iowa decreed by a majority of 30,000 that prohibition of the liquor traffic was the last analysis of this vexing problem, and a constitutional amendment, which it was hoped would exorcise for all times the spectre of intemperance from the state, was adopted.

The agitation for absolute prohibition began in 1878, and this year may very appropriately be said to mark the line of division between two distinct epochs in the history of liquor legislation in Iowa. The period before 1878 may be called the formation period, during which time various methods of dealing with the liquor problem were tried; and by 1878 there had evolved a firm conviction in the minds of a majority of the people that absolute prohibition should be put into effect. Subsequent to 1878 is clearly a constructive period in liquor legislation.

It has been charged that the saloon-keeper was himself to blame for the agitation in favor of total prohibition. His violation of the liberal law of Iowa at that time; his growing abuse of the liberty it gave him; his steady defiance of its penalties, and his offensive contempt for public opinion were the things that resulted in the storm which finally swept many out of business. It is undoubtedly true, too, that the authorities were lax in the performance of their duties, and prohibition can be traced in Iowa to both the saloon-keepers and the officers of the law.

Before the law was put in active operation, the Supreme Court of Iowa decided the amendment unconstitutional by reason of certain omissions pending its adoption.

Undaunted by the decision of the court, the advocates of prohibition renewed the agitation with increased vehemence, and in the course of time a prohibitory law was enacted, and with exceptions of Dubuque, Sioux City, Davenport, Muscatine, Keokuk, Clinton and Council Bluffs, all border cities on the Mississippi or Missouri Rivers, the open saloons in Iowa closed their doors on July 4, 1884.

Absolute prohibition was at last to be given a trial. Previous prohibitory laws had not imposed absolute prohibition, and hence there was much speculation as to the force of the law which was to go into effect. In many of the larger cities the law was not observed from the beginning, and efforts to enforce it were met with great opposition. In Burlington, on the Fourth of July, 1884, beer and wine were sold as freely as before. In some cases the front doors were closed, but the rear entrance stood open. At Marshalltown the immediate effect of the new law had evidently been the closing of all the saloons, but on the following Saturday a saloon gained notoriety and a large patronage by placing beer on tap. About noon the crowd was so large that customers had to wait thirty minutes to get their order filled. The saloon, however, was closed by the authorities, and the crowd, unable to get any more beer from that source, went to the city brewery and forced the owners to deliver the keys, and a scene of revelry followed.

Opposition to the enforcement of the prohibitory law resulted in acts of violence at Iowa City. Residences of prominent temperance advocates were stormed, and on August 13, when a trial for violation of the liquor law was being held in Scott township, a short distance from Iowa City, a mob of two hundred men broke up the trial, tarred and feathered one of the prosecuting attorneys and stormed the house in which he took refuge.

The spirit of mob violence and resistance to the enforcement of the law continued to manifest itself in various localities during 1885, and many severe conflicts occurred.

When the prohibitory law had been in effect a year, investigation showed that in some places prohibition was measurably successful, while in others the number of saloons was the same as before, and in many places the number of saloons had increased; but in the state there were three thousand saloons fewer than prior to July 4, 1884.



By the provisions of the pharmacy law of the state, all druggists were privileged to dispense whiskey and wines, modified only by condition that the proprietors should secure permits from the district court; and coupled with this proviso was another that purchasers should append their name and residence number to application blanks as a condition precedent to being served. No liquor could be drank upon the premises without inviting severe penalties, but when it became apparent that public sentiment had abated, thousands of "drug stores" sprang up over the state. Comfortable fortunes were made by men who dispensed grades of liquor that drove men to violate all sense of decency, and what followed has cast a disgraceful blot upon the history of the state.

In the city of Des Moines, with a population of 60,000, there were eighty-one "drug stores," and almost all were saloons under the guise of pharmacies.

Prompted by the opportunities offered, the city swarmed with official parasites who used the law as a club to extort blackmail from the "drug stores" and "holes in the wall"; and large revenues which had previously been paid into the city treasury found their way into private pockets. Even private residences, in which illegal dealers carried on their traffic, were raided by these constables, not in the interest of suppressing the "blind tigers," but for the money there was in it.

Those proprietors of drug stores who were apprehensive of the effect these raids would have upon their reputations, sought refuge by placing these marauding officials upon their pay-rolls.

The raids constantly became more frequent and the price exacted for immunity soared to outrageous heights, until the proprietors revolted and tragedies and turbulent affrays became of almost daily occurrence. Riots occurred, and not less than half a dozen murders followed in the train of official blackmail in Des Moines; and what was true of Des Moines was true in a lesser degree of the conditions in the smaller cities of the state.

Anomalous as it may seem, nearly if not quite as much liquor was being shipped into the state as before the enactment of the prohibitory law, and the ingenuity of the shippers incited much amusing comment. In one instance a shipment of Bibles was

seized at an express office. Investigation disclosed that they were merely paper boxes wrought in the shape and similitude of holy literature, and each contained a half dozen flasks of liquor.

The return swing of the pendulum of public opinion became conspicuously apparent in the campaign and election of 1889, when it was obvious that the prohibitory law had become lifeless and ignored in nearly every city in the state. In the 1889 election Horace Boies, the Democratic candidate for governor, received a plurality of 6,573 votes, and the Republicans slowly awoke to the fact that their long record of victories had been broken, and that they must soon retreat from their advanced positions on the prohibition question. Naturally, after such a decided reversal in what had seemed the accepted order in the political arena, the question of the best and most politic means of dealing with the liquor traffic was one which closely engaged the attention of the legislators who met at Des Moines in January, 1890. Horace Boies, the new governor, in his inaugural address expressed his attitude toward prohibition. "In considering this question," said he, "we cannot rightfully shut our eyes to the fact that a considerable portion of our population have been taught from infancy to believe that the moderate use of malt and vinous liquors at least is not criminal, but instead thereof that it is actually beneficial; and it cannot be expected that any statute, however strong, will be able to alter such convictions. Of all the means ever employed to improve the morals of men, that of excessive punishment is the least effective. A local option law would provide for prohibition in localities where it could be enforced, and at the same time would give those communities which did not favor prohibition an opportunity to regulate the liquor traffic by license." Further, Governor Boies said: "In my own judgment, the chief obstacle to the enforcement of the law lies in the fact that in and of itself it is a cruel violation of one of the most valued of human rights. By that act, Iowa stands convicted of first making the business of the brewer and wine-maker legal; of watching without warning the expansion of their business within her borders, until millions upon millions of the capital of her citizens had been invested therein; then coldly wiping it out without an effort to compensate those who

were ruined thereby." The governor urged upon the legislature the necessity of passing legislation for Iowa, "wise enough to exercise a practical control over a traffic that today is unrestrained in most of her centers of population."

The Republicans, however, still had a majority in the legislature, and since the Republican party had declared there should be no backward step on the prohibition question, the views of Governor Boies did not receive the approval of the legislature.

The four years from 1890 to 1894 may be characterized as a period of reaction against the prohibitory law. While the change of attitude may in part be attributed to political causes, it must also be admitted that the absolute failure of the prohibitory law in many localities, and the abuse to which it gave rise in some cases, induced a large number of people to about face on the question. It would be difficult in any other way to account for the decided change in the policy of the Republican party toward the regulation of the liquor traffic, or the enactment of the mulct law in 1894. Political parties seldom make any marked changes in their policies, unless it becomes apparent that such changes will bring more votes; nor are important laws modified or repealed, unless it is evident that a majority of the people demand such legislation.

Horace Boies was re-elected governor in 1891 by a larger plurality than at his first election, receiving 8,213 more votes than Hiram C. Wheeler, the Republican candidate. The entire Democratic state ticket was also elected, which had not been the case two years before. This second Democratic victory, more sweeping and decisive than the first one, is clearly an evidence that the people were becoming more and more dissatisfied with prohibition, since that question had been one of the chief issues of the campaign. Henceforth it became the ardent desire of the Republican leaders to induce their party to abandon its support of prohibition, as it was plain that a majority favored either a re-submission of the question to a vote of the people, or a local option law.

In the campaign of 1893 the Republican party had clearly modified its attitude toward prohibition, and in a plank in its platform virtually acknowledged its desire to get rid of a troublesome issue without committing

itself to any new policy. As a result, the state returned to its old-time Republican moorings, and elected a Republican governor by a majority of over thirty thousand.

When it became evident that prohibition would no longer satisfy the people, it was realized that something must be substituted for it, and many new systems were suggested. Among them the one that was received with the greatest favor was known as the no-license or mulct tax system, modeled for the most part after the Ohio law. The mulct law, which was enacted by the General Assembly of 1894, does not repeal the prohibitory law of 1884, which remains in full force; but in places where certain conditions are fulfilled, the local authorities may grant licenses. The mulct law works like a license law, but it is denied by the court that it is a license law, yet the state has the strange anomaly of one law breaking another. In cities of over 5,000 inhabitants, it requires the consent of a majority of the voters who have voted at the last preceding election. They must sign a petition to make it possible to open saloons. In smaller towns and cities, it requires a majority of sixty per cent. of the voters.

When these signatures have been procured, they are submitted to the county auditor and the board of supervisors, where they are carefully canvassed, and every doubtful vote thrown out. If John Smith signs his name as J. Smith on the poll book and John Smith on the petition, his vote is not counted.

The supervisors certify to the sufficiency of the petition, and the persons who desire to open saloons go before the city council, which body grants the necessary permission. The applicant for license must first pay a \$600 mulct tax, one half of which goes to the city and the other half to the county treasury. The municipalities may require any amount as a license fee from \$10 to an amount which would preclude the payment and which would, in effect, maintain absolute prohibition.

Saloons operating under the law must have only one door for ingress and egress and no cellar doors are permitted. There shall be no blinds, no obscene pictures, no music, no games of chance and no tables or chairs. All saloons must be closed at ten o'clock in the evening and remain closed until five o'clock the next morning, and must be closed on Sundays, election days and all legal holidays.

Nearly fifty counties of the state have adopted the mulct law and the annual tax collected is considerably in excess of a million dollars. In some cities the municipal license has been placed at seemingly prohibitive figures. Galva saloon-keepers pay a municipal license of \$2,200 in addition to the \$600 mulct tax.

The mulct law is far from being satisfactory to the people of Iowa. True, it has effectually driven out the "blind pigs," and plugged up the "holes in the walls," but it has made it possible for pettifogging attorneys and indolent people who assume the role of informers to acquire considerable money. The law allows the informer a certain fee, and if it were not for this fee there would seldom be prosecutions for any technical violations. It opens up an avenue for blackmailers to prey upon the individual engaged in the saloon business, and it is especially repugnant to the German population, who have been accustomed to enjoying their stein of beer around a table where conviviality and friendly discussions were characteristic features.

\* \* \*

In a six months' journey of investigation into the saloon conditions of the various cities between the Atlantic and the Pacific, I have been enabled to observe the energetic efforts being put forth by a majority of the brewers to greatly improve the liquor traffic and to remove the objectionable features. This attitude is not general, however, and there are men at the head of brewing institutions who care little for the ethics of morality so long as the people do not complain. A representative of a brewing concern in Bloomington, Illinois, where little observance of the law is apparent, endeavored to shield himself behind his opinion that Bloomington did no more than Springfield was doing in the way of violation. As a matter of fact, the Springfield brewers are co-operating, wherever possible, with the authorities to weed out all objectionable men who are engaged in the traffic.

A Salt Lake brewer brazenly stated that he cared nothing for the sentiment in the South or East. His line of duty impelled him to keep an eye on President Smith of the Mormon church, and as long as he was silent there was nothing to fear. Some of

the saloons in Salt Lake City are a disgrace to the State of Utah.

Perhaps nowhere in the United States are the saloons less objectionable than in Los Angeles. The city has limited the number of licenses which may be issued to two hundred, and a saloon license in Los Angeles is like a franchise, as it possesses a considerable monetary value. There are saloon privileges in Los Angeles that could not be purchased for \$50,000, and the owners of these privileges fully realize that any violation of the liquor laws renders their licenses insecure.

The San Francisco brewers have combined with the wholesale liquor dealers and allied industries, and have organized for the purpose of effectually removing many of the objectionable features which in days gone by have characterized the liquor traffic in San Francisco. The result of their labors is recognized by the conservative business element, and many persons, who were formerly hostile to the brewer, are inclined to give him due credit for his good intentions.

In Denver, and in fact other Colorado cities, the suppression of vices which oftentimes go hand in hand with the liquor traffic is under the control of an organization which has won considerable praise for the results of its labors during the past few years. The gentlemen at the head of the organization, which is composed largely of brewers and wholesale liquor dealers, have informed the Denver saloon-keepers that no sympathy or assistance can be expected if they violate any feature of the license law, and, as a result, the liquor traffic is conducted upon the most orderly lines.

Lincoln, Nebraska, is experimenting with a seven o'clock closing ordinance. It is without question an absolute failure, in that its effect is anything but elevating to the cause of temperance. Instead of patrons of saloons dropping in during the evening to get a glass of beer, they now purchase flasks of whiskey before the closing hour, and excessive indulgence is practiced on the street and in the homes of many people, who, if they could go to the saloon for a drink, would never think of the bottle. This kind of legislation stimulates the sale of whiskey and largely curtails the sale of beer, which as a promoter of intemperance and crime is by far the least harmful.

Upwards of a year ago the Wisconsin and

Milwaukee Brewers Association passed a resolution condemning disorderly and disreputable places where liquor was sold and dispensed, and offered to co-operate with local authorities in the correction of all abuses connected with the retail sale of all intoxicating liquors.

In furtherance of such resolutions, both of such associations have rendered valuable aid and assistance to local authorities in cleaning up places resorted to by those of dissolute character, and have aided in bringing to the bar of justice saloon-keepers who intentionally disregard the law prohibiting the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards, and who permitted indecent and lewd conduct in their licensed places.

These associations have done this work quietly and energetically, at their own expense, in an effort to elevate the character of the saloon and of the saloon-keeper, and to make it what it ought to be.

In the city of Milwaukee the authorities have succeeded in rooting out upwards of a hundred places of this character, and in various portions of the state, work along the same lines has been quietly but effectively accomplished.

Two years ago the Brewers Association assisted in securing the passage of a law limiting the number of saloon licenses that might be granted to a certain population; and providing also that the licensees should not only be men of good character, full-fledged citizens of the United States, and of the state and locality in which they applied for license, but that they should be men who have never been convicted of any felony; also prohibiting the granting of licenses in purely residential districts, and providing for the removal of licensees from residential districts upon the petition of the residents therein.

The association has under consideration at the present time various other measures intended and calculated to elevate the character of the saloon and of the licensees and their assistants, and to fix the responsibility more directly and positively for any infraction of the law, and particularly with reference to dance halls in connection with saloons, and the gathering together of young people.

The brewers of Wisconsin have always evinced a willingness to co-operate with the authorities in the maintenance of the law;

and while they may have been passive in the past, during the last two years they have been active in their support and suggestion of remedies for existing evils. They have been the pioneers in the movement to clean up and correct the abuses connected with the retail liquor business, but have done their work unostentatiously and without brass band attachment. All they ask is fair treatment and an opportunity to show by effective work that they are with the authorities so long as the authorities are in favor of regulation rather than prohibition. They realize that it is impossible in one, two or even three years to correct all of the abuses connected with the retail trade which have been tolerated and grown up through the past several years, and that it is only by persistent and constant endeavor that these evils can be corrected.

The brewers of Chicago, with the assistance of the saloon-keepers association, have accomplished a great deal in ridding the city of objectionable saloon conditions. Slot machines have been generally if not altogether removed from saloons and automatic music machines have been practically abolished. Gambling has been totally suppressed in Chicago in the saloons as well as in other places. Recently, many licenses have been revoked by the mayor, the owners of which did not heed the warning given by the saloon-keepers and brewers associations. It has been publicly announced by the association that the reform movement will continue and that the brewers and reputable saloon-keepers will aid the authorities in every feasible manner in creating conditions that will be free from objections.

During my visit to Detroit I found the Michigan brewers strongly organized, with the object of removing all the objectionable features of the liquor traffic in their state. The Detroit brewers are co-operating with the police department in the maintenance of law and order, and it is their policy to refuse assistance of any nature to saloon-keepers who wilfully violate the law. Police Commissioner Smith informed me that the Detroit brewers never antagonize the department in the suppression of vice in the saloon, but on the other hand lend valuable aid in bringing to the bar of justice anyone who disregards the license law in any way.



By BENNETT CHAPPLE

ACCORDING to one of the greatest experts on transmission of the human voice, the limitations of deafness will soon be practically removed. This hope is firmly based on the fact that deaf persons who have not hitherto been able to obtain an alleviating device, constructed along scientific principles, to facilitate their hearing are within reach of the remedy. The newly perfected Aurophone has removed the disablement under which deaf persons have always labored, and by its use their hearing is restored to a condition akin to normal.

The Aurophone is the achievement of many years of patient investigation. Thousands have been permitted to give it a thorough trial. That deafness can now be conquered by using the Aurophone is beyond the peradventure of a doubt. Amplifying the sound waves, the instrument enables any deaf person—even where the trouble is deep-seated and of long standing—to hear without effort. It is a sort of telephone that multiplies a sound a hundredfold. Small in size, it can be worn most inconspicuously.

Those afflicted with deafness are by its aid permitted to resume their activities in society or business. Especially is the invention a boon to business men, enabling them to engage in conferences; and in social intercourse it is invaluable in removing the embarrassment to which deaf persons are peculiarly sensitive. It is readily used in all public places such as churches and theatres, conventions and other large gatherings. A sermon or a speech, through its help, may be distinctly heard within the ordinary range of

the speaker's voice, just as if the auditor were in close earshot.

The Aurophone is manufactured by the Mears Ear Phone Company, 45 West 34th Street, New York.

\* \* \*

THE unparalleled popularity of the first volume of "Heart Throbs" has evoked a very general demand from all parts of the country for a second volume. Clippings of favorite verse and prose selections have continued to come in ever since it was announced that a second volume would some day be printed; and we possess a large and increasing collection of splendid material which ought to be preserved in a companion volume to the great original "Heart Throbs."

We now invite further contributions, the only condition being that they are not already included in the first volume of "Heart Throbs." A great many readers have written us that, for some reason, they were unable to send in their selections before the date of going to press with the first volume. For a very short time, you may remedy this oversight, and send along those verses or that sentiment which for months you have had pinned on the wall or the pin-cushion, and which you delayed sending to us in time before.

No book of selections has ever awakened so much interest throughout the world as "Heart Throbs"—a fact which is verified by thousands of letters received at this office from all parts of the globe. The only drawback in connection with it was that one



volume of 450 pages could not contain the great mass of poems, songs and prose selections, worthy of preservation, which were sent in by the people. Remember this is not our book, but yours, so don't delay in sending in your selection for the second volume of "Heart Throbs." This we mean shall be as complete as it is possible for us to make it. It will be a handsome addition to your library, for the two volumes will give the favorite selections from English and contemporary literature, not only of the greatest leaders in literature, but of thousands of people. These books will hold the highest place in honor, for they vivify the thrilling memories of childhood, and appeal at the same time to the finest instincts of youth, maturity and honorable old age. If you wish to have your favorites included send them in at once.

If you have not yet secured a copy of the first volume, send for it now, in order that you may see the splendid work done by 50,000 people. We would like to have 50,000 more represented in the second volume.

Such a selection, if made by any individual scholar or literary board, would be the work of a whole lifetime, and even then it would only reflect the tastes and creations of one or a group of persons; but with the co-operation of 50,000 people we have secured a book of unrivaled interest—one that is already the most cherished literary work in many of the libraries and the favorite anthology or work of reference for many writers and orators of national reputation, because it represents the heart favorites of so many of the great mass of plain people, who may be assumed to fairly represent the English-speaking world and final tribunal of literary merit of the present age.

\* \* \*

#### WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

THE more carefully one observes affairs at Washington during the present administration, the more one is impressed with the fact that everything is run on a distinctively up-to-date basis. While the stately old coach-and-four has been supplanted by the automobile as the presidential carriage; while the airship contests have been conducted under presidential surveillance at Fort Meyer, and wireless connections have been made with almost every ship in the navy, it is not

surprising that the man who sits in the presidential chair has at his elbow the very latest in telephone invention—that link that unites all industrial, political and, it might almost be said, international, communications.

Very impressive photographs have been printed of President Taft sitting at the telephone. The first shows him with his philosophic aspect giving the first "hello"; the next with the dawning of a genial smile, as he utters the affirmative "yes, yes," or "no, no," as the conversation varies; then he is seen with a far-away, listening expression.

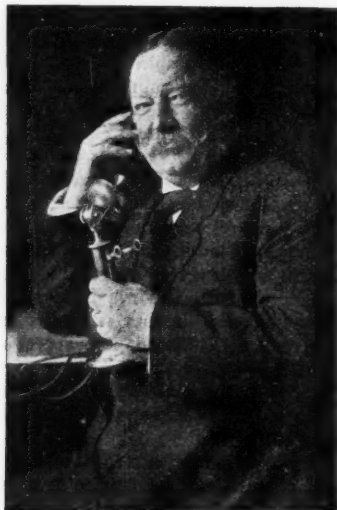


FRED EMERSON BROOKS

Author of "I Know That My Redeemer Lives!"

Have you ever noticed that the expression on the face of a "telephoner" is precisely the same as when a man speaks face to face—the same genial smile, the same thoughtful air, the same eager, listening expression. So President Taft at the telephone, is the text of an unique booklet, printed by the Western Electric Company, entitled, "Satisfaction." The concluding picture of the series, "Am I Satisfied?" shows an expression of face that is not likely to be soon forgotten.

The little booklet also contains epigrammatic sayings and aphorisms by the Presi-



AN OPTIMIST

dent, which show at a glance the predominant part which the telephone plays in all modern affairs, to say nothing of the saving of time effected, and the relief from anxiety afforded by eliminating the delay of waiting from the writing of a letter to the receiving of a reply "by return mail." Or even the delay between telegrams flashed over the wires, for nothing travels so swiftly as the human voice.

These unique photographs were taken by Messrs. Harris & Ewing, and are issued in this booklet by their permission. The Western Electric Company are the largest manufacturers of equipments for all concerns where telephone wires are used, whether in public building, business concern or office or in the home library, corporation or private lines. This little booklet not only tells its own story of the value of telephone connection, but has a business moral exceedingly suggestive of modern advancement.

\* \* \*

#### DO YOU KNOW "BOUILLABASE"

THE Georgians feasted President Taft upon "possum and 'taters," while the citizens of New Orleans gave him alligator steak and "bouillabaise." Now, if you do not know what "bouillabaise" is, we can tell you

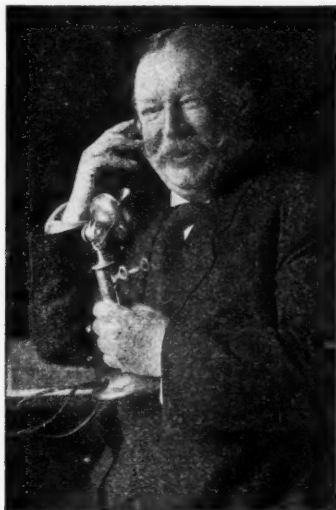
of what it is "compounded," having sampled it at the Taft banquet. It includes six slices of red snapper, six slices of red fish, half a bottle of white wine, half a lemon, six fresh tomatoes, three onions, three cloves of garlic and three bay leaves. Now if you don't think you will like it—order something else.

\* \* \*

EVERY now and then we hear of the young man discouraged and disgruntled with life, who feels that if he only had a gold mine or could be the president of a gigantic trust, in a few years he would develop into the best and cleverest man alive.

"As soon as I get a few dollars ahead I am going to jump this job—there is too much hard work here for me."

With this spirit, the probability is that he never gets ahead, and the "few dollars" remain "in the air." Kid-glove jobs are seldom handled by such hands. The boy who is willing to begin in overalls, ready to take up the hickory shirt proposition if necessary, and live along strictly economic lines involving some personal sacrifice, the boy who has a definite purpose to push ahead—that is the boy who gets on in life. There is much



AT THE TELEPHONE

more at stake in a job than the salary. This recalls the incident of the office boy who was found one day washing a window during spare time at the noon hour. He found out the janitor was ill and the windows needed washing.

"What are you doing?" inquired the youth in the kid gloves, who entered to get a "position."

"Well," said the window-washer, "this glass looked so dirty I hated to have our customers see it."

"That's the janitor's work—what's it got to do with you?"

Jimmy was the sort of chap who not only did the work assigned to him, but looked out for other jobs that needed to be done, aside from eternally thinking of pay day and watching the face of the clock. He never cared if he was chided by his companions for doing the work that ought to be attended to by others—and wasn't. When the stranger waited in the outer office, it was Jimmy who saw that he had a chair and a newspaper, for he was extremely polite. He was asked:

"Why are you so courteous to those old fools?" He replied:

"It would be bad business policy for me

to be otherwise, because here's where I represent my firm."

He was part and parcel of that business, and in his conscientious little soul he wanted to do it credit.

"You can foretell Jimmy's future by the way he is taking hold of his work, and by his interest in the firm."

This remark by the manager was no idle prophecy, for Jimmy was soon a manager himself.

\* \* \*

#### HAMBURG-AMERICAN OFFICES

ON the site of the first habitations erected by a white man in New York City, stand the new offices of the Hamburg-American line; on the front of the building is a tablet fittingly marking this as one of the few veritable historic landmark sites of New York. Here, in 1613, four houses were built by the commander of the good ship "Tiger." Here the "Onrest" (restless), the first vessel constructed by Europeans on American soil, was built and launched in 1614.

Passing into the main entrance hall, the beautiful color-tones and exquisite finish of its costly marble and bronzes impresses upon the visitor the fact that he stands in one of the finest steamship offices in the world.

The artistic design and decoration of the first-cabin department are truly works of art, worthy of careful study in themselves, and also as a phase of the evolution of business which has made this office the most ornate and magnificent steamship headquarters in the Western Hemisphere.

The words, "Hamburg-American," engraved in the gray stone, combine with richly-wrought emblems of marine life, history, legend and myth, supported on either side by the coats of arms of the United States and of the ancient city of Hamburg, a free city long blessed with peace and prosperity, and proud of her time-honored legend, "*Die welt ist mein feld*" ("the world is my field"). Dados and panels are of the famous French brechefleure marble, in the style of the French renaissance; dolphins intertwined compose the candelabra, and all the marble figures suggest something of the mystery and "the magic of the sea." All the woodwork is of rich mahogany, including the great counter across which passengers obtain their tickets, which is a conspicuous feature of the handsome office furniture.

Decorative effect has not been sought to the exclusion of comfort, for no offices in the country are better supplied with those little conveniences which mean much to the employees as well as patrons. Filtered air, heated or cooled as required, is distributed throughout the building. The suggestion of the ease and luxury of a voyage on a Hamburg liner, apparent in the office, is carried out in practical form even in the third cabin and steerage departments of the ships.

Many distant lands—almost every part of the world can be reached by the boats of the Hamburg-American, whose fleet numbers more steamers than any other line, and the development of whose business has been one of the wonderful incidents of the marine merchant and passenger traffic of recent years.

\* \* \*

#### "HEART THROBS" IN ASIA

FROM the Island of Penang, off the Malay Peninsula, at the extreme southern end of Asia, comes a letter inquiring about "Heart Throbs," which goes to show that this famous gift book of ours, following the example of the American battlefleet, is encircling the globe. To those who are away from their own kith and kin and isolated on

land or sea, this is a peculiarly appealing volume, for one never tires of reading the old-time poems, bits of sentiment, witty anecdotes and sketches which number 840 selections, and fill four hundred and seventy pages. If you have friends on the frontier, in the Army or the Navy, or who are about to start on a long journey to foreign lands, be assured that a copy of "Heart Throbs" will enable them to pass many a pleasant hour, and cause many heart throbs as the reading of these literary treasures from old scrap-books brings to mind the dear ones at home.

\* \* \*

#### LOOK FOR OFFICE FURNITURE

THE special article in office furniture which we wanted was seen at the New England Food Fair and obtained at the American Furniture Exchange, 6 Alden Street, Boston. Before making the selection, accompanied by Mr. T. H. McCool, the manager, we looked at handsome quartered-oak and mahogany, sanitary, roll-top, flat-top desks and filing cabinets of every imaginable description, occupying 30,000 feet of floor space. Executive and bank tables were here, all finely finished with elegantly matched wood, masterpieces of the cabinet-maker's art. Here also were cash registers, silent-salesmen and counter showcases of infinite variety.

Like Mr. McCool, the employees of the American Furniture Exchange are quick to offer business-like suggestions drawn from wide experience in fitting offices. The prices are very reasonable, considering the excellent office furniture secured. In fitting out young business men, infant factories and new stores with office furniture and fixtures, the American Furniture Exchange terms are always moderate, and hundreds of young men pay a tribute to the friendly help and installment consideration of this experienced firm of furnishers. Newspaper offices, insurance offices, business premises of every kind have been equipped by them, and every large political campaign in Massachusetts within the past year has been discussed over their substantial directors' tables and handsome desks.

Governor Draper, Mayor Hibbard, Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald and many other prominent Bostonians have obtained their campaign furniture at this Mecca of office fittings, where the high class of goods carried is beyond the necessity of guarantee.

## WHITE HOUSE VICTROLA

VISITORS at the White House in these days cannot fail to observe that there is a sociable, musical atmosphere abroad in the historic building. Beside the handsome Steinway grand piano, which will be brought into active service at the musicales given by Mrs. Taft, there is the Victrola in the Red room, which is equipped with grand opera, rag time and the latest ballad records, all ready to start off harmoniously at the touch of a finger.

\* \* \*

The large attendance at the concerts given by the Eastern Talking Machine Company's office, in Boston, prove that it is considered mighty satisfactory to spend an hour or two in the afternoon hearing Melba, Tetrassini, Scotti, Caruso and other popular musical favorites. Of all human inventions, the Victrola has been the most effective in stimulating interest in operatic and high-class music.

What would we not give today to hear the nightingale voice of Jenny Lind, or other famous singers of by-gone years? What will it not mean to future generations to have reproduced for them the very tones of famous singers? What a wonderful feat it is to be able to preserve every note of a beautiful voice. It is not an idle prediction that such records are likely to find a place in the government archives in the near future, and that it will be considered almost as important to preserve correct reproductions of remarkable American voices as correct chronicles of historical events.

\* \* \*

## HAMMERSTEIN'S NEW OPERA HOUSE

THE new opera house opened in Philadelphia is certainly a triumph for the city. Music lovers will feast upon the productions furnished by its manager, the indefatigable Oscar Hammerstein. To see him moving about during an opera or rehearsal, attired in silk hat and evening dress like one of the characters in an opera, does not suggest the keen-sighted manager that he is, who is certainly to be congratulated upon the splendid success he has achieved. He has thus early realized the ambition of his life, and his success is largely due to the fact that he loves his art for its own sake,

and is always on the watch for new and beautiful things in music. He guided his artists out of the old ruts while at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, and his work and enthusiasm have done much to build up and stimulate a widespread popular desire for high-class operatic music.

To witness a production of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" is always an inspiration. There is something jolly and rollicking in the chorus of this opera that gives it an especial charm, and it appeals especially to the youthful mind, as evidenced by the many Sunday-school songs that seemed to echo the lively movements of this opera.

Mr. Hammerstein's progress in establishing American opera, and his offer for a prize opera by an American composer, have done much for national art. Although born in Berlin and possessing much of the German love of music, there is no more thorough-going American than Mr. Hammerstein. I can never forget my voyage with him when on his first quest for grand opera. All the way across he was playing and singing to himself the livelong day; he seemed to move only in the ethereal atmosphere of the art that he loves so well.

\* \* \*

## ILLUSTRATING AS AN ART

WHEN recently passing through Kalamazoo, I seized the opportunity to visit the Acme School of Drawing, where Walter S. Wood is carrying on a work that is going to leave its mark on American literature. Here the cartoonists and illustrators of the future are being trained, and the rapid growth of the school proves that it is filling a long-felt want. Students have come crowding in and already it has been necessary to secure larger quarters.

The instructors of this school have been trained both in Europe and America, and combine the art ideals of the Old World with the practical business principles and purposes of the New. Students joining this school may secure the best instructions, either by attendance at the regular classes or through correspondence. Now that periodical literature of all kinds is increasing so rapidly, illustrations are more than ever in request, and this school, in training artistic talent, is certainly conserving one of the nation's richest gifts, which otherwise might lie waste.





## IN THE ATTIC

UP in a trunk in the attic,  
Laid away with tender care,  
Is an old blue coat of Grandpa's  
And the hat he used to wear.

And there is his sword and musket,  
His belt and knapsack, too.  
Some day when you come over,  
I'll show them all to you.

On every Memorial Day  
Mother lets me take them out,  
And hang them up in the parlor  
With our flags draped all about.

And then she tells me the story  
Of how Grandpa bravely fought,  
For the sake of his country's honor,  
As every good soldier ought.

And I say that I'll be a soldier,  
To fight for my country, too,  
And carry a sword and musket  
As Grandfather used to do.

But Mother holds me close, and says:  
"Brave men and boys of today  
Are soldiers of peace, not warfare,  
For Peace has the right of way;  
"And the soldiers of Grandpa's time  
Fought, not for the love of fight,  
But that peace might reign in their country."  
And Mother is always right.

So she and I have decided,  
When we put the things away,  
To pack up the thoughts of warfare,  
And let peace have a chance to stay.

—Charlena D. Elwell.

## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

### WILL MAKE THE THIMBLE STICK

By Mrs. A. M. Blossom

To prevent the thimble from slipping off the finger when sewing, wet the ball of the *thimble finger* before putting on the thimble.

### A SUBSTITUTE CHIMNEY SWEEP

By Mrs. Ruth E. Bodwell

A chimney may be kept clean and safe by throwing a piece of zinc into the furnace or range once a month.

### ECONOMY IN PLANTING POTATOES

By B. F. Hull

When using large potatoes for seed, slice off the outside for planting and save the inside for table use.

Away from the  
Commonplace

—Into the realm of the  
rarest confection de-  
lights—you will class

**NABISCO**

SUGAR WAFERS

Out of the ordinary in  
dainty form, in delightful  
goodness, in dessert  
adaptability.



*In Ten  
Cent Tins*

Also in  
twenty-five  
cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## THE HOME

### FLOWERS FOR TABLE IN WINTER

*By Mrs. Alice Elizabeth Wells*

Flowers were scarce last winter and the usual floral centerpiece for the dining table not always obtainable, until I hit upon the following device: Several sprays of Wandering Jew were placed in a low vase of water. They soon sprouted and furnished greenery for the whole season. The addition of a bunch of geranium blossoms, begonias, fuchsias, or whatever happened to be in bloom when wanted, kept the vase a thing of beauty and joy forever. The south window furnished desirable colors. Water in the vase must be frequently changed.

### FOR THE OUT-DOOR CAVE

An out-door cave—or under-house cellar—after a prolonged wet spell, often becomes moldy and generates an offensive smell. A friend of mine tells of how she thoroughly routed every speck or smell of mildew in her cave by building a fire of corn cobs on the cement floor; closing door and windows, subjecting the room to prolonged dense fumigation. Results were satisfactory and productive of great rejoicing.

### LINSEED OIL AS STOVE POLISH

Instead of the usual sticky stove blacking for the kitchen range, this same friend advises painting the stove while moderately hot with boiled linseed oil, rubbing it in well. One trial will result in a determination never to blacken hands, dish-cloths or aprons with the old reliable polishes.

### REMEDIES FOR POISON IVY

*By Mrs. T. A. Rose*

Apply sweet oil or bathe the affected parts in sweet spirits of nitre.

### TO IMPROVE CHICKEN GRAVY

To make chicken gravy richer add eggs found in chicken or yolk of an egg.

### TO CLEAN RUSSIA IRON

To clean Russia iron, mix the blacking with kerosene and it will look nearly as well as new.

### VARNISH STRAW MATTINGS

A thin coat of varnish applied to straw matting makes it more durable and adds to its beauty.

### OATMEAL MACAROONS

*By Miss Lelia P. Smith*

Oatmeal macaroons are very delicious. Take two and one-half cupfuls of Quaker oats, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cup of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Mix thoroughly, and drop in half-spoonfuls on buttered tins. Bake in a moderate oven until crisp and lightly browned.

### TO KEEP COOKIES MOIST

*By Mrs. W. C. Tisdal*

Put into your crock a few cookies, then a slice of bread, then more cookies, then bread, until you have them all in. The bread will become dry and the cakes keep moist. Replenish the bread if it gets very dry.

### A TRANSFERRED EMBROIDERED PATTERN

*By Grace L. Wentz*

If a pattern of an embroidered piece is desired, it can easily be obtained by placing white paper over the embroidery and working a silver spoon over the design. The spoon should occasionally be rubbed on the hair near the ear. There seems to be just enough oil to aid in producing a distinct pattern.

### HOW TO OPEN A NEW BOOK

In opening a new book the covers should first be pressed flat to a table, then sections on each side until the center is reached. In this way the binding will last much longer.

### TO REMOVE SPLINTERS FROM HANDS

*By Mrs. Wm. Trautman*

Put hot water in a wide neck bottle, place hand over same for one or two minutes, press tight, the steam will draw it out leaving no soreness.

### PICKLED CORN

Cut off ten cups of sweet corn, add two cups of chopped fine cabbage, also one red pepper chopped fine, then add two cups of vinegar. One cup of water, one cup of sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of yellow mustard (ground), one tablespoonful of celery seed. Mix all together, put on stove, boil thirty minutes and it is ready for your glass jars when they are hot. Seal tight.

### A STAMP ACT

*By Mrs. Blanche C. Youtsey*

One very often has a stamp from which the mucilage has been removed in some way, and being out of paste or mucilage and in a hurry to post a letter it is often very trying. I conceived the idea of moistening the "sticky" part of a new envelope and rubbing on the stamp and it will stick as good as new. The envelope thus used can be laid aside and used some time when one has paste to seal it with, or can be used with sealing-wax.

### A DAINTY BREAKFAST DISH

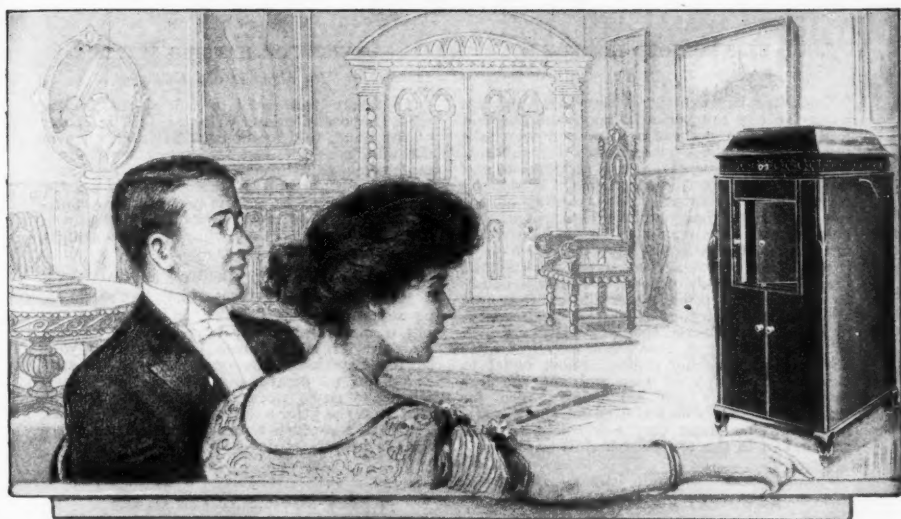
*By Mrs. E. H. McMahon*

Butter thick slices of bread. Separate the yolk and white of an egg, carefully preserving the shape of the former and beating the latter to a stiff froth. Turn this beaten white over the buttered bread, then put the round yolk in the center. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and brown in the oven. A very dainty and extremely appetizing dish.

### PAPERING A ROOM

*By Patience*

Often when papering a room there are weak places where the plastering is crumbling and shaking off, and it is difficult to make it firm. First cover the weak places with table oilcloth, paste it smoothly and firmly in place, and cover with the room paper. You will find it to be strong and lasting.



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A complete list of new Victor Records for May will be found in the May number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's and June Cosmopolitan

## THE HOME

### USES FOR OLD HOSIERY

*By B. T.*

One often hates to throw away old stockings when the legs are perfectly good and the feet past darning, and there are few now who take the time to make over stockings for children. They are, consequently, apt to accumulate and be in the way, yet it is surprising in how many ways they can be used. After cutting off the feet they make good padding for iron and pot-holders, and they may also be used as sleeve protectors. On a chilly morning when it is sure to turn warm a little later, it is a good idea to have a pair of the stocking-legs handy to slip over the arms, under the dress sleeves and pin to shoulders of dress with small safety-pins, and when desired they can easily be drawn off. The balbriggan hose make excellent little dusters and polishing cloths, almost equal to chamois-skin. Cut off feet and cut the legs lengthwise. They are particularly nice for small articles such as are used on the dresser, and it will be found very convenient to have one or two in the top dresser drawer.

### NEW WAY TO PICK FRUIT

*By M. Pittman*

Attach a fruit can to a long light pole by means of a nail which is driven through the side of the can near the top and into the pole, bending the point of the nail over to keep in place. Such a pole will be found very convenient when one wishes to pick a few of the choicest pears, peaches or apples which are sure to grow on the outer limbs of the tree, too high to reach without a ladder. Hold up the pole and let the edge of the can touch the stem or twig, and the fruit will fall in.

### TO CLEAN VELVET AND PLUSH

*By Sallie J. Parks*

Velvet and plushes if brushed with dry salt will look like new.

### TO REMOVE COAL SOOT

Coal soot can be effectually removed from woolen clothing by rubbing with a crumpled newspaper.

### TO REMOVE STAINS

Cream of tartar will remove stains if a little is tied up in the stained part, put in cold water and slowly brought to a boil, afterward rinse in clear cold water.

### PRESSING RIBBONS

*By Florence E. Culver*

To quickly press ribbons, laces, or other small articles when you have no fire to heat the iron, light a coal-oil lamp, which is usually to be found in the kitchen, at least, and wind the ribbon or lace about the chimney; the heat will soon take out all wrinkles.

### APPETIZING HASH

*By Miss N. M. Kelley*

Try putting a spoonful of sugar in the next hash you make, and see if you are not pleased with the result.

### DEVICE FOR HANGING SKIRTS

*By Mrs. Luella Kittle*

To insure your wool or tub skirts keeping their shape and minus wrinkles, fold in center of the band, fold again back to front, then in the middle of this last fold insert vertically a large safety-pin through the edges of the band; hang the other end of the safety-pin on the hook in your closet. It is better than a skirt-hanger. Two or more skirts may hang from the same hook and they will always be straight and free from wrinkles.

### HANDY-BAG FOR SEWING MACHINE

Make a bag five by eight inches of cretonne, or any material you wish. In the top casing put a small embroidery hoop. Hang the bag by cords or ribbon from the corner of your sewing machine. The open top affords easy access for all scraps and bits of thread, and when the day's work is finished the floor is free from the litter so common in sewing-rooms. The little receptacle is easily emptied and ready for the next busy day.

### KEEPS YOUR SLEEVES CLEAN

*By Nellie Northey*

To keep your shirtwaist sleeves clean while washing dishes, sew across the cuffs where they button, an inch and a half of narrow white elastic, at each end only. Then when the cuff is unbuttoned you can pull the sleeve up and the elastic holds it in place.

### A NOVEL BREAD-CUTTER

I have had my palette-knife sharpened, and find it the best bread and cake knife I ever used, especially for fresh baked cake or bread.

### STALE CRACKERS MADE EATABLE

*By Mollie Jervey*

If you have crackers too stale for the table, place them in the oven with some bits of cheese grated over them. Let the cheese soften and the crackers brown slightly. They are dainty-looking and very nice either hot or cold, and are particularly good with salad.

### INSTEAD OF WALNUTS

In making apple salad substitute peanuts. They are much cheaper, and are delicious.

### A NAPKIN PORTFOLIO

*By Mrs. J. H. Cameron*

Cover two pieces of cardboard with cloth or silk, fastening together with pieces of ribbon (straps on the back and strings on the opposite edges to tie). You will find this very useful in keeping napkins and fancy table linen.

### A CANNING HINT

*By Oscar A. Anderson*

When sealing fruit cans, instead of dipping covers into melted paraffin, take a small brush and paint the paraffin around the can rubber; this makes an air-tight joint and does not require as much paraffin.



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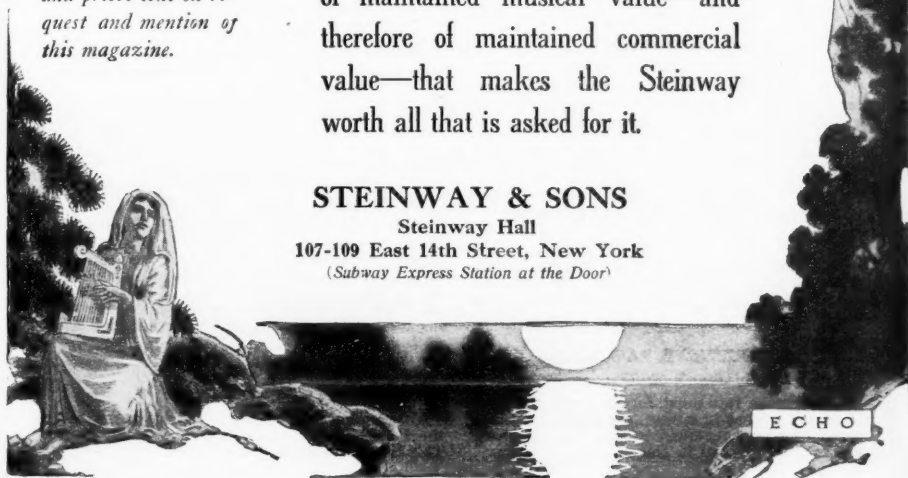
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## THE HOME

### "BLACK JACK" FOR A STOVE

*By Miss E. M. Rathbun*

This is my way of blackening a stove without getting any of the blacking on the hands whatever. I use "Black Jack" and add a little water to it every time. I have a very small paint brush, which I stir the water in with, right in the can, and also to put it on the stove with, then I have a larger brush with a handle on to polish with. These are very inexpensive and last forever. If the stove is slightly warm, it is much better. In this way one can be dressed up and blacken the stove without getting any on them.

### UNFERMENTED CRANBERRY WINE

*By Mrs. L. D. Eaton*

Scald five quarts of cranberries until the skins burst. Strain through a fine cloth. Make a syrup of two pounds of granulated sugar, and one quart of water. Mix while hot, and add enough water to make four quarts. Seal tight. When serving, fill glasses with crushed ice and pour the liquid into them. This is a nice drink as well as a tonic.

### GRAPE FRUIT WATER

Remove the seeds from the juice, add one pound of granulated sugar to each pint of juice. Stir one pint of the sweetened juice into three pints of boiling water, stirring until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Set in the ice chest until cold. Serve with bits of broken ice, filling glasses one-third.

### VELVET TO POLISH STOVE

*By Jennie McWhinney*

To polish a stove use an old piece of velvet. It will give a gloss that nothing else will and the blacking will not burn off nearly so quickly as when polished with a woolen cloth or brush.

### TO PROLONG THE LIFE OF JELLY BAGS

When making jellies, after squeezing the juice out, put the jelly bags in a can of milk either sweet or sour; it will take the stains all out and they can be used repeatedly.

### A LAMP HELP

*By Mrs. C. H. Phillips*

For those who burn oil for light and have lamp chimneys to keep clean, let me say if they will wash them in hot suds, then dip into clean hot water and dry with a warm cloth—I use an old gingham apron as there is less lint—they will find it a very easy task.

### GOOD WAY TO WASH VEGETABLES

*By Mrs. J. C. Deere*

To remove insects, etc., from green vegetables, such as lettuce, greens, green beans, etc., sprinkle a generous handful of salt over them before washing.

### TO PRESERVE RAW MEAT

*By Jennie R. Gafney*

To preserve raw meat for an unusual length of time, tie meat in strong muslin bag or cloth that has been previously wrung out of strong vinegar. Hang bag in the air, out of doors.

### BRASS RINGS FOR TOWELS

*By Annie L. Mahler*

I tack a piece of oilcloth on the wall near the stove to hang the holders on and so avoid soiling the wall-paper.

I buy at the hardware store brass rings, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, at four cents a dozen, and sew them onto holders, everyday towels and dish-towels and find them much handier than loops or button holes.

### TO SHARPEN SCISSORS

To sharpen scissors I hold a coarse sewing needle firmly between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and hold the scissors in the right hand and cut smoothly and quickly from hand to point. Unless entirely worn out they are soon sharpened this way.

### TO PRESERVE JELLY

*By Mrs. Amelia Reinhardt*

Jellies covered with powdered sugar will not mold and will keep for years.

### TARNISHED SILVER

If tarnished silver is laid in sour milk it will clean itself.

### TO KEEP FRUIT-JAR RUBBERS

To keep rubbers for fruit jars from hardening, cover with flour. When needed wash well and they will be "as good as new."

### SPOTS ON KID GLOVES

*By Everett McBride*

To clean spots on kid gloves, make a thick paste of talcum powder and water, apply to spots on glove and let it stand an hour; remove with damp cloth or chamois skin and spots will disappear. This is especially good for white kid gloves.

### GRASS STAINS

To remove grass stains from goods in which the color will "run," rub with fresh unsalted butter.

### HEALS CRACKED FINGERS

*By William A. Barry*

Procure from the drug store some Venice turpentine, and apply as a plaster.

### RELIEF FROM CRAMPS

Rub a little turpentine in the hollow of the feet at bed time, once or twice a week.

### SAGGING SKIRTS

*By Mrs. Ralph M. Peabody*

Children's Russian dresses and other styles having a goring side-seam, may be kept from sagging when laundered, if they are doubled with the side-seams in the middle and pinned to the line by the hem in the middle of the front and back. This leaves the side-seams in the slack between the pins, and they will not sag.

### DOUGHNUTS MINUS GREASE

*By Mrs. S. W. Grace*

To prevent doughnuts absorbing grease, mix three teaspoonfuls of cornstarch with the flour. This is in proportion to one cupful of sour milk.

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## THE HOME

### DEWY GRASS AS DUST-KILLER

*By Mrs. W. I. Tillinghast*

Every housewife has her special favorite among the numerous sweeping day "aids." My partiality for keeping down the dust is fresh green grass, pulled while the dew is on it, if possible, if not, slightly dampened. It does the work better than salt or tea leaves, and leaves such a delicious odor of "out-doors" on rugs and carpets.

### HOW TO WASH LIGHT WOOL WAISTS

Stiff the light wool waists in half skim milk and half water instead of in starch. They will be found "just right" and so much easier to iron.

### WHIPPED SOUR CREAM SWEETENED

If the cream is sour for breakfast, drop in a bit of soda and whip well. It will not curdle in the coffee and can hardly be detected unless too much is used.

### ELASTIC INSTEAD OF RODS FOR CURTAINS

Hang the sash curtains on a half inch elastic instead of a rod or string and see how much nicer they look. Cut elastic a little shorter than width of windows, sew a brass ring on each end and hook in place on tiny brass hooks.

### NEWSPAPERS AS A STOVE-CLEANER

*By Mrs. William J. Whitford*

Keep a quantity of newspapers conveniently near your range or cook-stove. After each meal, or whenever anything is spilled on the stove, with a liberal handful of paper rub the soiled places briskly till dry, and you will find that not only will the stove present a neat appearance, but a thorough blacking will be needed less often than otherwise. It also cleans and keeps the nickel bright.

### ASBESTOS MATS FOR THE GAS RANGE

*By Mrs. W. F. Minor*

I have heard many persons complain of the treachery of gas stoves. I eliminated my trouble by obtaining asbestos mats for each eye of my gas range. By placing one of these mats under each vessel and turning the gas to medium heat, it can be left as safely as if using a coal range.

### STOVE POLISH

*By Hope Hathaway*

Mix your stove polish with turpentine instead of water. Apply and allow it to become perfectly dry; then it can be very easily polished.

### TO REMOVE PUTTY

Apply a red-hot poker to your putty and it will soften at once. It can be removed in one-tenth the time it takes to use acids.

### INK STAINS ON LIGHT COLORED GOODS

*By Mercie Smith*

Ink stains may be removed from light goods by dampening the heads of matches and rubbing them on the ink spots until they disappear.

### HOT WATER WITHOUT A RANGE

*By L. F. Channon*

I visited recently the home of a friend, who took delight in showing me all the up-to-date wrinkles she had established in her newly purchased house. She took me down cellar, and pointing with pride to a thirty-gallon kitchen boiler attached to her furnace, told me that the house was abundantly supplied with hot water all winter by the heat of the furnace. Connected with the hot water boiler was a small gas heater, by means of which their hot water in summer was obtained. Their cumbersome kitchen range had been removed, and as they cooked entirely by gas, the problem of hot water was thus solved. She informed me that the cost of connecting it to the furnace was quite small, and its absence from the small kitchen was rejoiced over.

### FOR SEA SICKNESS

*By Mrs. L. O. Trowbridge*

Have lately read several preventatives for sea and car sickness in "Good Housekeeping," but have failed to see this one. Place a piece of paper, no matter what kind, over the pit of the stomach next to the body.

### TO RID CELLAR OF FLIES

Our cellar was full of big flies until I caught a little toad and put down there. The little fellow repaid me by eating every fly there, and keeping the cellar free from the pests.

### MOCK PUMPKIN PIES

*By Miss F. M.*

Those who are fond of pumpkin pies and have no pumpkins, try using carrots. Cook and prepare the same as you would pumpkin, and it is hard to tell which is the better.

### BURN POTATO PARINGS

If you will burn all potato parings, it will keep the stove free from soot.

### TO CLEANSE THE TEETH

To free the teeth from tartar, moisten a toothbrush and dip in magnesia. A few applications makes a decided improvement in them.

### TO REMOVE NEEDLES

*By E. A. Waite*

To remove the needles that have disappeared in a pincushion, brush the cushion hard with a brush-broom.

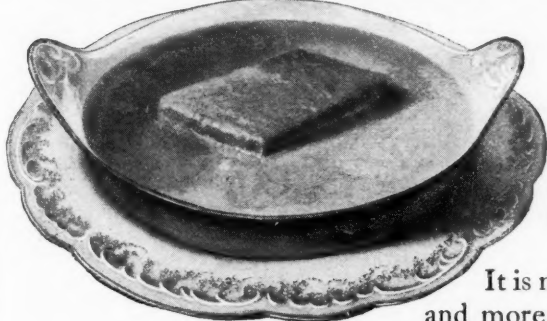
### TO WASH LINEN DRESSES

Linen dresses will not change color if a small quantity of hay is put into the water in which they are washed. Boil and rinse in hay-water, using but little soap.

### BREAD AS A DEODORIZER

*By E. K. M.*

To keep the odor of onions or cabbage from penetrating the entire house, lay a thick slice of bread on top of the vegetables when you put them on to boil, or a lump of charcoal in the pot will answer the same purpose.



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## THE HOME

### A SHORT ROAD TO PERFECT JELLY

*By Mrs. F. W. Luxford*

This method is good for all fruits but pine-apple, crab-apples and quinces. Mash the raw fruit until all is well broken, then take a cupful at a time and put in a bag—a salt bag is very good for the purpose—and gently squeeze the juice into a dish; when all the fruit is thus treated, measure the juice and place in a vessel and put over the fire to cook. Measure one cupful of sugar for every cupful of juice, putting on the stove or in the oven where it will become very hot, but do not let it scorch. Let the juice boil for about seven or eight minutes and skim, then add the hot sugar, bring to a boil and cook one minute more. The color and flavor of the fruit is much better preserved by this plan than by the more tedious process. From beginning to end it will take less than an hour to make the jelly.

### DRY MUSTARD PLASTER

*By Mrs. A. C. Brown*

For mustard plaster that will not blister, take a piece of flannel and rub into it all the dry mustard it will hold, shake, to remove the surplus, and apply to the part affected.

### TO SOFTEN WET SHOES

Wet shoes dried and then rubbed with a cloth wet in kerosene oil will be soft as when new, and will take blacking and not dirt as shoes rubbed with vaseline will do.

### TO TAKE CASTOR OIL

Heat a wine glass in water, pour in the castor oil, hold the nose and the oil will slip down quickly without being tasted; but, to prevent the after taste, before letting go of the nose, rub lips and touch the tongue with a bit of pickle, lemon or the like.

### PEELING OLD ONIONS

*By Mrs. Arthur C. Swarner*

Winter onions are always strong, and very offensive to the eyes, while peeling. In peeling always strip the peel from the roots up, and this trouble will be entirely overcome.

### TO RETAIN THE COLOR OF RED FLANNEL

*By Abby Barry*

To keep the color of red flannel, stir two tablespoonfuls of flour into one quart of cold water, let boil several minutes, add warm suds, and wash the flannel in this in the usual manner.

### WASHING LINGERIE SHIRTS

*By Mrs. C. M. McAllister*

Badly soiled turnover cuffs on lingerie shirts can be more easily cleaned by laying flat on the washboard and scrubbing with a brush.

### FOR CLOSET FLOORS

*By Mrs. F. P. Swan*

Paper them with a pretty figured wall-paper, then go over it when dry, with Japalac, and you will have a neat covering and moth proof.

### TO CLEAN STEEL

*By Mrs. J. G. Buxton*

Dip a slice of raw potato in brick dust and rub till bright.

### TO REMOVE MUD FROM BOOTS

To remove mud from boots quickly, one will find that a strip of carpet glued to a piece of wood is more effective than a brush.

### TO CLEAN VELVET

Spread the material on a clean board and sponge with turpentine or alcohol, then rub briskly with dry cloth. Afterward steam the velvet to raise the pile, by drawing it over a wet cloth placed over a hot flat iron and brushing lightly.

### FADED DRAPERIES

Owing to the tiresome work incident to dyeing draperies, etc., I had been compelled to discard much that, while faded, was still otherwise in good condition, until I accidentally discovered a most simple and effective method to restore the color. After washing cotton dresses, or draperies that were faded, I rinsed them in water to which had been added some dye of the original shade of the material. By doing this each time they were washed, they were kept like new. A package of dye mixed with a quart of boiling water should last a long time where light shades are desired.

### TO RID HOUSEPLANTS OF APHIS

*By Mrs. E. M. B.*

Take your plant to the kitchen sink and shower its whole top until every aphid and plant-louse is washed off. This is harmless and effectual.

### TO STOP HICCUGHS

Sit erect and inflate the lungs fully. Then, retaining the breath, bend forward slowly till the chest meets the knees. After slowly rising again to the erect position, slowly exhale the breath. Repeat second time.

### A YEAST HELP

*By Mrs. W. C. Flora*

Perhaps other young housekeepers make the same mistake I did, that of keeping the package yeast closed in an air-tight can or jar. It is better to put the package in a drawer or on a cupboard shelf than to keep it air-tight, as yeast is a living plant and should have air, or it loses its raising power.

### EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION

*By Mrs. H. Estes*

Bathe daily under the arms with common laundry soap. If used faithfully, this will prevent all odor, as well as being helpful in excessive perspiration.

### TO RID THE HOUSE OF ROACHES

*By M. Ewing*

Caïomel, borax and flour mixed together—one part caïomel to three parts borax, and three parts flour—will rid a house of roaches and waterbugs.



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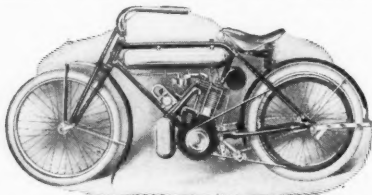
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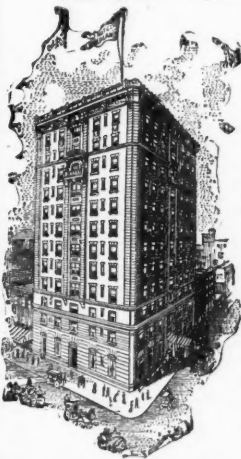
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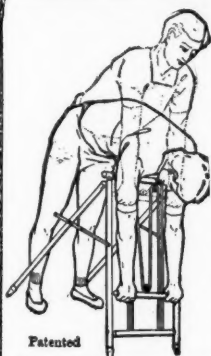
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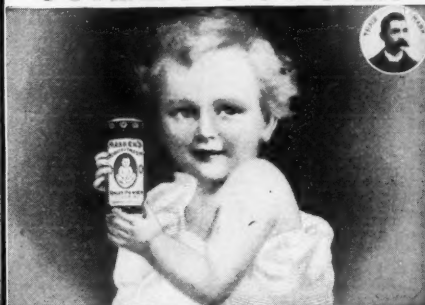
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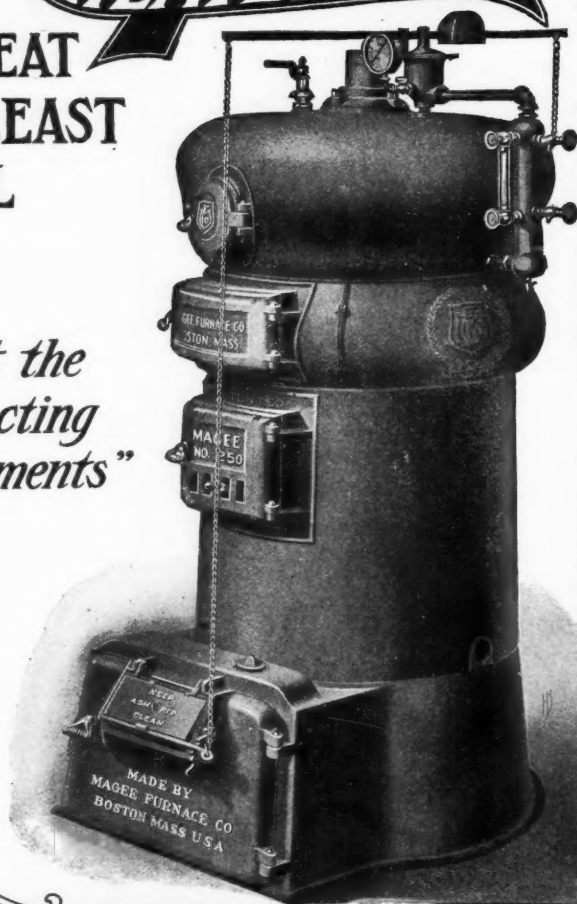
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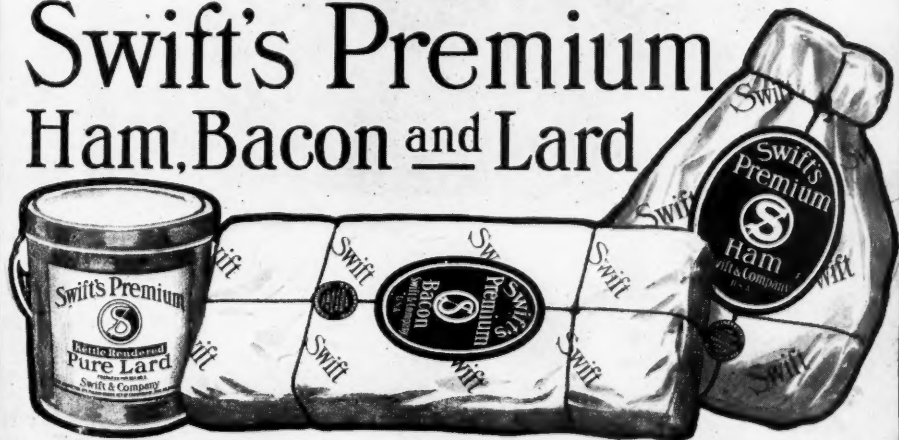






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